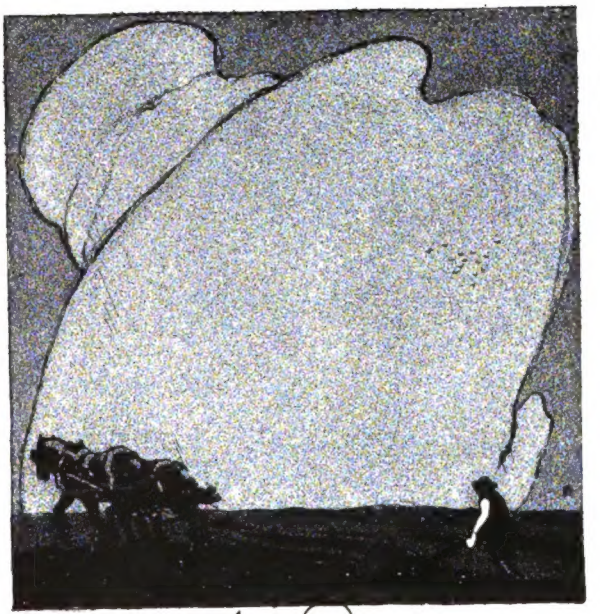

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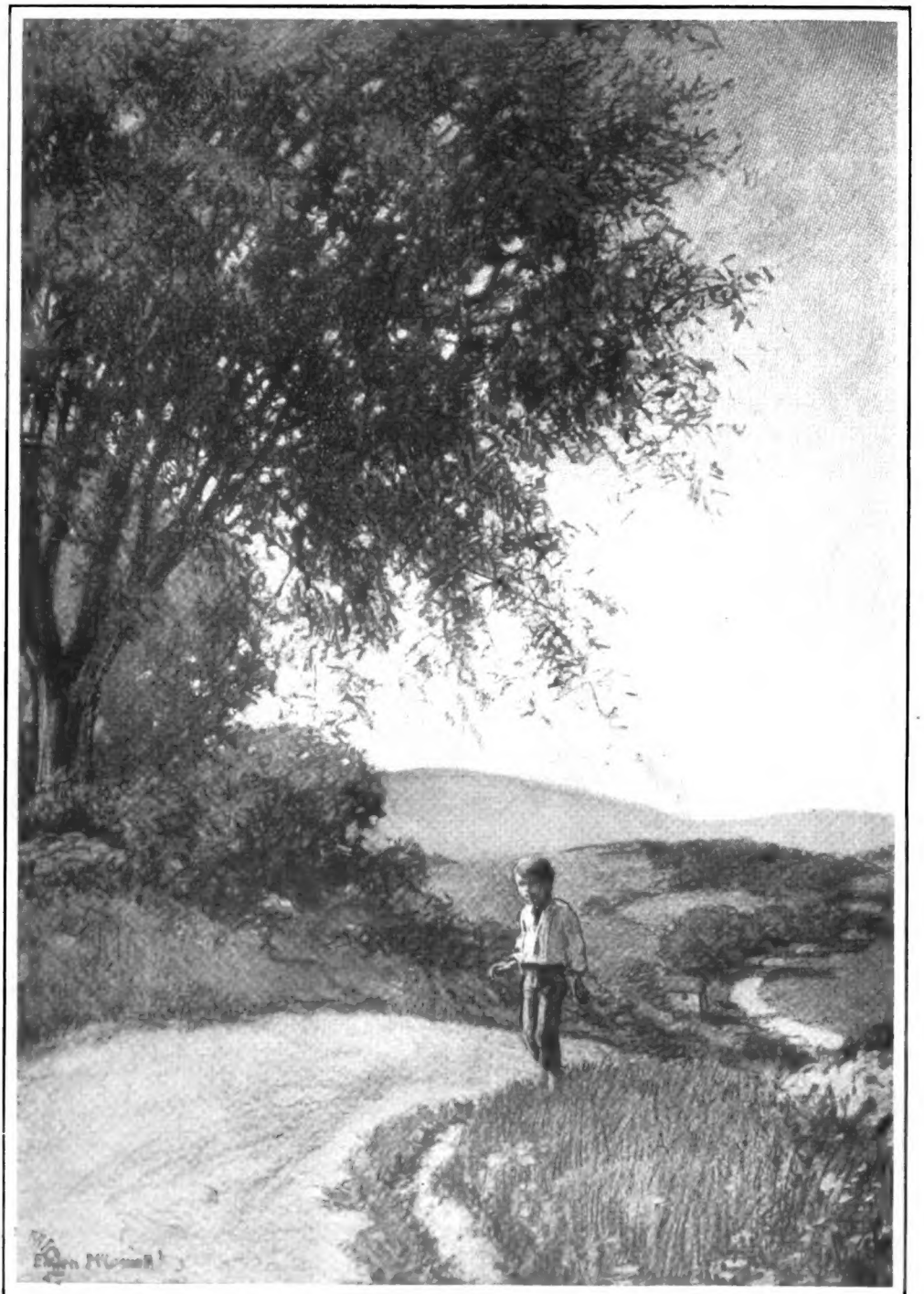

THEN THE BREEZE CAME UP WITH THE SUN, AND DAY BURST INTO BEING.

Bill. Page 447.

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CHINA'S GRAPPLE with the OPIUM EVIL

by Edward Alsworth Ross

Author of "SIN AND SOCIETY," "SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY," etc.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND CARTOONS COLLECTED BY THE AUTHOR

IT WAS in West China. Our sedan-chairs were a mile behind us, and we were not sure of the road. "How far is it to Paoki?" the consul asked a peasant. No answer. "How far is it to Paoki?" The man turned his head a little. The third asking brought a glimmer of speculation into the vacant eyes. On the fourth asking he caught the idea "Paoki." The fifth punctured his mental fog with "How far?" And slowly and thickly, as from a sleep-walker, came the reply, "Forty *li*."

"What does it mean?" I demanded, after a dozen such experiences in a single morning. "Is it sheer natural stupidity?"

"No," replied the consul, ruminating. "Probably opium. You've heard the saying, 'Out of ten Shensi people, eleven smokers!'"

This was my first good look at China's Skeleton in the Closet.

Opium smoking was first heard of in China in the fourteenth century. In 1729 there was an edict issued which prohibited the use of opium and ordered the closing of the smoking dens. Nobody knows whether or not it was enforced. Late in that century, in consequence of the British East India Company's pushing its Bengal opium into the various ports of China, the habit took root in all parts of the country. The British found that it was a lucrative trade, and never let up. The total gain from Indian opium, that is, the amount paid by China and Eastern Asia for that commodity above its cost price, between 1773 and 1906, has been estimated at *two billion one hundred million dollars*.

About 1840, the Chinese Emperor became so alarmed at the inroads of the poison that he appointed Lin viceroy at Canton with orders to put down the trade. His efforts brought him into collision with the English traders, and his destruction of ten thousand chests of opium precipitated the First Opium War. It ended in Eng-

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BURNING OPIUM PIPES AND OTHER PARAPHERNALIA CONFISCATED BY THE FOOCHOW ANTI-OPIUM SOCIETY.
TEN OF THESE SOLEMN PUBLIC BURNINGS HAVE TAKEN PLACE.

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land's forcing on China a humiliating treaty which heavily indemnified the traders for their losses. In 1857 came the Second Opium War, resulting in the Treaty of Tientsin, which bound the government of China not to interfere with the introduction of Indian opium into the Empire.

Until this time the Government had not tolerated the cultivation of the poppy plant. But now, rather than see the country drained of silver to buy of India a narcotic that can easily be produced on the soil of China, the Government removed its restriction, and the poppy spread with great rapidity. In the end, six sevenths of the opium consumed by the Chinese was home grown.

Meanwhile, the luxury use of the opium spread with appalling rapidity. *Four years ago the Chinese were using seventy times as much opium as they were using in 1800. Annually, twenty-two thousand tons of the drug were absorbed*, most of it converted into thick smoke and inhaled by a legion of smokers estimated to number at least twenty-five millions. In the poppy provinces opium was so plentiful and cheap that a shocking proportion of the adult population became addicted to the habit. In Szechuan, in the cities half of the men and a fifth of the women came to smoke opium; in the country the proportions were fifteen per cent. and five per cent., respectively. In Kansuh three men out of four were said to be smokers. In western Shensi we came upon districts where we were assured that nine tenths of the women above forty smoked. In Yunnan the principal inquiry in matrimonial negotiations was, "How many opium-pipes in the family?"—this being a certain test of its financial standing. Whole populations had given themselves up to the seductive pipe and were sinking into a state of indescribable lethargy, misery, and degradation.

The pipe has a peculiar seduction for the Chinese because their lives are so bare of interest. They indulge in none of that innocent association of men and women which contributes such a charm to the life of the West. The Chinese take to their twin vices—opium-smoking and gambling—as a relief from the dreary flatness that results from casting aside most of the things which make life interesting, in the mad endeavor to maintain the largest possible number of human beings on the minimum area. Five years ago, the Philippine Opium Commission observed in its report:

"What people on earth are so poorly provided with food as the indigent Chinese, or so destitute of amusement as all Chinese, both rich and poor? There are no outdoor games in China, or, indeed, any games except in a gambling sense. Absolute dullness and dreariness seem to prevail everywhere. As these two demons drive the Caucasians to drink, so they drive the Chinese to opium. As an individual may by habitual toil and attention to business become incapable of amusement, so a race of almost incredible antiquity, which has toiled for millenniums, may likewise reach a point in its development where the faculty of being amused may have atrophied and disappeared, so that all that remains of that desire is to spend leisure in placidity. And nothing contributes so much to this as opium. In Formosa the merry Japanese boys are teaching the placid Chinese lads to play tennis, football, polo, vaulting, etc., with the view—the Japanese teachers say—of improving them physically and also of developing in them a love of sports which will prevent them from wishing to spend their leisure indoors smoking opium. And the poor, who have no leisure? They often have no food, or so little that any drug which removes first the pangs of hunger, and later the healthy cravings of appetite, seems a boon to them. Add to this the feeling of peace and well-being that often accompanies the smoking of opium, and it is not difficult to see why the indigent Chinese use it. We administer morphine to relieve pain. The life of the indigent Chinese coolie is pain caused by privation. The opium sot is an object of pity rather than of contempt."

A month's travel by sedan-chair last summer gave me some light on why the coolie hankers for his pipe. Our chair and baggage coolies took with them no wrap nor change of clothing, and eight successive days of rain brought them to a state of utter misery. After twelve hours of splashing and slipping up and down the mountain roads in a cold drizzle, under a weight of from seventy to ninety pounds, the coolie would come at evening, utterly exhausted, to a

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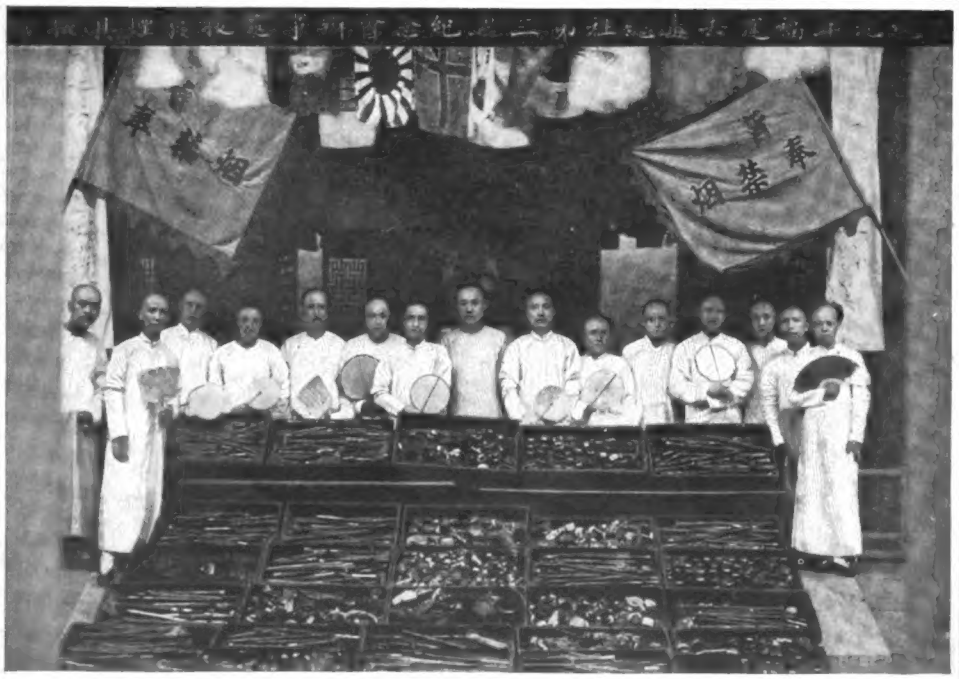
cheerless, comfortless Chinese inn. No fire, no clothing save his two soaked cotton garments, no bed save a brick *kang* with a ragged mat on it, no blankets. For supper nothing but rice and bean curd or macaroni. What wonder that, after eating, the poor fellow curled up on the mat with the tiny lamp beside him, rolled the black bead, and sucked the thick smoke till he passed beyond the reach of cold and weariness!

One may wonder why the cancer was allowed to eat so deeply into the social body. To be sure, the hands of the Government were tied by the treaty privileges of the trade in foreign opium. Still, what Western society would tolerate the ravages of alcohol as China has supinely tolerated the ravages of opium? Even if the Government could do nothing, other agencies would have sprung into activity. The pulpit, the platform, the school, the chair, the press, and the temperance societies and movements would have set bounds to the cancer. But Chinese society lacks most of these organs of self-protection. In the religions of China there is no place for preaching or church discipline. Until recently the schools were expected to teach nothing but the classic learning. Newspapers did not circulate. Private associations, even innocent societies for moral purposes, were under the ban of government. Above all, women, the natural foes of destructive vice, were dumb. One of the greatest forces behind the temperance movement in the West has been the influence of women, rallying, organizing, and agitating in defense of the home. In China not one woman in a thousand can read. Women have no part in discussion, no place in public life, and hence no means of voicing the woe that comes to them from the prevalence of the opium habit.

What finally moved the Imperial Government, at a great sacrifice of public revenue, to enter on its gigantic struggle was not so much pity for the wreck and misery caused by the seductive narcotic, as a realizing sense of the weakness of the Chinese nation in the presence of the Western Powers. The reign of apathy and selfishness among the Chinese, their lack of public spirit and effective cooperation at critical moments were inviting treatment ever more aggressive and ruthless. It became clear even to



A COLLECTION OF OPIUM PIPES GATHERED BY THE FOOCHOW ANTI-OPIUM SOCIETY AND DISPLAYED AT THE CELEBRATION OF THEIR THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

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MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND PIPES, BOWLS, PLATES, LAMPS, AND OPIUM-BOXES HAVE BEEN BURNED BY CHINESE ANTI-OPIUM SOCIETIES.

the haughty and hidebound Manchu that unless the people speedily renounced the vice that was undermining their virility, and recovered their normal resisting power, there was no hope for China among the nations.

The famous Anti-Opium Edict issued by the Empress Dowager, September 20, 1906, which commanded that the growth, sale, and consumption of opium should cease in the Empire within ten years, was the opening gun in what is undoubtedly the most extensive warfare on a vicious private habit that the world has ever known. The colossal moral conflict has raged over a territory as vast as the United States. Hundreds of thousands of officials, gentry, students, merchants, and den-keepers have been drawn into it. Blood has been shed and property has been destroyed on a great scale. The stake is the lives of some millions of opium-users, to say nothing of the oncoming generations. The guerdon of victory is the assured independence of the Yellow Race and its eventual participation on equal terms with the White Race in the control of the destinies of the planet.

Once see the poppy in her pride, and you realize that there is nothing drab or homespun about opium raising. Among plots of sordid beans or wheat or cabbages, the poppy field stands out like a flame. At full bloom its splendor befits a crop that is to lure and ruin men rather than nourish them. The dominant note is snow-white, but bells of all gorgeous hues are to be seen—purple and ruby, crimson, scarlet, and pink, besides white blossoms tipped or streaked with these—a riot of color. For rich, prodigal beauty, no field crop under the sun can match it. The flowering poppy is vivid, dramatic, and passionate, like some superb adventuress alluring troops of lovers and, vampire-like, sucking out their souls with her kisses.

Nor is the harvesting commonplace. When the poppy's time has come, all you see is thousands of spherical pods one or two inches through, erect each on its slender, reed-like stem. A man with a small knife follows the rows, cutting lightly around every pod. Drop by drop a juice exudes, milky at first, but in a day or two turning brown and gummy. Then the reaper goes

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about, scraping from the pods this precious gum. Just a few pounds of drug to the acre—that is all there is to it. And the stalks dry and bleach like the cast-off skin of a rattlesnake until they are gathered for fuel, and the pods are threshed for the poppy seed, which will be ground for food or pressed for oil.

Now, raw opium is a poison, and when the crop is in, the unhappy women who have been waiting for it—for women abhor a violent death—seize their opportunity. When we were at Wukung in Shensi the mission women there were being called out nearly every day to give an emetic and save the life of some poor creature who thought to end her sorrows with the only poison within her reach. From the adjoining province a correspondent writes: "One benefit of the continual rise in the price of opium is the manifestly decreasing number of attempts at suicide by taking the drug. One now finds it hard to extract death from ten rolls of opium, and the increased cost of the poison is deterring many would-be suicides. The present make of opium rolls, selling at ten cash, contains only about three parts of opium to seven of horse-hoofs and other leather waste." In other words, when suicide costs as much as ten cents, it is a luxury that few can afford.

In most parts of China the cultivation of the poppy has been spreading at an alarming rate within our own time. It is especially, however, the interior provinces, shut away by mountain ranges from the commercial highways, that have gone over to poppy-growing. The reason is that opium is the one crop that can be got to market without most of its value being eaten up in the cost of transportation. A coolie will trot a *picul* (133 pounds) of opium to market over several hundred miles of atrocious roads without seriously adding to the cost of the drug, which sells for from two to ten dollars a pound. No mere food product of the same soil could profitably be carried a twentieth of the distance to find a market.

When the Empress Dowager took opium by the throat, half the acreage of certain interior provinces was given over to the poppy during its season. So much had the plant cut into the production of food that the cost of the necessities of life was crowding the local laboring people to the verge of starvation. There was more money in opium than in anything else, and so leases, land rentals, and mortgages became adjusted to the lucrative opium crop. To many a farmer the relinquishment of the poppy would spell blue ruin. The stopping of opium-growing looked about as simple and feasible a proposition as the stopping of corn-growing in the West or of cotton-planting in the South, by Act of Congress.

A POPPY FIELD NEAR PAOKI. AT FULL BLOOM ITS SPLENDOR BEFITS A CROP THAT IS TO LURE AND RUIN MEN.

The ins and outs of the fight on the poppy are full of the "Arabian Nights" flavor. When the magistrate proclaims the Anti-Opium Edict and announces that he intends to see it obeyed, the cultivators in a body call upon him, grovel on their faces, remind him that he is the "father and mother" of them all, and beseech him to save them from ruin by letting them grow their poppy *just this season*. Of course there is a fat bribe lurking in the background for the official who is open to that sort of persuasion; and unless the official is a reformer at heart or else afraid of losing his place, he is not wholly obdurate. The salary

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of the mandarin is nominal, and he has somehow to squeeze a living income out of his district.

But if importunity avails not, the farmers resort to ruse. They raise the poppy in small patches in out-of-the-way places off the main road—behind walls or trees or up a little side valley—or they cut off the leaves and flowers so the crop can not be recognized at a distance. They rely on steering off or bribing shut the eyes of the "runners" sent out from the magistrate's headquarters to look for infractions of the Edict. If, nevertheless, the mandarin hears of illicit poppy-growing and comes in his big green sedan-chair, borne on the shoulders of four bearers, with a force of men to pull up the outlawed plants, the tactics suddenly change. He may be met by the men of several confederated villages armed with sickles, pitchforks, and billhooks, and intent on mischief. At Wukung last spring the mob put to flight the satellites of the magistrate and even laid rude hands on the official himself. He took refuge in a temple and let it be known that the farmers might grow poppy, for all he cared!

"TAKEN IN THE NET BY THE FOREIGNER." CARTOON FROM A PAMPHLET CIRCULATED BY THE FOOCHOW ANTI-OPIUM SOCIETY. INTENDED TO ILLUSTRATE THE HINDRANCE THAT ENGLAND OFFERS TO THE ANTI-OPIUM CAMPAIGN IN CHINA.

At Kin Kiangai, in Kansuh, the prefect who had come to destroy the growing opium was set upon in the official inn and beaten nearly to death. In a few weeks, however, several of the leaders of the riot were beheaded after a public trial, and the overawed farmers hastened to dig up their poppy fields. At Wenchow in Chekiang, when the magistrate appeared with a company of soldiers and proceeded to destroy the evil crop, about two thousand farmers attacked his force, and a number of rioters and soldiers were injured. Three hundred troops and a gunboat were presently despatched to the scene and the lawbreakers were quelled.

Near the capital of Shansi last March a certain Kung, who had fortified himself with drink, went about beating a gong and threatening to kill any one who failed to sow his poppy. When, later, the magistrate sent to arrest him, he had disappeared. Later on, several women went to the magistrate's *yamen* and demanded leave to grow opium. Things looked ugly, and the magistrate appealed to the governor of the province, who sent him a mandarin with a detachment of three hundred soldiers. Several villages combined and met the force with bucolic weapons in hand. The mandarin became alarmed and ordered his soldiers to fire. After a volley of blank cartridge which only excited derision, the troops fired ball cartridge, and fifty fell killed or mortally wounded. Both sides were aghast at the deadliness of the rifles, which the soldiers knew little more about than the peasants. The Chinese soldier is allowed ten cartridges a year for practise, but after the various "squeezes" have been made he gets about three!

The missionaries are known enemies

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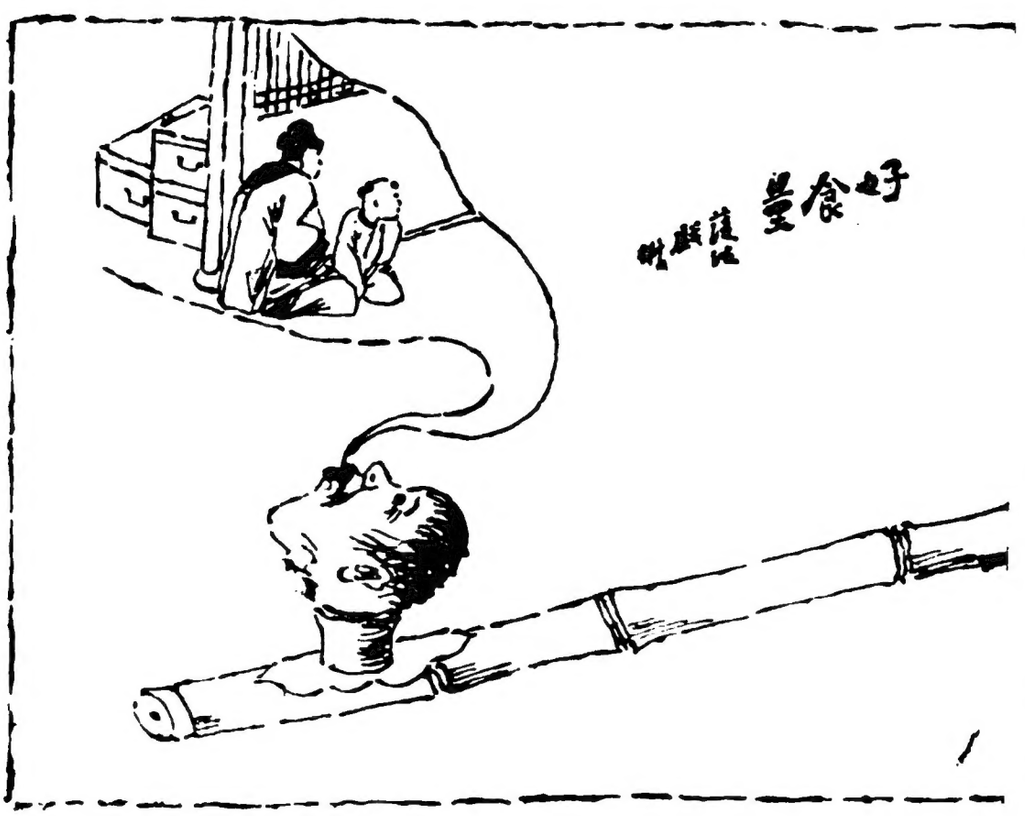
of opium. Indeed, it was the great memorial signed by 1,333 missionaries from seven countries which, presented in August, 1906, drew forth in September the famous Edict, some of it in the very language of the memorial. It was fitting and natural, then, that last spring one of the roving commissioners in Fokien should call on the secretary of a missionary organization and say: "I am very anxious to find and uproot every poppy field; but I can not go everywhere myself to locate these fields. The local police or 'runners' are very venal and they will find the fields, threaten owners with exposure, receive their bribes for keeping still, and I shall fail in my work. Now, your missionaries are in every part of the district I am sent to inspect. Please ask them for me to send to you a report of any opium fields in their neighborhoods; and then you give their reports to me, and I will see that the plants are torn up."

Within a few hours a circular letter was on its way to a hundred men who could not be bought nor browbeaten, and the astonished missionaries found themselves, for once in their lives, cogs in the imperial administration of China.

The completer a blockade, the greater is the temptation to blockade-running. In like manner, as poppy prohibition approaches success and the price of opium jumps to several times the old figure, the schemes to smuggle through a crop become more and more brilliant. Perhaps the most elaborate ruse on record was worked this season in Szechuan, the great interior province which only two years ago was so given over to poppy-growing that foodstuffs had reached an almost prohibitive price. The energetic viceroy stamped out the poppy in every county but one —Fouchou County, about four hundred miles from the viceroy's capital. In this county, seventy miles across, four fifths of the cultivated area was in poppy last spring and, as the price of opium is from five to ten times what it was, the tricky farmers made small fortunes.

The scheme was worked as follows: In January, the *taotai* at Chungking, hearing that poppy had been sown despite the prohibition, visited Fouchou with soldiers, deposed the local magistrate, fined him three thousand dollars, and sent out the soldiers to cut down the poppy. But the farmers covered with earth the sprouts just coming up, and where the soldiers did see poppy growing they cut off the tops, but took care to cut high enough not to kill the plant. No doubt there were "inducements." When, after a week, the *taotai* and his minions had departed, with a fine sense of duty performed, the farmers hastened to uncover the poppy sprouts. Then they planted peas, beans, or wheat between the rows, so that the growth of these crops should later hide the poppy bloom from any distant view. Of course there was the new mandarin to be



CHINESE CARTOON: FAMILY AND HOME VANISHING IN THE SMOKE OF THE OPIUM PIPE.

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reckoned with. But he, either scenting a squeeze for himself or acting under secret orders, put out a very orthodox proclamation that poppy was prohibited, and then announced that he would make personal inspection in June. If he found any poppy then, he would confiscate the land and have the owners beaten. Dear man! He knew quite well that by June all the poppy crops would be harvested and out of sight!

A CHINESE REPRESENTATION OF THE OPIUM SMOKER'S BONDAGE—CAUGHT IN AN ENLARGED LAMP AND PIPE-BOWL OF A SMOKER'S OUTFIT.

Such wiles can be worked once and no more. The solid fact remains that in Szechuan, which was raising a third of the opium produced in China, the acreage has been cut down by eighty per cent. No more incontestable evidence of suppression can be offered than the great upward leap in the price of opium. In Honan we found it had doubled in a year and was worth more than its weight in silver. At Taiku in Shansi, where no poppy grew last year, it was selling for two and a half times its weight in silver. At Hwachow in the same province, it was six times as dear as the year before. At Sianfu in Shensi, it sold at fifty cents an ounce, three or four times the price of the previous year. At Tehyang in Szechuan, where not a spear of poppy grows, the price was 1,600 cash an ounce as against 120 cash two years ago!

It is a striking fact that in four of the great poppy provinces prohibition has been followed by a season of wonderful harvests, which have gone far to compensate the farmers for their sacrifice and so reconcile them to the reform policy. The missionaries see the hand of God in this record wheat crop, running from thirty to forty-five bushels to the acre. This, and the restoration of so much land to food-growing, has made food more plentiful and cheaper than it has been for years. New trade is springing up, and the Hupeh merchants, who were wont to drift through far Kansuh buying the opium crop, are now bringing back with them goat skins, eagles' wings, pig bristles, donkey hides, and human hair, in place of the poison.

As earnest of its resolve to shake off its lethargy and make itself fit to speak with the enemy in the gate, the Imperial Government proceeded to purge its ranks of opium smokers. It was felt that the mandarins must set an example to the common people. In the words of the Edict, "If the officials are fond of the vice, how can they guide the honest folk under them?" So, while officials over sixty years of age were tolerated in case they found themselves unable to throw off the smoking habit, all others were given a stated term within which to break off. If at the end of the term they were not cured, they were obliged to resign. Certain results of these regulations were startling. Not only were hundreds dismissed, but several high officials—among them two governors and two vice-presidents of imperial

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boards—died in their persevering efforts to conquer the habit. These distressing cases caused the regulations to be relaxed so as to allow smokers past fifty to continue in office.

Nothing turns a man into a liar like the black smoke, and it soon appeared that many an official who could not or would not abandon the pipe was concealing his indulgence in order to keep his office and its emoluments. Suspicions and denunciations became the order of the day. It was found necessary to clear the situation by establishing testing bureaus at Peking and certain provincial capitals. The suspect was obliged to submit himself to a rigid test. After being searched for concealed opium he was locked up for three days in a comfortable apartment and supplied with good food but no opium. If he held out, he was given a clean bill of health, for no opium-smoker can endure three days' separation from his pipe. The strongest resolution breaks down under the intolerable craving that recurs each day at the hour sacred to the pipe. Regardless of ruin to his career, the secret smoker, be he even viceroy or minister, will on bended knees, with tears streaming down his cheeks, beg the attendant to relieve his agonies by supplying him with the materials for a smoke. Certain highnesses, princes of the blood even, were by this means literally "smoked out," and summarily cashiered. And in the army, prohibition has teeth in it, for both officers and common soldiers have been beheaded for obdurate indulgence in the pipe.

Foochow, the oldest seat of missionary influence, has made the most spectacular fight on opium among the common people. When I was there last May no one, under penalty of confiscation of his goods, might smoke opium without registering and taking out a permit. Such a permit is issued only to one who can prove that he has the opium-smoking habit. The number of his permit is posted outside the house where he may smoke, and he must not smoke anywhere else. While he is smoking no one may visit him on any pretext, and, after he is through, all his paraphernalia—pipe, bowl, lamp, opium box, needle, etc., —must be put away. The aim is to lessen illicit smoking and to discourage the indulgence by making it solitary.

Opium may be sold only by licensed dealers, who account for, and pay a tax on, every ounce they sell, and it may not be sold in the place where it is smoked. No one may cook his opium himself; he must buy it prepared. The amount the registered smoker may buy daily is stated in his permit. The salesman stamps in a blank space on his permit the amount of each purchase, and it must never exceed the amount specified. The smoker must renew his permit every three months, and each time it must be filled out for a less amount. After buying his opium he must carry it through the street openly. He may not carry it in his pocket, nor wrapped up, nor in his closed hand, nor in a closed box. No one may make or expose for sale the implements for opium smoking. The existing supply must suffice and, as this is being reduced from time to time by solemn public burnings of stacks of paraphernalia, the basis of the vice is continually being cut away.

Under the leadership of Lin, grandson of the famous reform viceroy who destroyed the Indian opium, numerous anti-opium societies sprang into existence and cooperated with the officials. Their agents are given full authority to force an entry to any place. Every night their vigilance committees, accompanied by policemen to enforce their demands for admittance, patrol the streets on the lookout for illicit selling or smoking. At times they have been attacked and some of them severely beaten, but nothing turns them aside. The societies collect and break up paraphernalia seized in their raids or given up by reformed smokers. From time to time the stock on hand is stacked up in a public place and solemnly burned to signalize the progress of the campaign. Ten such burnings have taken place, and the pipes, bowls, plates, lamps, and opium boxes sacrificed by fire number upward of twenty-five thousand.

Thanks to these varied endeavors, the amount of opium sold in Foochow has fallen off four fifths, and the number of opium-smoking permits now out is less than half the number originally issued. Hardly any but low-class people smoke. Since no new registrations are permitted, opium wins no recruits and its finish is in sight.

The story of the fight on the dens is full of incidents and alarms. In Anhwei one official went out at night dressed as a coolie and found eight dens filled with people. He had them

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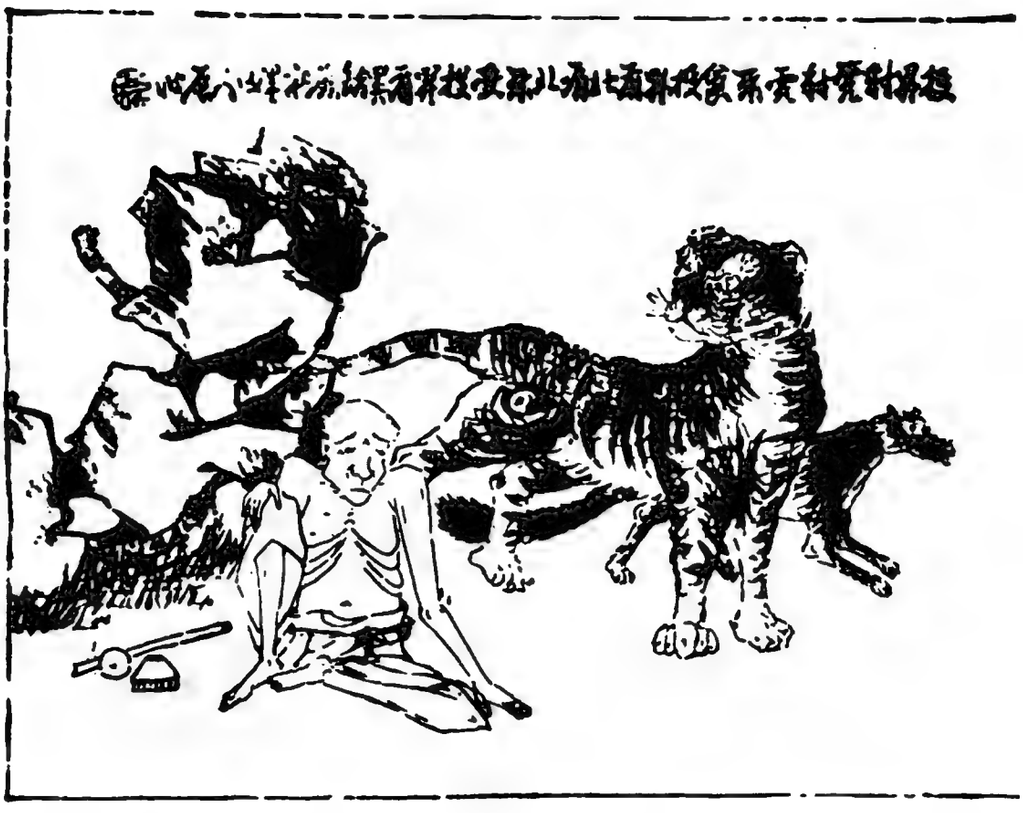
all bambooed on the spot, giving the proprietor three hundred blows and the smokers two hundred. The next day not a shop was open. In Amoy the sub-prefect heads raids on places where opium smoking is going on, private residences as well as shops. The smokers caught are beaten and their apparatus is destroyed. In a city in Hunan ten dens were secretly reopened. The magistrate had the places raided at night, the shops were confiscated and sold, and the proprietors were imprisoned, beaten, and cangued. The proceeds from the sale of the property went to schools and police.

A year ago the founder of the Anti-Opium League reported: "In one city the doors of seven thousand dens have been shut. In other cities from two to three thousand have been closed, while in still other cities a thousand such places have been done away with. In a hundred thousand market towns throughout the land, the dens and dives have been closed. Altogether, between one and two million places for the smoking of opium have been removed."

Thanks to the posted proclamations and the exhortations of officials to the head men and gentry, to the warnings of missionaries, to the soap-box oratory of reformers, to the teachings in the government colleges, and to the preachments of the rising native press, in many centers a public opinion has been formed which holds up the hands of the government. It is coming to be "bad form" to smoke opium. It is no longer fashionable to pass around pipes at dinner parties, and young men do not have to acquire the taste as one of the polite accomplishments. A national conscience is beginning to show itself, and the slave of the pipe is put to the blush. It is now worth while to make the smoker carry his purchased opium in his open hand and wear his permit on a big wooden tablet that he can not conceal. No one has a greater horror of "losing face" than the Chinese, and there is hope that the rising generation will shrink from opium as from a cobra.

Think of it! In thousands upon thousands of communities over this huge empire a battle has been going on. On the one side poppy-growers, den-keepers, dealers, and some of the smokers; on the other, the thoughtful few—reformers and patriots who realize China is doomed to be the world's serf if the drug is to go on sapping the strength of the people. Greed *versus* patriotism—it is just our line-up on liquor, meat-packing, and child labor over again. And the people are coming out of their stupor. A public has come into being—a public that cares about moral questions. Public opinion, which was biting its coral three hundred years ago in the coffee-houses of Shakespeare's London, is taking its baby steps in China. Millions for the first time in their lives have thought: "What is the public good?" And mandarins, dismount-



"THROW HIM (THE OPIUM FIEND) TO THE TIGER OR THE WOLF, THEY WILL NOT EAT HIM."

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ing from their immemorial high horse, have called together the gentry, the merchants, and the head men of the villages and preached to them of righteousness, judgment, and the wrath to come.

When Peking allowed ten years for the cleansing of the land from the opium habit, it little dreamed of the enthusiastic response its initiative would call forth, or of the rising spirit of patriotism that would come to its aid. The accomplishment of the four years elapsed has surpassed all anticipations. The production of opium in China has certainly been cut down seventy-five or eighty per cent., and the reform leaders even insist on ninety per cent. Millions of smokers are breaking off because the price of the drug has risen clear out of their reach. But every stride toward the suppression of poppy-growing leaves the imported Indian opium a larger factor in the situation. In 1907, when the exports of Indian opium to China aggregated 51,000 chests—that is—*three thousand four hundred tons*, the British Government agreed to reduce this total export at the rate of one tenth, or fifty-one hundred chests, a year until 1911, with the assurance that the reduction would be continued in the same proportion beyond that period, provided the Chinese Government had within the period cut down its home production in like degree.

The Chinese reformers now feel they can not make further headway unless the Indian opium is reduced far more rapidly. But for this privileged trade, which China may not touch, opium might receive its finishing stroke this year instead of in 1916, as originally contemplated. More and more clearly it is this imported opium that blocks the way just when victory seems within the grasp of the reformers. This is a great pity, for it is the moral enthusiasm of the Chinese that has rushed the anti-opium program, and it is not in the nature of enthusiasm to wait. Public opinion is at a high pitch, but such intensity is difficult to maintain over long periods. Delay is dangerous. Some think the great crusade is nearing its crisis. With the smoking habit kept alive among the people by the privileged importation; with Turkish and Persian opium brought in to meet the shortening of the supply; with the temptation to illicit poppy-growing doubling and trebling as the price of opium jumps higher and higher, the Government may fail unless England aids.

In May, 1906, the House of Commons unanimously resolved that the Indo-Chinese opium trade "is morally indefensible" and requested the Government "to take such steps as may be necessary for bringing it to a speedy close." Nevertheless when, last May, the Government was asked whether, seeing that the production of opium in China is being largely restricted, the British Government felt inclined to respond to the desire of the Chinese Government to shorten the period of nearly eight years during which India is to continue to send opium to China, the Under Secretary of State for India answered in substance that his Majesty's Government was not disposed to disturb the settlement arrived at!

The experience of the Chinese with opium smashes the comfortable doctrine that organized society need not concern itself with bad private habits. The hand of government was withheld for a long time in China, and if any salutary principle of self-limitation lurked in the opium vice it ought to have declared itself long ago. If it were in the nature of opium-smoking to confine its ravages to fools and weaklings; if out of each generation it killed off the two or three per cent. of least foresight or feeblest self-control, it might be looked upon as the winnower of chaff; and society might safely concede a man the right to go to the devil in his own way and at his own pace. But the vice was not so discriminating. Like a gangrene it ate deeper and deeper into the social body, spreading from weak tissue to sound, till the very future of the Chinese race was at stake.

Now, liquor is to us what opium is to the yellow man. If our public opinion and laws had been so long inert with respect to alcohol as China has been with respect to opium, we might have suffered quite as severely as have the Chinese. The lesson from the Orient is that when society realizes a destructive private habit is eating into its vitals, the question to consider is not *whether* to attack that habit, but *how*.

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BILL

by Ethel Train

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EMLEN McCONNELL

"WHAT a pity he has no boys to play with!" said Father. "Companions of his own age are just what he needs."

"I don't know how he would get on with them," Mother answered doubtfully. "Perhaps boys wouldn't like him. He's always been so much with older people."

While they were talking about him, Son was standing a mile down the road, leaning on his bicycle, motionless and absorbed. On the other side of a wooden fence, another boy was weeding in a vegetable garden.

"How much have you done?" asked Son.

"A good bit," answered the other shortly. He was not working to kill time, but as if his heart were in it. And his supple little brown hands moved cheerfully, with no small deftness. Their callous hardness detracted not a whit from the soft and beautiful molding that belongs to the hands of a child; and, as he pulled up the weeds, the bent knuckles showed the delicacy of their lines through the dirt. Hands of babe, but back of old man—so determined, and weary, and bent. Son's eye caught the line of it.

"Come and play with me!" he invited.

The boy shook his head. "Ain't got time," he said.

"They don't *make* you do it!" cried Son in horror at such a possibility.

"Make me?" answered the boy. "Nope."

Son stood silent. It seemed impossible to get any information out of his laconic friend.

"I'll help you!" he said.

The boy smiled, showing two rows of straight, white teeth. "You do that end," he directed, pointing.

Son, streaming with sweat, stole an occasional surreptitious glance at his hardier companion, who appeared oblivious of the direct rays of the sun. Bees droned, light waves glimmered in the haze, and into Son's nostrils penetrated good odors of earth and growing things. He shook off the drops that oozed out of his forehead, and paid no attention to the little hammers that beat in his temples.

"This bed's nearly done!" he cried at length, when the rays had begun to slant.

The other boy said nothing, but he stretched himself slowly into an erect position, and Son knew that they had toiled enough. Together they climbed the fence and stood looking at the bicycle.

"Don't you want a ride?" suggested Son.

"Don't know how," admitted the boy, ashamed.

"Of course not," Son said quickly, "if you haven't got one. It's easy, though."

"Learn me!" the demand was made eagerly.

"It's rather hard in bare feet," commented Son. But he changed his mind when he found out how the leathery soles could grip. "You're great!" he cried.

"G'wan!" replied the other modestly.

The sun was drawing toward the west, a red ball of fire, and smoke was curling upward invitingly from the red chimneys of

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the farmhouse near by, when the boy terminated the lesson abruptly.

"I've got to go to supper," he said.

Son watched him run off down the pink-tinged road between two rows of ash-trees, and disappear into the house. Then he mounted his bicycle and rode off contentedly enough, for, though no word had been said, there was a tacit understanding between the two that they should meet on the morrow. A hermit thrush accompanied Son with its song, exulting in the delicious chill that comes of a Maine evening after the hottest day.

Mother heard the crunching of his wheel, which made the tiny pebbles fly on the driveway, and she came out, in fresh linen and a great shade hat, looking too dainty to touch. Nevertheless she put her arm about his reeking person.

"How hot you are!" she said. "Where have you been?" Then, not waiting for him to answer—a habit of hers—"You'll just have time to dress. Run along!"

As Son went through this useless performance, it occurred to him to envy that other boy, who, work over, could sit down just as he was, begrimed and happy, to eat his well-earned food after labor.

It took three days to finish the vegetable garden. Then the boys began killing potato-bugs—a much more difficult task. And finally it was proposed that they should go berrying on the mountains. This was an alluring prospect, and Son dug his toe into the edge of an ant-hill, deliberating. His shoes and stockings were flung in a heap beside a hummock, together with his coat and necktie. The sinews showed in his legs, and he stretched his toes luxuriously. One might learn much in three days regarding one's comfort. From under his eyebrows he glanced up at his new friend shyly. To join Bill's expedition without permission was out of the question, and in order to obtain permission he would have to tell about Bill at home. Up to this time he had preserved a jealous silence there regarding his new friend, and with a clear conscience. The white farmhouse was within bounds. For the rule done into rhyme by Father for his easy memorizing, and hanging in full sight on the door of the coat closet, contained this couplet:

> One long mile in each direction
> You may go without correction.

Last night, work finished, the two had regaled themselves with boyish sports—ball playing, running races, jumping. Son was serving an apprenticeship. His new friend, taller, stronger, toughened by exposure and outdoor life, was his model. Son had watched him running, his lithe body silhouetted against a glowing sky, head thrown back, teeth flashing in a joyous smile, neck bare, lean arms bare, legs bare, weight flung in ecstasy on the evening breeze. This, then, was a boy. This was what was meant by "manly."

Son's heart burned with a fury of admiration—of desire to emulate, mingled strangely with a feeling of romance. This new thing—a playmate—and such a playmate!—was his discovery. Son had ferreted him out—digging sedately with bent shoulders among onions and cabbages—had shared his labor, thus gaining a magic key to his confidence, and had appropriated him. He had no intention of dragging him out for everybody to handle!

So he decided to give up the berrying.

"You will have to go without me," he said with a great sigh. And he watched his friend off—pail swinging, feet treading as soberly as if it were no wonderful privilege to go wherever you pleased.

"I didn't tell him why," thought Son with satisfaction. "He doesn't think so much of me, anyhow! He'd say I was foolish!"

"Weren't you lonely?" asked Son, when the endless hours had gone round and it was the next morning.

The boy's great eyes widened.

"*Me!*" he said.

Son secretly determined never to be lonely again. "Did you get caught in the thunder shower?" he went on.

"Yep," answered his friend indifferently. "I kep' right on pickin'. I got four quarts."

"You must have been soaked!" cried Son.

His friend gave him a commiserating look. "Ain't you ever been wet?" he asked.

"Not—not very often," admitted Son, longing for another thunder shower, that he might walk abroad in it.

"Wait a minute," said the boy suddenly, and started off.

Son waited, never having had any intention of leaving.

The boy came back, running, from the house. Before Son's astonished gaze he

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held out a handful of pennies, their hue matched by the rich brown of his hands.

"Your share," he said. "I've counted 'em over twice. There's ten of 'em."

"What for?" wondered Son.

"For the weedin'," said the boy. "And the bugs. Weedin's a cent a row. Bugs, five cents a hundred. Pa paid up last night. But there ain't near enough yet."

Unwillingly Son accepted the pennies.

"What you goin' to do with yours?" asked the boy.

"I don't know," said Son. "What are you?"

The boy came quite close, hands in pockets. "I'm goin' to the fair at Elliston," he said, and stood back to witness the effect of this statement.

It produced no effect on Son at all.

"It's seven mile," the boy added disappointedly.

"Do you drive there?" asked Son. Distances meant little to him.

"Nope," said the boy. "Walk."

Son was beginning to be impressed. Walk—seven miles and back—to a fair!

"You can take my bicycle!" he cried in sudden inspiration.

The boy shook his head. "I wouldn't dast," he said. "Might smash it, or somethin'. Pa'd be mad."

Son put his hand in his pocket, fished up the pennies, and held them out.

"I don't need them!" he said. "I'm not going to the fair!"

The boy did not move. His lips drew together stubbornly. "You earned 'em!" he said. "They're your'n."

Son did not know what to do. He stood, uncomfortable and helpless, hating the reward of his labor of love.

"Did you sell the berries?" he asked, not knowing what else to say.

The boy grinned. "Nothin' in *that* deal!" he answered. "I took 'em to five houses, but no one wanted berries. Ma's goin' to use 'em for pies."

'COME AND PLAY WITH ME!"
"AIN'T GOT TIME."

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Son was aghast. The long day on the mountain in blistering sunlight; the sudden storm-wind, bringing in its wake drenching sheets of rain—heat, wet, weariness, fruitless hawking about of his hard-earned wares.

"It's too bad!" stammered Son.

The boy looked at him in surprise.

"That'd be too easy, I guess," he said philosophically. "I'd better stick to bugs. Want to play horse?"

They got the wagon, made of a packing-box, out of the shed.

"I'll pull you!" cried Son. "I'll pull you all the time!"

The boy frowned. "You haul me," he said, "and then I'll haul *you*."

And with this arrangement Son was forced to be content.

That night in bed his thoughts flew back to his friend. "He meant to pay me from the first," he reflected. "He let me weed, when he could have done it all himself and kept all the money." Son wriggled his head on the pillow. "It's no use to tell Mother," he decided. "If he wouldn't let *me* help him, he'd never let *her*.

"He won't let me be generous to him," was his last waking thought, "when he's so generous to me. What can I do with him?"

Father and Mother commented on Son's appearance with great satisfaction to themselves.

"The country air is doing him good!" said Mother. "I knew that was what he needed!"

"He looks hard as nails!" agreed Father with enthusiasm.

As fair time drew near and the little store of pennies waxed but slowly, the boy redoubled his energy. No time now for playing horse! No strength for Olympic feats in the sunset! Work, work, work! Up to the limit of endurance—and ending only with the latest glimmer of daylight. Son's heart ached as he saw the strong little shoulders droop more and more—the supple feet shuffle through the furrows. It required all his self-control to stand by, inactive, but he did it, knowing now that sharing labor would involve sharing pay. One day he could find his friend nowhere, and he was moved to take his courage in his hands and knock at the farmhouse door. He was admitted by a pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Bill's sick," she replied in answer to his inquiries. "Been feverish all night. I put him to bed."

Son was choking with anxiety. "Do you think he'll be well in time for the Elliston fair next week?" he asked.

"Fair?" she replied vaguely. "Was he goin'? Oh, yes, he'll be well in a day or two. Just a touch of the sun, I guess."

"Can I see him?" Son begged.

"Certainly," said Bill's mother. "Come this way." Son was shocked at his friend's face. "Oh, Bill!" he whispered. "I'm so sorry you're sick!"

"'Tain't nothin'," the boy muttered. "I'll stay here to-day. Can't stay any longer, you bet!"

He moved restlessly, and Son thought he had better go.

"I've got all but nineteen cents!" Bill called after him.

Son, full of apprehension, could hardly bear the beating of his heart next day as he came in sight of the now familiar white house. Yes—no—yes—surely, that was Bill, digging dandelions!

"Hurrah!" shouted Son, vaulting from his bicycle.

Bill looked up, smiling weakly. "I've got a big bunch already!" he said in a hoarse and tremulous voice; and went on picking.

"You're not really better!" cried Son, with sharp intuition.

"Bah!" was Bill's reply.

"Did your mother let you get up?" Son asked.

"It's washin' day," was the succinct answer.

Son did not appreciate all that this remark connoted. "How much are you going to earn?" he asked.

"A dollar," replied Bill promptly.

"It doesn't cost all that to get in, does it?" asked Son.

"Nope," Bill replied. "You git in for a quarter."

"What do you want the rest for?" Son was puzzled.

"Ma never gits nothin' nohow," was the reply. "Ner she never has no fun. When she ain't washin' she's makin' pies, or dryin' fish, er somethin'." Bill's brown eyes deepened and glowed, as though he were seeing visions and dreaming dreams. "Mebbe

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they'd have dress-goods there. I dunno!" he added thoughtfully.

Son's ideas as to the buying power of seventy-five cents did not differ materially from those of his friend. Together they stood lost in thought over the disbursing of so goodly a sum. Then Bill went back to his dandelions.

When at last the day came, Son, in bed, deliciously drowsy, heard the rustling of trees in a strong northwest breeze. It sounded wild, but it wasn't, really, for the warm wind as it moved along had swept up every smell of earth and trees and flowers, and was flinging them in mingled odors through Son's window. The light that fell athwart his cot was reflected from the gold of the little sails that flapped on the bay, and from the bright wings of sea-gulls. He rubbed his eyes, feeling that something momentous was about to happen. Well, so it was!

Fully awake, he realized that this was the morning of the Elliston fair. In a tumult of joy he tumbled out and dressed with feverish haste. Not that there was any need to hurry, for he should not see his friend that day. Bill had been on his way these many hours. Son stopped in the midst of brushing his hair, and with much secrecy opened his upper drawer and pulled out a boy's hand-knit sock. Carrying it over to his bed, he took it by the toe, whereupon its contents fell with subdued clatter upon the blankets. In the glittering sunshine the heap of coins shone gold, and Son's face shone, too, so that he seemed akin to sails, and wings of gull, and all that breathed and radiated happiness on such a morning.

Son picked up a penny, then a nickel, then a dime, and then he let a little heap of coins trickle through his fingers, so that he could come close to Bill—his Bill—at thought of whom his bosom swelled with pride that a boy like himself should have earned every penny by the sweat of his brow. Son had hated to accept the pile the day before in exchange for his own crisp one-dollar note. It took all his friend's practical efforts to persuade him that he was giving an equivalent for what he received.

"I could never carry it in the stocking!" Bill had laughed. "Walkin' all that way! I'd swelter!"

"Where will you put the dollar?" Son had asked anxiously.

"Dunno," Bill had said, scratching his head.

The decision had been difficult, Bill wearing neither shoes, into which a bank note might be stuffed, nor hat, in whose lining it could be concealed. Finally they had put it in his trousers pocket, no less obvious receptacle offering itself.

"That'll have to do," Son had said in a dissatisfied manner, "if it hasn't got a hole in it!"

To which Bill had replied superbly, "Ma mends 'em." But he had nevertheless thrust in his hand to make sure that he was not overstating.

Now Son toyed with the money, each bit bringing home to him some memory of his friend's dogged pluck. He felt that he could never see these coins spent to the longest day of his life. For hours he wandered about, attending to nothing, his spirit on the dusty road, folding its wings to toil along faithfully at his friend's side.

Even Bill's calmer nature had felt all sorts of inward stirrings when he had taken his candle the night before and gone up to bed. You might belong to good farming stock, the backbone of the country; you might work your fingers to the bone, showing what stuff you were made of; you might have poise and balance enough for a full-grown man; but if you were a boy—a little boy at that, only eight years old—your pulses would stir and your heart leap when the goal of your ambition was in sight.

Bill, during his brief undressing, was more and more upborne by an unheard-of and delicious excitement. For something was going to happen! Nothing had ever been going to happen before in all his life, he thought. He stood in the middle of the floor and hated to get into bed, for he was sure he could not sleep. In the room of his father and mother, next his alcove, all sounds had ceased. His brothers on the other side had ended their monosyllabic remarks, for slumber descended upon the white farmhouse before the mantel clock got round to ten. He fixed his gaze upon the candle flame and thought his thoughts, never ceasing until there were two tongues and two candlesticks, hurting his eyes so much that he was recalled sharply from the bewildering flights of his imagination.

It was still candle-light when he awoke. But Bill knew the feel of the morning, and needed no timepiece to tell him what o'clock it was. "I want to be there early," he mut-

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"GOOD-BY!" SHE CALLED, LOOKING BACK PRETTILY OVER HER SHOULDER, FOR SHE WAS MISTRESS OF MANY ARTS.

tered, putting on his clothes. The cold breakfast that he gathered together in the kitchen stuck in his throat. "There'll be enough left to buy a ice-cream cone," he reflected, thrusting his hand down to feel something that crinkled deliciously. But, being a person of foresight, he stuffed into another pocket a big hunk of bread and a slice of cheese. Then he started out.

The stars were paling and had almost disappeared; fields and trees began to glimmer green instead of gray. Then the breeze came up with the sun, and day burst into being. Oh, but the green was green, and the blue was blue!

Not that Bill was thinking about it, as he walked along at an even pace, his dark eyes burning under their lashes.

"I wonder whether there'll be a two-headed calf," he was speculating, as the sweet air smote his forehead and made him move the quicker.

"I don't want to git thar *too* soon," he decided presently, and flung himself under a tree. "Not before the other folks comes."

No solitude for him! No hanging about the empty booths, with men sleepily setting out their wares for a few stragglers to see. In with the crowd, the rush, the laughter! To be elbowed, pushed, jostled, joshed! That was life!

He had timed his arrival just right. In sight of Elliston village he hurried a little, because he could not help it. Wheels were crunching merrily to right of him—to left of him—big, steel-tired ones, belonging to substantial farm-wagons, with their jolly loads of holiday makers. Some of these were from his own neighborhood, and recognized him. "Hi there, Bill! Where you goin'? Don't buy the fair out before we git thar!" and other pleasantries of equal originality. But most of them were strange to him. He took in every detail of their costumes—the girls' frills and ribbons, the men's high collars, torturing their sun-

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burned necks. When in his absorption he was nearly run down, he laughed "fit to kill," and the annoyance of the burly driver who, by pulling his nag back on its haunches, averted the catastrophe, ended in a smile.

No one could help smiling with Bill today, so joyfully did his eyes sparkle, so glad were his footsteps, hurrying now, oblivious of the journey overpast.

Suddenly, in the midst of these humble equipages, he beheld one of quite a different character, also going fair-ward. It was a basket phæton drawn by a high-stepping little bay, with veined, glossy neck, and red nostrils quivering. Seated in the phaeton was a young lady, the like of whom Bill had never seen. Her attitude was one of boyish grace, for her back was bent in the posture of a child that does not care how it looks, and therefore looks its best. Her chin had an upward tilt, and from under the broad Panama hat she had put on anyhow, the sunny ripples of her hair escaped rebelliously. She held the reins loosely in her ungloved hand, and was moved neither by the clatter about her nor by the angry snorting of her horse at being in the midst of it.

"Perhaps I can get some money from these people, before they spend it all at the fair," she was thinking.

Bill, staring in mute admiration, was paralyzed when her eyes fixed themselves squarely on his. They were gray, with brown rims, and little brown flecks in them, and for the life of him he could not look away. Suddenly the vision reined in, reached over, and tapped his shoulder with the silver butt of her whip.

"Tag!" she said.

Bill saw stars. That this beautiful lady, removed from him by worlds and worlds of space, should come down out of the ether and actually speak to him, was inexplicable.

"Don't you know it's 'tag day'?" continued the goddess, in a tone of easy familiarity that added momently to his embarrassment.

Bill looked down into the dust at his feet and made no reply.

"Give me some money, please!"

It was an order—peremptory, brooking no denial. Bill was observing the ground attentively, else he would have seen that the lady was looking at him very pleasantly out of her hazel eyes as she gave it. He had never heard of the time-honored custom by virtue of which the petted daughter of a Maine senator may with propriety demand of even a barefoot boy a donation for her favorite charity.

"Something for the hospital," she repeated, waiting.

If he had only had five cents! One of those nickels in the stocking! That much he could have spared. Would the lady be very angry at having to make change? He wanted to explain, but the words would not come. So he put his hand deep into his pocket, drew out his dollar, and, coming close to the wheel, gave it over. She hesitated in genuine surprise, and then, taking it, said warmly: "What! A whole dollar! What a generous little boy you are! I'll tell all the sick children in the ward about you!"

Bill looked up as a little dog will when it hears tones of praise, and took in no word of what was being said.

"What a beautiful brown boy!" the girl thought, letting her glance travel from the dark eyes with their upcurled lashes to the bared throat, the square shoulders, the erect poise, in keen appreciation of the strong, young grace of little Bill. "Good-by!" she called, looking back prettily over her shoulder as she drove off, for she was mistress of many arts.

Bill stood quiet, expecting her to come back with his change. Even when she had dwindled to a pin-point he thought this would turn, becoming larger and larger, until it was once more the lady, at his side, bending over him—sorry for having teased him. Another driver shouted to him to get out of the way. This time Bill did not laugh, but moved a little—not too far for her to see. She was keeping him too long. He could take a joke—but not if it were carried to such lengths. Not when it involved his dollar that he had earned himself, every penny, and was going to spend at the fair.

Still she did not come.

Bill thought he remembered something—something about sick children in a hospital. Yes, that was it. He ought to have told her about his mother's dress. He choked. She was so pretty—she would have understood that. She would not have wanted him to give the money for his mother's dress to sick children in any hos-

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pital. But he had not told her. And she had not come back. She had gone. She did not know. She would never know. Never, not even when the fair was over, and the years had gone on, and he was an old, old man. Never!

Bill's chest heaved, over and over, and he thought he should die of the sobs that were inside. But no whimper escaped him—not one, that could direct at his misery even a single glance, curious or sympathetic, from all these eyes. If the folks would only go—go to their Elliston fair, and leave him alone! The crowd, for which he had longed so ardently, was most hateful to him of all things on earth.

"She never gits nothin'," he muttered, as he turned slowly and set his face toward home.

Son's restlessness grew as the morning wore on. Still thinking of his friend, he finally decided to read, and came to the piazza seeking his book. Father was sitting there, and Mother was at the telephone just inside the door.

"Senator Hillhouse wants us to come over to lunch," she said, coming out. "Marjorie says there's a fair to-day, and she thinks it would be fun to go for a few minutes. They expect to take a prize with their cabbages. Why, Son, what on earth——"

In the wildest excitement he had thrown his arms around her, and was pleading: "Oh, Mother, take me with you! Ask her if I can come too!"

Father and Mother exchanged surprised glances. Son never minded being left out of any excursions, so many plans had he always to carry out. But he was a very decorous little boy, whom one didn't object to having around if it amused him.

"I might ask," Mother said doubtfully. "Marjorie wouldn't mind. There's no one else coming."

"Oh, take him along," said Father. "No one'll know that he's there!"

Thus it came about that a belated surrey carrying four passengers and following the line of travel in the direction of Elliston had the road all to itself. Son sat on the front seat next the driver, and said not a word. In what booth should they find Bill? Gazing at what wonder? Buying what rich gifts?

"There's Marjorie now!" cried Mother, "coming to meet us."

"Hello!" cried the girl, as the two carriages came to a stop. "I've been back and forth for hours. Started early to breakfast with a friend of mine down the road, and telephoned from there. I thought I'd drive out this way and escort you to the house."

They talked a few minutes and then the girl looked at Son.

"Want to get in with me?" she said invitingly.

"He'd love to," responded Mother quickly.

And Father admonished her under his breath: "Don't put words into his mouth! Let him answer for himself."

Son, willing to oblige, though his thoughts were elsewhere, clambered out of his own carriage and into the basket trap. He was glad in a few moments that he had come, so easy was it for his hostess to talk to boys. They were deep in conversation, when Son suddenly turned white and gripped her arm.

"What's the matter?" she asked in alarm.

"It's Bill!" cried Son. "And he's coming back! Oh, *stop*, and let me speak to him!"

Bill, shuffling along, shoulders bent, head drooping, saw nothing, heard nothing.

"Bill!" shouted Son.

Then Bill looked up.

"It's *my* boy," said the girl wonderingly. "The boy that gave me a dollar for the hospital."

Son stopped in the act of getting out.

"*Bill gave you his dollar!*" he cried, incredulous. "*His dollar that he earned?*"

Bill, looking up, had seen her whom he had thought never to behold again—seen her with his own familiar friend at her side, waving to him. It was too much! He put both fists into his eyes, and sobbed as though his heart would break.

An hour later, between Son and Marjorie, tightly holding a hand of each, he was entering his land of promise.

Father and Mother walked behind.

"Pity he has no companions," said Father.

Mother did not smile. She was watching the two boys, shoulder pressing shoulder, heads close together, while their hearts beat high in friendship and anticipation.

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"IT"

A RING-ROBBED RAILROAD

AN EXAMPLE OF MISGOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS

by Lincoln Steffens

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

AND the Illinois Central Railroad was robbed; as the life-insurance companies were robbed; as Chicago is robbed, and Philadelphia, and Boston, and San Francisco; as many cities, and states, and the United States are robbed; as the five railroads that own the Chicago & Western Indiana Railroad were robbed; as many railroads, and as many corporations, are robbed—deliberately, systematically, by men elected to represent the public and to protect the property from robbers.

The Illinois Central is a business. It's a public business; it's a fine, old, very important branch of our public transportation business. The "I. C.," as it is called, is the principal public highway up and down the Mississippi Valley, and, chartered by the state of Illinois, it is there for the use of the public. And, strange to say, the public at large is represented in its management: the governor of Illinois is ex-officio a member of the board of directors of the Illinois Central Railroad. Which is most unusual. We Americans don't believe in ourselves. We think that, as a people, we are unfit to rule railroads, so we turn over the privilege of governing them to a part of the people.

A property qualification is required of the men and women (they have woman's suffrage in business) who vote for the directors or legislators of railroads. We call them stockholders, and the theory is that since they have not only the general public interest of all men in transportation, but the special, private incentive of profit or loss, to stimulate them, these share-owners will be more vigilant, more intelligent, and less subject to influence than the average citizen is as a voter. Such an aristocracy would not be likely, for example, to elect to office politicians like Governor Deneen; it would probably prefer business men, like E. H. Harriman, who would give the railroad what some of us think our cities need—a businesslike administration.

Well, that's what the I. C. had: a businesslike administration by business men of its business. The board of directors, which corresponds so exactly to the legislature of a state or the aldermen of a city, was composed, not of Lee O'Neill Brownes, Tom Gradys, and Hinky Dinks; not at all. The I. C. voters, with the property qualification, elected to represent them Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Robert Walton Goelet, Mr. John Jacob Astor, Mr. James DeWolf Cutting, Mr. J. Ogden Armour, Mr. Charles A. Peabody, Mr. Walter Luttgen, Mr. John W.

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Auchincloss, Mr. Alexander G. Hackstaff, Mr. Charles N. Beach, and—*and* Mr. Edward H. Harriman. Gentlemen these, and business men; professional directors who legislate for many, many business corporations.

And they turned out of office Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, the president of the company. They discharged him for a political reason, too. Mr. Fish had been president so long that he thought he was the head as well as the front of the road. He wouldn't take orders from Mr. Harriman, the boss of the Southern and Union Pacific railroads. He represented the stockholders of the Illinois Central. Under Mr. Harriman's lead, therefore, the stockholders of the Illinois Central elected directors who, at Mr. Harriman's command, discharged Fish and promoted to his place Mr. James Theodore Harahan. President Harahan is a railroad operator who has grown up in the business, so he too is a business man. They were all business men. And among them these men gave this railroad a businesslike administration.

Very businesslike. It was like the life-insurance business; it was something like the administration of the Southern and the Union Pacific. And it was not at all unlike the political administration of a city. It was a graft, this railroad was; the robbery of it was planned by a ring of outside business men in cahoots with the office-holders of the railroad; and it went on, obviously, for four years (at least), right under the noses of this business government.

"Obviously", we say, and we say it advisedly. Wall Street knew as early as June, 1907, that there was something wrong in the Illinois Central. It was a joke down there. Men who can read railroad reports saw then, they say, and they certainly can show now, the evidence of the stealing in the annual report of the company for that year. The cost of freight-car repairs had jumped up thirty-nine per cent. Here is the item as it stood in the report under the general head of "Maintenance of Equipment:"

	1907	1906
Repairs and Renewals of Freight-Cars	$5,345,242.74	$3,848,021.23

Increase, $1,497,221.51; per cent of increase, 38.91

"It stuck up like a sore thumb," said an unfriendly critic of the management. "We tumbled. Why shouldn't the president and directors have tumbled?"

Was he fair? It's a question of efficiency we are raising here, not alone of honesty or graft. Business men think business is more efficient, as well as more honest, than politics. And this is business. Is it efficient business? We went to one of those efficiency experts who are to business what "reformers" are to politics.

"Would that increase have suggested graft to you?" we asked.

"No," he answered, "not necessarily. It would suggest to me only suspicion. There might have been a legitimate cause of the jump. But an efficient management should know it, if there was such an explanation. Such graft is impossible under an efficient, honest administration. Look here."

He jotted down some figures of car-repair costs on several railroads. They were Interstate Commerce Commission figures. The roads didn't keep their accounts right, he explained. These figures gave the cost per freight-car per annum on each road. This comparative table showed that the lowest was $41 on the Pittsburg & Lake Erie in 1910. "That shows what's possible," he commented. "Or, if it is a special case, take the next lowest: $43 on the Chicago & Northwestern. That's good," he said. The average on all roads was $58. "Not so good," he said, "but it probably means inefficiency as well as graft." Then he indicated the Illinois Central; it was $122.

This was not the highest in the table, but he thought it should have suggested to the management the need of an explanation. And it might not have meant graft. "See there," he said, and he touched with the point of his pencil other roads which were away above the average. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy was one such; others were the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific, the "control" of which "controls" the Illinois Central. The Union Pacific showed a cost of $127 per freight-car for repairs in 1910, and the Southern Pacific $152. "Now these," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes—"these figures might not mean graft to the president and directors of a railroad, but it certainly does arouse right now in an efficiency expert some slight suspicion and a very tempting sense of the need of an explanation."

It follows, then, that since the sore thumb which stuck up in Mr. Harahan's report for 1907 did mean a car-repair graft, he or his

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directors should have known it. Or, at any rate, since it has been demonstrated by evidence of record that there was no other legitimate cause, he or his directors should have been suspicious. And it appears from our talks with him and his honest assistants that none of them was suspicious till two years later. Then Erle C. Cowgill "smelled a rat."

Mr. Cowgill was assistant to the president, Mr. Harahan. He had been private secretary and chief clerk in the Chicago office, where the accounts are kept, but he didn't get his suspicion from the accounts. The sore thumb did not strike him. According to his own story, his suspicion came from a feeling, a sort of political sense. The method of handling car-repairing in the I. C. was "unusual," he says. It was dangerous. It was done outside. In cities, the work done by the city for itself is comparatively honest. Corruption begins when the politicians and office-holders let the work out by contract to business men. Philadelphia illustrates this point very well; so does Chicago; the report of the Boston Finance Commission tells something more about it. The I. C., like many other roads, had been doing its own car repairs till 1906, when the office-holders in the company began letting contracts to business men outside. Then the experience of the cities was repeated at once, as the annual reports displayed.

There was nothing precipitate about Mr. Cowgill. His suspicion came slowly. To go outside for car repairs when the company had facilities of its own for the work was "queer," but he thought little of it till by and by he heard rumors. The graft was becoming excessive and noisy, and the sounds of it reached him. He spoke to Mr. Harahan about it—"as early as March or April, 1909," he says; we should say "as late." But the President, like a governor or a mayor, could hardly believe that inefficiency and graft could go on under his nose and among his own subordinates.

He was honest. There is no question here of the integrity of President Harahan, nor of his courage. When Mr. Cowgill got some of his suspicion into Mr. Harahan's mind, the president took action. What he did would make a politician laugh. He sent for the officials of the road, who must know if there was anything wrong in the suspected department, and he asked them about it. William J. Burns, the secret-service detective of the United States Treasury who investigated the land frauds in the Interior Department, tells how Secretary Hitchcock did that same funny thing. He asked the grafters in his department if there was any graft in the de-

THE ROBBERY OF A RAILROAD IS NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER KIND OF ROBBERY.

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partment, and they said there wasn't. And when Burns, directed to investigate, returned from a superficial inquiry with the report that these very men, whom the Secretary had relied upon, "must be crooks," as he put it, Mr. Hitchcock was astonished and suspicious of the detective. He came pretty near dropping Burns.

The parallel between that typical political scandal and this extraordinary business exposure is perfect. Mr. Harahan, the President, called in the Vice-President, Ira G. Rawn, who was in charge of the operating department of the road. Rawn knew of no car-repair graft, and when Mr. Harahan bade him investigate, he ordered the General Manager, Mr. Frank B. Harriman, to make a report. Mr. Harriman (who, by the way, is no relative, so far as we know, of E. H. Harriman) in turn called upon his subordinates in the car-repair division to report, and—to shorten the story—Mr. Harriman learned that everything was all right.

Mr. Cowgill is plainly a pessimist. He did not accept these authoritative reports from the men who knew. He gave ear to irrelevant gossip from rank outsiders. He heard, for instance, that Joseph Buker, Superintendent of the Car Department, at a salary of $4,900 a year, was spending money so freely that other pessimists were asking the political question: "Where did he get it?" He heard that Henry C. Osterman, once a conductor on the road, who had organized the Osterman Company, which was repairing cars, gave five-dollar tips to bell-boys and lighted expensive cigars with one-dollar bills. Again, there was a dinner given at fifty dollars a plate, at which the floral figure in the center of the table was a freight-car, and the diners were business men and railroad officials concerned in freight-car repairs. Mr. Cowgill declared that there must be a graft in this business, and that officials of the road must be "in on it." He couldn't "see how it could go on without the help or connivance of the seventh floor."

The seventh floor was the location of the officers of the first vice-president, Mr. Ira G. Rawn, and the General Manager, Mr. Frank B. Harriman.

Mr. Harahan was incredulous, but he did put questions to these high officials, and, sure enough, they were indignant. Mr. Rawn, especially, was hurt at the lack of faith in him, and—a nervous, sensitive, vain man—he couldn't stand it. He resigned in October, 1909. He resigned to become the president of the Monon Railroad.

And still Mr. Cowgill was not satisfied. He asked for and obtained authority to proceed to a regular inquiry, and he worked hard for three months. He looked up the bills for car repairs. Under the I. C.'s arrangement with the outside companies, they were to present itemized accounts: so much for materials used, etc., and a percentage for profit. Checking up the prices agreed upon against the prices charged, Mr. Cowgill found heavy overcharges by some of the companies. That wasn't all, however. He called in experts from the Union Pacific to see if repairs charged for had been actually done. They hadn't. There were charges for repairs to cars which had never been laid off in their shops; there were charges for roofs on flat cars! It was a foolish graft, you see, more like Tweed's than Croker's; more like that of a business corporation than that of an up-to-date city. The closest parallel we recall at the moment is the case of the Metropolitan (New York) Street Railway, which twice issued bonds for millions of dollars to electrify cross-town horse-car lines, and never laid a wire.

A committee of Illinois Central officials, not in the operating department, took up the investigation, and on February 5, 1910 (nearly three years late), began to apply the police method known as "the third degree" to car inspectors, clerks, checkers, and foremen. This is what the politicians resent as a fishing excursion; they call it "drag-netting," and they don't like it because it might catch almost anybody. In this business case, it caught only a lot of what these same politicians despise as "small fry" officials. All this committee could show against the higher officers of the road was negligence.

Mr. Harahan telephoned for William J. Burns. The detective had been working on the Western Indiana Railroad graft under Murry Nelson, Jr., the attorney. Meeting Mr. Nelson at the club one day, Mr. Harahan had asked him about Burns and received a satisfactory answer. Burns was the detective who had exposed the corruption of San Francisco, California, and he drew on his experience out there to warn Mr. Harahan of a danger to him. Remembering that Spreckels, the banker who financed the prosecution of the business grafters of San Francisco, had been himself accused, Burns told Mr. Harahan that he, too, would be charged

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BUT THERE WAS A SUSPICIOUS MAN . . . A PESSIMIST.

with complicity in this railroad graft. And this happened. But Mr. Harahan didn't believe it would, and he evidently didn't care.

He told Burns to go ahead and catch every guilty man, no matter how high up he was; which was honest and brave enough. But that he did not think the corruption went very high up is suggested by the fact that when he started Burns off, it was with an audience in his office at which all the heads of departments were present. Burns was aghast. It was like beginning the land-fraud investigation with the "help and knowledge" of the heads of the departments of the Interior Department. Burns turned to Blewett Lee, chief counsel of the road.

"We oughtn't to talk this over before all these people," he said. "Some of them may turn out to be the very crooks we'll be wanting to send to jail before we get through." And this happened, too.

Mr. Lee saw the point. He helped to cut short the audience, and Burns was permitted to proceed "under cover" to get his facts. Now what does that mean? What did the detective do? There's no mystery about "straight" detective work, and any efficient head of a business who was certain, as President Harahan was, that crime existed could have done what Burns did. This detective's "marvelous skill" is little more than common sense with some imagination added. It's the method that we muck-rakers use to get at the rings guilty of the corruption of a city. Burns studied the car-repair business. He wanted to know who reported as "damaged" cars which were not damaged; who supervised the work on those cars; who checked the bills; who compared and certified them. In other words, he asked who would have to know about the graft in order to carry it on. Having found out this, the system of car repairs, he had the system of graft, the ring; and he went back to Mr. Harahan with his "theory."

"Mr. Harahan," he said, "the officials of the road who are involved in this graft are the Vice-President, Ira G. Rawn; the General Manager, Frank B. Harriman; the Superintendent of Machinery, William Renshaw; the Superintendent of the Car Department, J. E. Buker; the General Superintendent of Transportation, O. S. Keith; the General Storekeeper, J. M. Taylor; the General Superintendents, H. M. McCourt of the Southern lines, C. L. Ewing of the Northern lines, and W. S. King of the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley branch, "with certain of their subordinates," whom he named.

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That was only Burns's theory, you understand. It remained to be proved, and some of it still remains to be proved in court. But that is because Mr. Harahan and his directors and most of us have a theory that the essence of graft is dishonesty, and that the cure for it is to put the grafters into jail. This remedy is difficult; the courts, being part of the political and business system, do not work with any certainty. It is unjust; it affects only those grafters who are caught committing felonies. And it is unscientific; it does not prevent graft; at the best (or the worst) it only punishes a very few grafters.

The essence of a system of graft, ethically speaking, is not dishonesty, but disloyalty and inefficiency, as we are beginning to see in politics, and as this business graft illustrates well. Since there was systematic stealing in the I. C.'s car repairs, every man in a position to know about it was not necessarily a "crook," as Burns put it. Some of them were dishonest; but others may merely have been stupid, blind, and incapable; and still others may have been simply silent, afraid to tell on the crooks, and therefore only disloyal. But they were all either disloyal or unfit; they should all have been discharged. And that's where the "recall" in politics will ease the whole situation in politics. It will enable us to recall an unfit or a disloyal official without having to wait till we can prove a felony against him and try to throw him into prison.

And that's what is done in private business. But "Big Business" is very different from private business. It is more like politics. Private business is run, typically, by the owner or, if it's a partnership, by the several owners, who are on the ground. Corporate business is government, not direct and personal, but indirect and representative. In other words, corporate management is, like a city, representative government. And it is comparatively new in business, newer than in politics, and therefore, I think, not so good. We haven't had so much exposure of business as we have of politics, but we are beginning to get the truth about both together now, and the truth seems to be that the government of business is a long way behind the political government of cities in the development of efficiency, honesty, and loyalty.

The representative government of the Illinois Central Railroad thought it had to prove felonies against the men Burns "suspected." Mr. Harahan desired to punish them, to convict them of crimes, and put them in jail. And Burns was ready to help. Sure of his theory, he went right on getting evidence. He put his men into the shops and at strategic points along the line of the road. They soon had gossip, which Burns used to force confessions with. This is where his genius appears.

Gossip is astonishingly true, as poets know, and novelists. One bit of gossip, taken by itself, may be a lie; not often; a lie made out of whole cloth is a creation, and creative minds are rare. There is usually some foundation in fact for a lie, and when you take a lot of rumors from different sources, but all about one thing and all to one purport, you can "feel" the truth in them. Burns has the fiction sense, and he has poetic imagination, and knowledge. Having worked in many cities and in many businesses, he knows "the" system; for it is the same, everywhere. He can imagine it in a new field. He knew the business graft in the I. C. must be managed essentially as the so-called political graft was managed in San Francisco. So, taking the probable truth in the gossip, he could see how a certain story must have been worked out in real life. And his fiction worked in real life. Calling in a suspected man, Burns would tell him all about a certain transaction which he must have had a part in; he would describe to him exactly, vividly, step by step, just what he did. In about one case in three, the man, amazed at the detective's "knowledge," thinks some pal has "peached" on him, and he "peaches." Burns got many confessions from the lesser Illinois Central grafters.

But confession, very convincing to the lay mind, is not always evidence. Burns got a confession from Abe Ruef in San Francisco, and the boss was convicted by a jury of laymen; but the Supreme Court of California threw out the case and saved the man from prison. As we have noted before, the law is very uncertain. The government of the Illinois Central engaged special counsel to make cases out of the confessions and other partial evidence obtained by the detective. Murry Nelson, Jr., was the man Harahan got; and Nelson, able, persistent, ingenious, called in, to assist him, Edward B. Burling, an attorney famous for his dramatic insight into his opponents' plans, and Walter L. Fisher, the aggressive leader of reform in Chicago, who, as secretary of the Municipal

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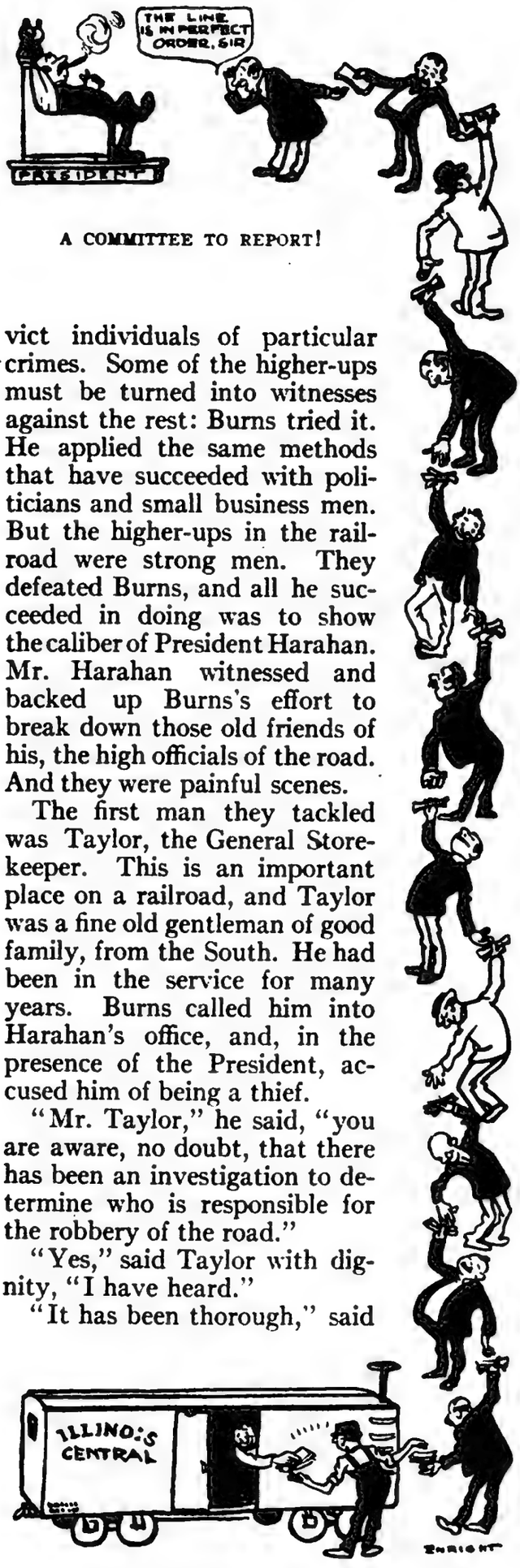
Voters' League, played politics with the ablest politicians in that city and beat them at the game. These men, with Harahan back of them, and Cowgill and Burns at their side, managed the whole matter thereafter, and progress was rapid. It amused the town and it terrified railroad and political circles.

These emotions were due to the plain determination of the prosecution to go higher up. This was hard to do. It was easier to follow horizontal than vertical lines, and Burns reported from "under cover" that the system developed in Chicago had been repeated all along the line of the road from Chicago to New Orleans. Five to six contracting repair companies were in on it, and their very existence, so far apart, was prima facie evidence that the small-fry local officials in Chicago who had confessed and been caught were not the real culprits. By way of getting higher up in the railroad, the attorneys went after the repair companies all along the line with an application to examine their books. This was refused, of course; privacy is a sacred privilege of private business. The prosecution brought suits; but under that process it was discovered that the old companies had been dissolved, their assets turned over to new companies, their books burned and evidence destroyed. The prosecution took another tack. They brought civil suits against four of the Illinois Central officials; the parties sued were pretty high up, but they were not so high as to the Vice-President and the General Manager.

Mr. Nelson was saving Rawn, the Vice-President, for another purpose. Fearing he could not prove theft and conspiracy against him, he proposed to call the Vice-President as his witness, "get" him for perjury, indict him, and throw the whole gang into alarm, confusion, and further confession. Events helped this plan. One of the corrupt companies failed. A receiver was appointed, and the prosecution, by quick action, came into possession of its books, correspondence, and other papers. These proved beyond a doubt not only that Rawn was guilty, but that Burns's theory was right. The operating department of this great railroad was corrupt from top to bottom; as corrupt as any department in the political administration of the great city of Chicago, for example.

But the evidence sufficient to clean out the department was still not in shape to convict individuals of particular crimes. Some of the higher-ups must be turned into witnesses against the rest: Burns tried it. He applied the same methods that have succeeded with politicians and small business men. But the higher-ups in the railroad were strong men. They defeated Burns, and all he succeeded in doing was to show the caliber of President Harahan. Mr. Harahan witnessed and backed up Burns's effort to break down those old friends of his, the high officials of the road. And they were painful scenes.



A COMMITTEE TO REPORT!

The first man they tackled was Taylor, the General Storekeeper. This is an important place on a railroad, and Taylor was a fine old gentleman of good family, from the South. He had been in the service for many years. Burns called him into Harahan's office, and, in the presence of the President, accused him of being a thief.

"Mr. Taylor," he said, "you are aware, no doubt, that there has been an investigation to determine who is responsible for the robbery of the road."

"Yes," said Taylor with dignity, "I have heard."

"It has been thorough," said

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Burns. "We know who the robbers are. I charge that you are one of them. You're a thief."

Taylor flushed, but he turned, erect and proud, to President Harahan.

"I'm too indignant for expression," he said. "I'm amazed. Is it possible, Mr. Harahan, that I, a Southern gentleman, can be insulted thus in your presence by a hired detective?"

Mr. Harahan sat cold and hard behind his desk. He thrummed idly with his fingers a moment, then he answered:

"Yes, Mr. Taylor," he said. "Burns has got the facts and I am convinced."

There was more of this; it was dramatic; it was interesting; it was not beautiful. And it was in vain. The old gentleman "did not come through," and the reason is that he was not a thief. He may—as Burns says and as the attorneys think they can prove—he may have shared in the stealings of the road. But a man may commit a felony without being a felon. He may grow up in a system of graft and he may take part in it. He may have to take part or be "fired." And men were fired from the Illinois Central, as they often are from the public service, for being honest and not "standing in." A man may be as guilty as crime itself in business and politics, as those things go with us, and yet he may not be a criminal. It is the system that is guilty. It is often so, as we know, in petty crime; it is sometimes so, as our big business men are learning, in the big crimes of Big Business. It may have been so in the middle-class case of this old Southern gentleman. Mr. Taylor may have been "in on" the car-repair graft and "not guilty."

Another man who balked Burns was O. S. Keith, the General Superintendent of Transportation. His place also is important in a railroad; the man to fill it must be a master of men. He met Burns with a bluff for his bluff, and there were several others who held out.

The fact was that the grafters were beginning to organize now. As in cities, so here, the first stroke with the muck-rake breaks the muck-makers' ring. They have a panic, and they fight, each man for himself. That's the time for a muck-raker to act. After a while the muck-makers renew their nerve. They get together, and together they fight. The I. C. grafters had combined by this time, and they were collected, brave, and very active. They were watching the prosecution as the prosecution was watching them. They even had detectives out. Rawn, for example, had a detective on Burns. And Burns used him well. Burns has always used well the detectives put upon his shadow. Professionally suspicious, he tries all men out. He gives a suspected assistant a lie to carry. Then he watches, and, having framed up the lie so that the effect of it will be seen if it lands in the other camp, he can tell who talks. He suspected Rawn's spy, so he decided to use him to throw consternation into the combination of the grafters, and drive them apart. They knew that Keith had gone up for a third degree, and they knew what Keith had reported to them. But Burns gave Rawn's spy the impression that Keith had "peached." And the spy so reported; and when he so reported to the grafters, they believed the lie. They denounced Keith, and they began to suspect one another. Burns soon had them living in an atmosphere of dismay and distrust.

This was the time the defense started and spread the rumor that Harahan himself was in on this or some other graft. And it is a remarkable fact, significant of the moral condition of big business, that many business men in Chicago believed that Harahan was dishonest; some believe it to-day; and, at the time, this suspicion against the President was spread up as high as his own Board of Directors. Some of these gentlemen were willing to believe that the president of a railroad could be as guilty as the vice-president of a railroad or the mayor of a city. It was Harahan's dogged, unwearied persistence in the prosecution that saved his good name. That, and the opportunities Walter L. Fisher gave to witnesses at the hearings to accuse Harahan.

"Were any other Illinois Central officials connected with this?" he asked again and again. But there were no charges.

And Harahan was aggressive. He was among the first to accuse Rawn to his face. He did it at his own house, in April, 1910. He told him that he was not only a thief, but the ringleader of the whole gang of thieves. And Rawn, hot-tempered though he was, impulsive and nervous, was content simply to deny the charge. And this conduct of Rawn's, so much out of character, set the prosecution after him in earnest. They wanted his testimony; some few of them wanted it badly; they thought that

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Rawn could open up other grafts than that of car repairs. Harahan's report of the way Rawn answered Harahan made them think he was breaking down. Burns tried him out.

Rawn gave the detective the opportunity. He sent a tip that he wished to see Burns. Burns called, and, putting aside a veiled attempt at bribery, made his charges. These were general at first, but Burns had some exact facts; he knew the amounts of some of the payments to Rawn and the form in which they were made. Questions showing this sort of knowledge were put to Rawn in rapid succession.

"Did you ever have a five-thousand-dollar bill?" said Burns suddenly.

Rawn blanched, but he lied.

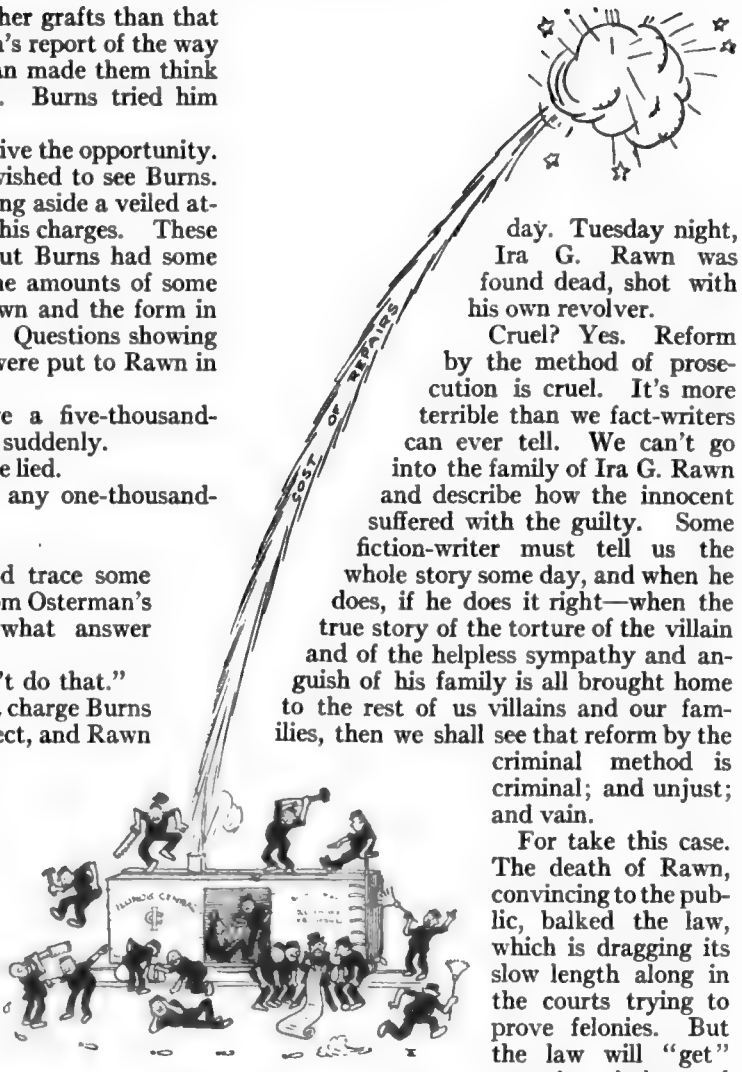
"Did you ever have any one-thousand-dollar bills?"

"No."

"If I told you I could trace some thousand-dollar bills from Osterman's possession to yours, what answer would you make?"

"Mr. Burns, you can't do that."

Five times he denied a charge Burns knew was true and correct, and Rawn held out. But Rawn knew the facts also, of course, and, knowing thus that the prosecution knew them, he was weakened for the cross-examination Murry Nelson, Jr., and Walter Fisher had prepared for him. They put him on the stand, as their witness, you understand. He was the president of the Monon then, but he had been a high official of the Illinois Central, and they were the road's counsel. He was asked searching questions as to the guilt of others, and finally of himself. He perjured himself. It took all his strength to do it, but he did it. When he had done it, he asked for an adjournment. Granted. It was evident that he was suffering, and when the day came for the continuation of his examination, he asked for more time. Granted. But on Sunday, July 17th, Rawn was notified at his house that the hearing would positively take place the following Wednesday. Tuesday night, Ira G. Rawn was found dead, shot with his own revolver.



THE COST OF CAR REPAIRS SHOT UP IN THE AIR.

Cruel? Yes. Reform by the method of prosecution is cruel. It's more terrible than we fact-writers can ever tell. We can't go into the family of Ira G. Rawn and describe how the innocent suffered with the guilty. Some fiction-writer must tell us the whole story some day, and when he does, if he does it right—when the true story of the torture of the villain and of the helpless sympathy and anguish of his family is all brought home to the rest of us villains and our families, then we shall see that reform by the criminal method is criminal; and unjust; and vain.

For take this case. The death of Rawn, convincing to the public, balked the law, which is dragging its slow length along in the courts trying to prove felonies. But the law will "get" some few victims and they will suffer: the "crooks" who planned the conspiracy; the weak who joined it; and the cowards who were afraid to oppose it. And there is no telling—and we don't pretend to tell here—who are criminals and who are mere victims of the system. And we don't care who the individuals are. It is the system that concerns us, the system that Rawn and his kind build up, defend, suffer from, and die for, the business-political system of our organized life.

Henry C. Osterman described that. Burns wrung a confession from him, and his story is the key to the system of the car-re-

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pair graft in the I. C. It is more than that. It is typical certainly of the five or six companies which operated along this road; and there is reason to believe it is typical also of other companies which operated other grafts along this line; and of still other companies which are working to-day in cahoots with other officials of still other railroads.

Osterman had an active mind. He invented a patent grain door for freight-cars and organized a company to promote and manufacture his invention. He failed at the politics of his business; he got his door introduced and tried; it worked well enough, but he hadn't "pull" enough to have it generally adopted. He took to making cement blocks. Then an insider, an employee of the Illinois Central, came and suggested that the Osterman Company might do car-repairing. The I. C. had a lot of damaged freight-cars accumulated during the bad times of 1906 and 1907, and, as politicians say, there were plums to be picked.

SHAKING THE PLUM-TREE

And there was a way to get a chance to pick the plums. It was an old way; Osterman was an inventor, but he didn't invent the system of making it worth the while of everybody concerned to give his company the car-repair work of the Illinois Central Railroad. He was not the first business promoter to give stock in his company to officials who were in a position to further his business. This is a common practise both in politics and in business; it's more common in business than it is in politics, and it is regarded as less reprehensible in business than it is in politics. Many railroad officials own stock in railroad supply companies. This is corruption; it tends to make these railroad officials take a keener interest in the supply company than in the railroad. Or, as one of the counsel for the I. C. prosecution put it, it makes them "take a keener interest in the company where they draw dividends than in the company where they draw salary." In brief, it transfers their allegiance; and, as we are learning to see in politics, the transfer of the allegiance of an alderman or a senator from the common to a special interest is the very heart of corruption.

And this is the heart of the corruption practised on the Illinois Central Railroad. The officials of the road—normal human beings, you understand, not criminals—were there to represent the stockholders and protect the property. Osterman's job, suggested by the railroad man, was to get those officials to represent his company, not theirs. He says that he "saw", first, Taylor, the General Storekeeper; Taylor sent him to Renshaw, the Superintendent of Machinery; Renshaw sent him to Buker, the head of the Car Department; and Buker took him to Rawn. We must be careful here, since a man in Osterman's position might drag in an innocent man he bears a grudge against, and some of the accused are not convicted. But there we have the system outlined. The deal was closed; the terms arranged, the stock and the prices. Osterman says that they were to pay Harriman, the General Manager, $1000 a month; Buker, $500 (for "championing our cause"); and he says that Buker, who was "a sort of heeler" for Rawn, suggested that "the old man," as he called Rawn, or "I. G.," or "the party of the fifth," be paid five dollars per car. This was raised to twenty-five dollars, and when Osterman protested, he says that Buker insisted. "You know what it means if you don't," he said. He meant that the graft couldn't go on without Rawn. So Osterman submitted.

THERE WERE OTHERS

But these weren't all the persons who had to be "fixed." As in cities, so here in business, we find that the corruption spread like a disease. It "had to." The grafters "had to" buy or intimidate or have discharged every man who was in a position to help or hurt their business. Osterman says his company had to pay to a division superintendent $150 a month to "help the switching service;" $100 to a superintendent of terminals; $100 to a bill clerk, who was not satisfied with a Christmas present; $25 to a station agent for taking care of "demurrage charges"; $25 to a conductor who "caught on" and could save a charge for switching service; $25 to an inspector; $25 to another inspector who let them use his rubber stamp. It developed at the hearings that one of the counsel for the defense of these men had had a share for some reason; he had been paid $100. A hundred men "must have" been "in on" this graft in one way or another.

"Must" is not too strong a word to use. The case of John G. Neuffer will illustrate

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the compulsion referred to several times. Neuffer was Superintendent of Machinery before Renshaw. He was honest; he was in a critical position. He was under Harriman, the General Manager, and over Buker, who had cars, and Renshaw, who had locomotives. Neuffer took no part in the graft, but he was silent for three years; that is to say, he was silent so far as we know. He may have protested to his superiors. At any rate, he was discharged before the actual investigation was begun. There were other such cases. There were clerks who saw what was going on and connived at it in the same way. The prosecution was able to get valuable assistance from one man who, to cover himself, had marked the "raised" items in bills he drew and copied. He didn't dare "peach" so long as the grafters were in power, because, you see, with all those higher officials in on the graft, he could be discharged. But the best case is that of Rawn himself.

GETTING GAY

This graft system was expensive. All corruption is, and there you have the cause of its rise and fall. Since a graft "has to" take in more and more partners to protect itself, it "has to" become more and more excessive to meet the cost and show a profit. More ability, a better organization, and a firmer control are required in a corrupt than in an honest business, and these car-repair grafts were not well managed. Which may explain why this one department was singled out for exposure. It was loosely run; it was almost gay in spirit. The grafters got to stealing fittings off cars that were standing in the yard; they needed them to put on cars sent in for repairs, and, having taken them, there were more cars in need of repairs. They stole material from the storehouse; they "raised" bills, after they had made them out (so as to keep up the average per car to, say, $250, no matter what the repairs had actually been). After a while they had a man take down the numbers of cars as they went flying by in trains, and they made out bills for them. This is how they happened to charge for roofs on flat cars. The clerk who had that "work" was so gay and careless about it that Osterman himself gave orders that he must be sure that "the cars had gone through the yards."

It was an absurd, a most dangerous petty graft, and the character of it throws light on Rawn's predicament. He was a business man, remember, and an able one; he had grown up in the railroad business; and he knew not only how the legitimate business should be done; he knew also how carefully, how judiciously all graft business must be done to succeed. For of course he had been "in on" other grafts on his railroads.

"Of course," we say, and we shall give our reasons. In the first place, we know that what goes on in one city, or in one business, goes on in one form or another in all cities and in all businesses of the same character. The figures of the efficiency expert suggest that the Illinois Central isn't the only railroad that had a car-repair graft. In the second place, it is unnatural that a group of officers of a railroad should build up a system of stealing in one department of the road, and be honest in all the other branches of the business. And in the third place, some of the witnesses say that other departments of the Illinois Central had graft and corruption. The difference, apparently, between this and other departmental grafts was that the car-repair grafters "went too far."

GOOD MEN AND BAD MEN

And Ira G. Rawn tried to control them. He did his best to make this business businesslike, orderly, safe—and he couldn't. Having gone into it, he had to stand by and see it grow foolish. Many a man who will read this narrative will understand the "fix" Rawn was in. The fool grafters went too far; he knew it; he objected, he pleaded, begged; but what could he do? They "had the goods" on him, and they made him go along, else they would squeal on him. He was the victim of the system.

Some people don't like the word "system." They say they don't know what it means. They hold that the world is divided into bad men and good men, honest men and criminals. Whoever thinks that must think that by a curious series of coincidences each one of the hundred or so men in that I. C. railroad graft happened to be born bad. And the only kind of a mind that would accept such a conclusion as that is the very common kind which does admit very readily that, as a whole, politicians are bad, and asserts that business men, as a whole, are good. That's the way this sort of a mind accounts for the

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corruption of our cities. The people, being unfit to rule, follow politicians who, being born bad, make our cities bad.

The fact that the Illinois Central Railroad, a business governed by business men elected by stockholders with a property qualification, was robbed like a city—this fact is exceptional. It doesn't count. But it does count. There's nothing exceptional about the I. C. scandal; the only extraordinary thing about it is the investigation and exposure. Not along ago, Louis D. Brandeis declared that if the railroads generally would stop waste and stealing by introducing honesty and efficiency, they would save $365,000,000 a year: one million dollars a day. And the business world hooted at him. The loss to the Illinois Central Railroad by this car-repair graft was two millions—the railroad acknowledges that much; but we hear that it was nearer five millions. And the investigation has exposed none of the other grafts which "must" have gone on.

REFORM IN BUSINESS

And what has been done about it all? The company has made some of the grafters pay back some of their stealing; it has had four men indicted: Harriman, the General Manager; Taylor, the General Storekeeper; Ewing, the General Superintendent of the Northern lines; and Buker, the Superintendent of the Car Department. And besides these, the wounded, there is one dead: Rawn, the Vice-President. Yes, and Harahan, the honest President, has been retired by the Board of Directors as "seventy years of age," and he is indeed sixty-eight. But nothing serious has been done about that Board of Directors, who must have neglected their duties as legislators. Nothing has been done about those stockholders, who neglected their duties as citizens. And nothing has been done to make the officials of the road stand loyal hereafter to the road against the system of profit-sharing in outside companies which deal with the I. C. And nothing has been done to break up the business system of graft which prevails in other railroads, corporations, and business governments generally.

Are we going too far? There is one more sore thumb sticking up out of this story. This is the fact, referred to briefly before, that the prosecution of the I. C. graft was an outgrowth of another investigation of another railroad—the Chicago and Western Indiana. This corporation is a terminal company. It belongs to and is governed by the representatives of five railroads: the Grand Trunk & Western; the Chicago & Eastern Illinois; the Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville (the Monon); the Chicago & Erie; and the Wabash. There are no "people" in it at all; not even stockholders. These five railroads own the stock, and their boards of directors appoint one each to the Board of Directors of the Western Indiana. In some cases the president of the constituent road is a director of the Western Indiana. Rawn was, for example; when he left the I. C. and became president of the Monon, he went upon the Board of the Western Indiana. And this company, thus governed, was robbed. It was robbed as the I. C. was. They were robbed together on one transaction; and this robbery happened before Rawn was in the Western Indiana. This company was robbed not on car repairs; it has no cars. It was robbed as cities are robbed: on its real-estate operations. It was buying a strip of land through Chicago to widen its right of way, and some officers, in cahoots with a ring of business men, bought the land at a fair price and sold it to themselves for the road at a big profit.

Messrs. Nelson, Fisher, Burling, and Burns worked out the system there also, and it was the same old system; with the same old organization, friends, pull, and power from higher up.

AN EXCEPTION TO PROVE THE RULE

The only exceptional thing about the Western Indiana scandal is the excuse made for it. The defense has alleged that their profit was not for themselves, but simply a blind to cover the payment to them of funds appropriated to "fix" the Board of Directors of the people of Illinois—the state legislature. And this "defence" shows not only how the system "had to" be extended from business into politics; it carries also the suggestion that the cause of the failure of political democracy lies not in democracy but in the plutocracy of business, which thinks it's the cure for political corruption.

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THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME LAUGH

"It can not be done".

BY · IRVIN · S · COBB

Author of "MAKING PEACE AT PORTSMOUTH," "THE DIARY OF NOAH," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDER POPINI

To the Editor of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE:

Esteemed Sir:

I am in receipt of your favor of recent date asking for the recipe for making people laugh, and in reply to same would beg to state as follows:

It can not be done.

To be sure, there are a few persons among the population who are ready to laugh, anyhow. You don't have to make them. It is a vice to which they are incurably addicted. They laugh for the same reason that a conch-shell makes a murmuring sound when you hold it up to your ear, being, like the shell, mostly hollow inside, and full of convolutions. They throw off laughter like a cave throwing off echoes. Their intentions are good, but their execution is bad.

This class includes the kind of person who, when you try to tell a funny story in company, starts laughing at the wrong place and spoils the point for you, because the others become so intent on looking down inside of him and wondering how a head that seems so shy on interior furnishings can possess such splendid acoustic qualities, that they forget to listen to you.

And, similarly, when he has read your little printed effusion, he goes around gurgling like the last pint of suds in a sink, buttonholing casual acquaintances and saying to them, "Say, old man, did you read the funny piece that this fellow What's-his-name wrote the other day? Let's see now—it went something like this, near as I can recall." And he strikes out and tries to tell it and gets all balled up and goes lame and remarks that, well, anyhow, it was funny as thunder the way that fellow put it, and staggers off, still overcome with maniac mirth. Whereupon the casual acquaintance gives a low, deep grunt of disgust and departs, convinced in his own mind that the man who tried to tell him the story must be the biggest idiot in the known world, with the exception of the one who wrote it.

Even so, the man who stands prepared to laugh with you, with or without the proper provocation, is far, far outnumbered by the man who'd see you cold and laid out first. He defies you to make him laugh. He practically warns you in advance that if you get a laugh out of him it will be over his dead body. He doesn't know you, but he's your enemy for life.

Basing their calculations on the figures of

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the recent census, conservative judges have estimated that of this class there are upward of thirty-five millions in the United States, excluding Alaska and Porto Rico.

There remains still a third grand division; and to those kindly souls who compose it, in all loving respect and heartfelt gratitude I take off my new Spring hat—or will take it off when I get it—and say to them that they are the salt of the earth and the candy kids and the water on the wheel of every hard-working journeyman who holds a card in the Funny Union and is blithesome to order, by the day, week, or job. These are the ones who pick up the paper or the magazine and find your contribution, read it through, lay it down, and say to themselves:

"Well, on the whole, that seems to me a pretty tolerably sad affair. But this same chap handed me one good laugh, I remember, back in the spring of the year that Coxey's Army came through, and another in the fall of nineteen-three, I think it was, and I guess he's doing the best he can. Maybe if I wrote him a little letter and told him to keep right on plugging along, because you never can tell when things are going to take a change for the better, it might brighten him up and make him more cheerful."

Sometimes they write the letter, too, and the sad-faced, despondent humorist takes it home, shows it to his wife, and pastes it in the scrap-book. I've known of good, durable wheezes that bore these dividends quarterly or oftener for years and years.

You may have noted that in making this classification, I have used the masculine gender exclusively. I have done so advisedly and after due thought, because all the best authorities on the subject agree that it is not in the nature of a woman to take a joke, for better or for worse, the first time she meets it face to face. In the matter of being shown, the average woman, so far as humor is concerned, is from so far out in Missouri that she's practically from Kansas. She is up on the tallest peak of the Ozark Mountains, very skeptical, not to say skittish. She wants to hear a thing that's funny several times and let it soak into her and mingle with her other ingredients; then after a suitable period of time she begins to care for it and forever after bears it a deep and lasting affection. At least, so the authorities affirm.

Once there was a woman who could see a joke the first time she came across it and who could carry the point in her mind and keep it in its proper relation and proportions to the rest of the joke. But she is no more. She lived a great while ago, back in the Middle Ages, I think it was, and she was put to death as a witch. The police authorities of that period didn't exactly know what it was that was wrong with her and peculiar about her, but they could tell there was something very, very uncanny and unusual in her mental make-up somewhere, so they followed the customary procedure in vogue at the time and burned her at the stake. At least, so I have been told. Personally speaking, I can only judge the sex by my own wife. I think Finley Peter Dunne is the funniest

STAGGERS OFF, STILL OVERCOME WITH MANIAC MIRTH. WHEREUPON THE CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE GIVES A LOW, DEEP GRUNT OF DISGUST AND DEPARTS.

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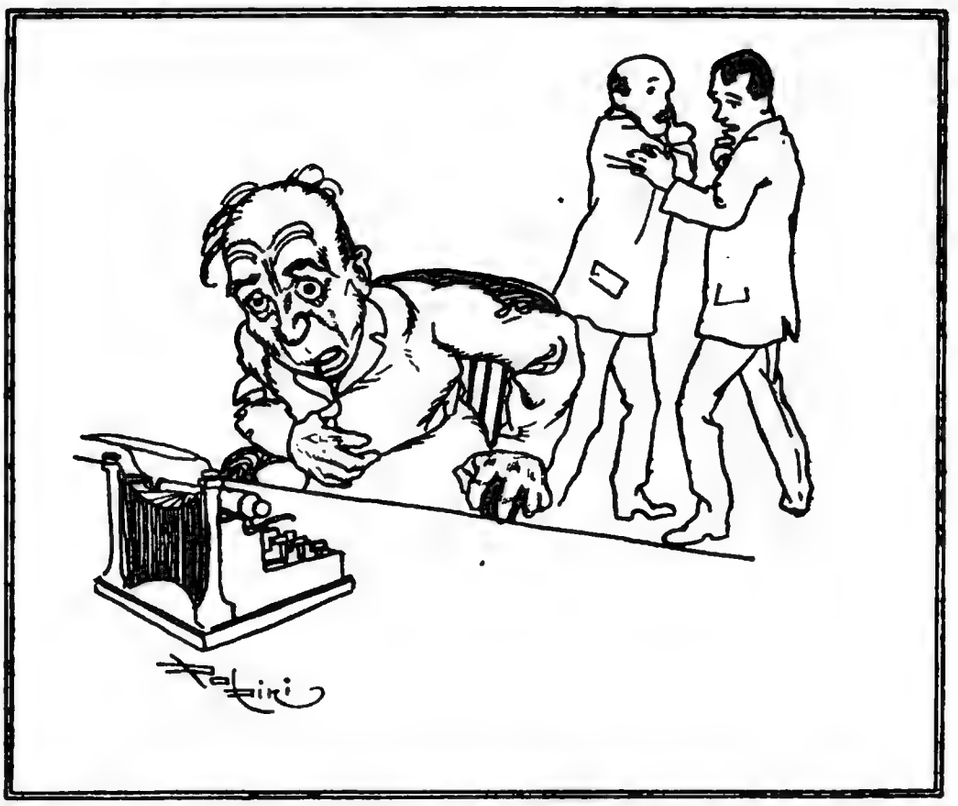
man in the world, but my wife reads his stuff only because she has seen his picture and thinks he has a nice face. She prefers the funny things that were printed in a red-bound book called "Gems of American Wit and Humor," which she has been acquainted with from childhood and knows off by heart.

Of course, there are things which are naturally and inevitably funny, and which carry their appeal to all the grades of society. But these, alas! mainly belong to the humor of the stage and not to the humor of the printed page. Still I never yet met a comedian who didn't think he would be infinitely funnier than he was if he could only take his pen in hand and write his fun instead of acting it. If he only knew!



"COME, LET US GO AWAY FROM HERE. OUR POOR FRIEND IS GETTING READY TO WRITE SOMETHING FUNNY."

When a comedian hasn't any funny written lines to speak, he can fall back on the funny physical lines which a kindly nature gave him, and still keep his audience roaring. I have seen this done myself, often. Give your comedian an educated ear that he can fan himself with, or a gifted pair of legs that bow outward and look like a Gates Ajar design when he walks up-stage, or a pair of talented eyebrows and an automatic Adam's apple, and it is enough. The ushers will be coming down and warning stout persons to laugh with less abandon or else kindly stop by the box-office on their way out and get their money back.

But the writing person does not look funny while in the act of dashing off those quaint conceits that are copied in all the papers and credited to somebody else. Believe me, on the contrary.

I know a man who is one of the funniest writers in the business—at least, his admirers say he is funny. Of course, none of his fellow funny writers would say so. That would be highly unprofessional and contrary to all the ethics. But among a considerable number of outsiders he has the reputation of being genuinely funny. And when he sits down at his typewriter and slips a clean, unsullied sheet of paper into the machine, his associates glance inquiringly at him; and if a look of intense pain comes stealing over his face; and if his brows knit together in deep corrugations, and his gills begin to pant up and down with slow, convulsive movements, and he emits low, groaning sounds, then those who cannot bear the sight of suffering arise and tiptoe off, saying to one another as they go:

"Come, let us go away from here. Our poor friend is getting ready to write something funny."

Now with the stage humorist, as I have already said, the conditions are vastly different. A comedian can do the same things and say the same things over and over again, night after night. If a writer uses his own best quip oftener than twice per annum, some unpleasant busybody with a scrapbook or a good memory will draw the deadly parallel on him and shoot him down as he wings. For better purposes of comparison I have gone to the trouble of compiling a list of the funniest things on the stage. The list is as follows:

1. When a performer starts to move and the trap drummer in the orchestra scrapes a resined piece of cord so that the come-

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dian thinks his clothes are splitting.

2. When an Irish monologist speaks a sentence in German.

3. When a clown acrobat poises himself to jump a tremendous distance and then suddenly changes his mind and walks off.

4. When a comedian starts to sing and the trombone player sounds a discord, causing the comedian to stop and look at him threateningly.

5. When a low comedian, in leaving the stage, walks up against something solid and hits his nose.

6. When a monologist, contemplating the street scene on the back drop behind him, says, "Ah, Philadelphia on a busy day!"

7. When he looks in the window of a house painted on the scenery and pretends to see something funny going on.

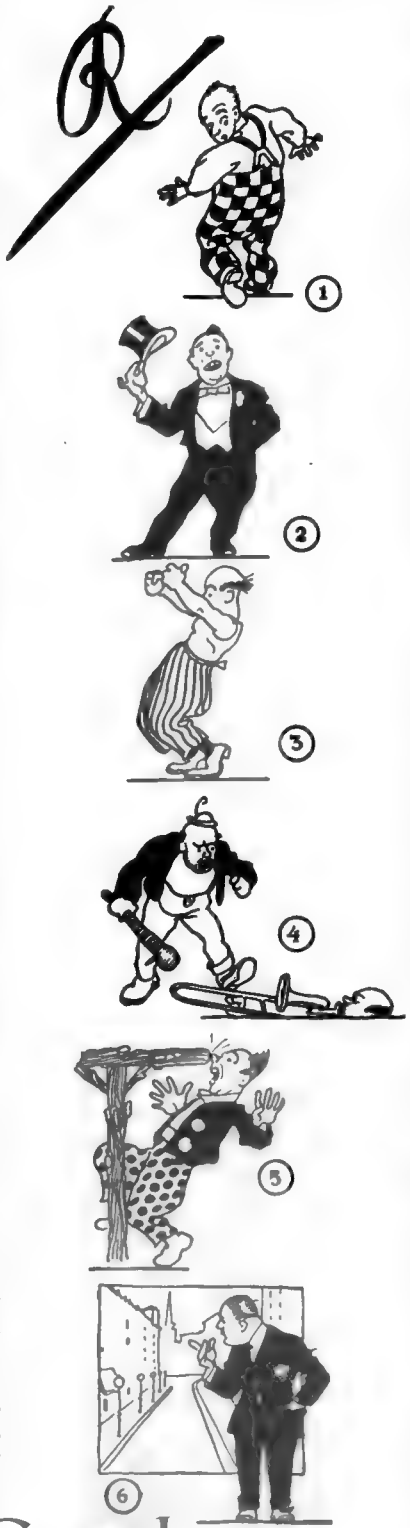
8. When the black-face half of a musical team takes off eight or nine waistcoats of different colors in rapid succession.

9. When a dancing comedian trips on something, and then stoops down and picks up an ordinary pin.

10. When a character comedian turns around and shows a red bandanna handkerchief pinned in the tails of his frock coat.

11. When a comedy character wears white spats fastened with large pearl buttons, and a high hat.

12. When a comic countryman runs his fingers through his chin whiskers and makes a whistling sound between his teeth, suggestive of the night wind soughing through a weeping-willow tree.



Personally, I think white spats are almost the funniest things one sees on the stage. Whenever the family doctor or the family lawyer comes on, wearing a pair of white spats, I am certain to guffaw right out. But one can not write humorously to any extent about a pair of white spats. The human interest is so soon exhausted.

Now with whiskers, it is different. Many of the best authorities regard whiskers as the funniest thing we have, on the stage or off. There are so many things to which whiskers can be compared. All varieties of whiskers are highly humorous, but some varieties are funnier than the others. I would grade them in the following order: Side-whiskers, especially white side-whiskers—subtle and refined humor; plain whiskers, including Vandykes and scrubby growths—tolerably funny; chin whiskers, particularly red ones, worn long and droopy—uproariously funny, mirth-provoking in the extreme, side-splitting.

Humorous writers derive a good deal of nourishment from whiskers. Calling a set of Vandykes a Lombardy poplar or a lignum-vitæ rarely fails to evoke laughter. Side-whiskers are mud-guards or biplanes or white wings or jib sails, depending upon their cut and color. Chin whiskers are feather dusters or Japanese air-plants or paint brushes or impenetrable forests or No. 1 red winter wheat,

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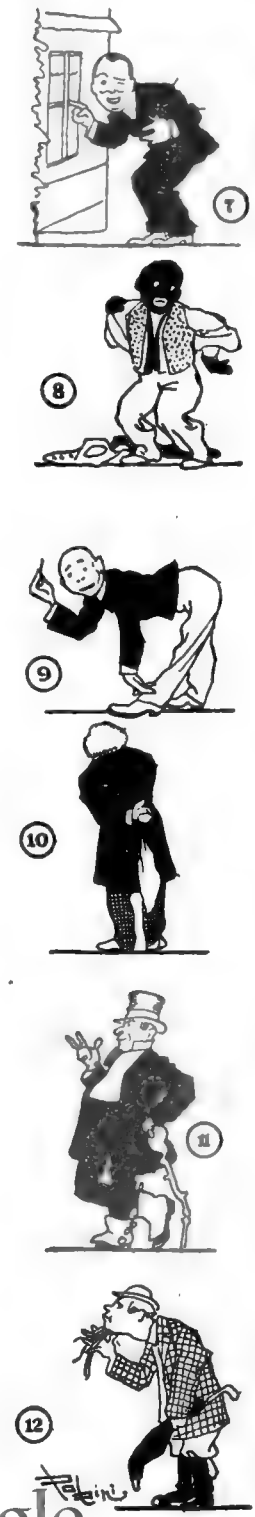
or what you will. By any other name a chin whisker would be as funny. It never fails. Used in connection with a plug hat, it is absolutely irresistible.

I do not know why whiskers should be so humorous. From Adam down they have been the heritage of our sex. We should be used to them by this time. Yet a face, be it ever so funny to look at in its shaven state, becomes funnier still to the public at large if left unshaven. I'll venture that there were several thousand voters in the state of New York who didn't vote for Governor Hughes, the first time he ran, because his pictures made him look so much like a man climbing out of a fern dish. When the last Democratic National Convention nominated the Honorable John Kern of Indiana for Vice-President, several million humorists, amateur and professional, simultaneously went "Ba-a-a!" like a goat, and the whole continent, from shore to shore, rocked with laughter; for Mr. Kern, although a worthy gentleman, had one of those full-rigged faces.

There are certain other things which both writers and comedians have found by testing to be almost as funny for general purposes as whiskers. Take eggs, now. All eggs are funny, but a fried egg is the most so. Scrambled eggs are only moderately funny, and there are persons who can control themselves at mention of a poached egg; but a hard-boiled egg is unfailing in its appeal to the risibilities, and a fried egg is a scream from start to finish, and from pit to dome. A cheese is always funny, whether written about, described, or exhibited. Limburger is the funniest brand, with Camembert next. Right alongside of cheese, and running it a close race in the popular favor as a humor asset, I would rate the onion. The lemon, which has attained a sort of transient hold on the public fancy here of late years, can never, in my humble opinion, hope to rival the onion as a permanent favorite. It lacks the drawing and holding qualities of the onion. After all, a lemon isn't near as funny, really, as a banana. But the onion is immortal; it is an epic; it is elemental humor. And so is cheese. *Semper Edam*, as the Latins say, signifying, I take it, "Always the cheese."



From the stern, red, elderly onion of commerce, which dates back to the Old Red Sandstone Period of Onions, on down to the young and comely spring onion, called in the North the scallion and in the South the shallot, all the known varieties of this succulent leek — the Bermuda onion, the Spanish onion, the mother of onion, the fried onion, the Little Neck onion on the half shell, the onion set, and the onion sprout—all hold high places in our national gallery of things that are innately humorous. To call a man an onion is very much funnier than calling him a radish, say, or a rutabaga, even though his resemblance to the last-named vegetable may

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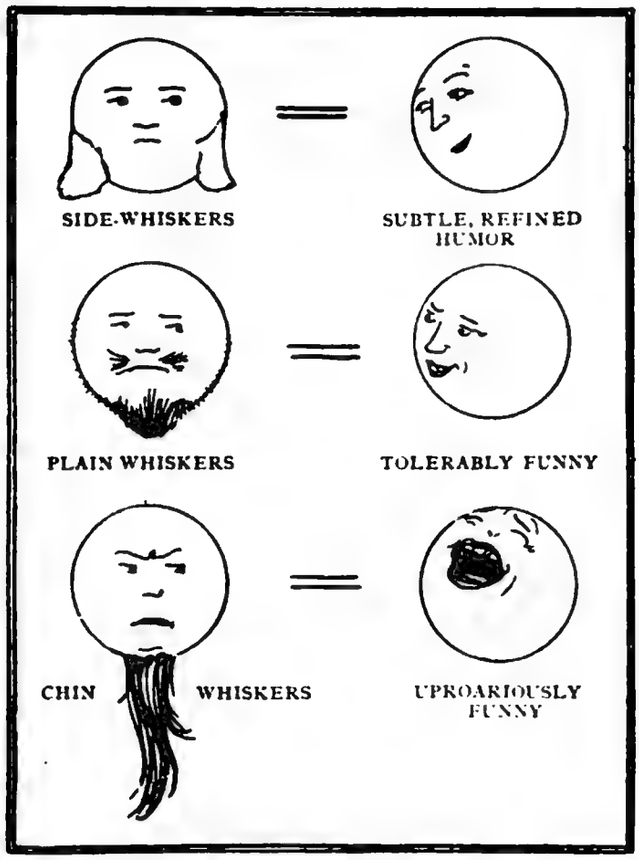

be much greater than to an onion. I do not know why this should be so. The point remains that it is. And on the stage, well——

"Poor fellow, he leads a lonely life—nobody ever has anything to do with him."

"Why—is he a hermit?"

"No, he eats onions." (Gales of laughter.)

I always laugh at that one myself. And so it goes. A squash is moderately funny, and a string-bean is very funny indeed; but a green pea for some reason is not funny at all. A ham is funny, a sausage is positively uproarious, and fish-balls are sort of laughable; but a veal stew is regarded as possessing few, if any, of the true elements of humor. Soup is still funny, but not as funny as it was a few years back. Hash is immensely humorous, but a croquette is not. Yet, what is a croquette but hash that has come to a head? A cow is funny, especially when represented as having been mistaken for a bull; but a bull, considered merely as a bull, we do not laugh at.

Pie is simply excruciating in its powers of humor. Custard pie is generally conceded to be the funniest pie we have, with huckleberry pie coming second. Mince and apple follow in the order named. Other varieties of pie make up the field. One of the funniest books that was ever written took on added fun because its hero had the same first name that a huckleberry pie has.

Of the human features, the nose is the funniest, always excluding a head when it is bald, a bald head being one of the funniest things that there are anywhere. The Chinese, in their dramatic conceptions, show a perverted idea of humor by painting their comedians' noses white, whereas all the civilized races know a nose is at its funniest when it is red. A nose is ever so much funnier than an eye, even a black eye with a patch over it; just as a leg is so much funnier than an arm that it is hardly worth while to put an arm in the same category of humor with a leg. In the degrees of humorous relationship, old maids rank first, then mothers-in-law, and then elderly unmarried uncles. I do not undertake to explain why these

IN THE DEGREES OF HUMOROUS RELATIONSHIP, OLD MAIDS RANK FIRST, THEN MOTHERS-IN-LAW, AND THEN ELDERLY UNMARRIED UNCLES.

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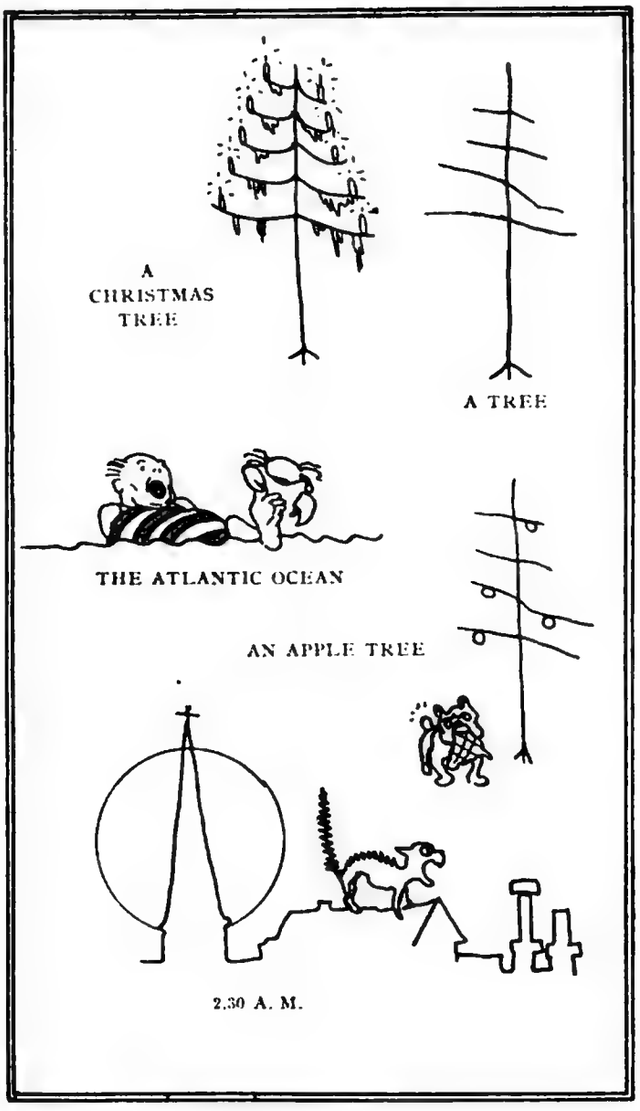
things are. I only follow the rules as laid down by the masters of the craft and followed ever since by all their disciples. A beginner who follows them can hardly fail to write funny stuff.

Certain words, like certain names, are exceedingly humorous. Perigee is a particularly funny word, and so is apogee, and so, in fact, is almost every word which sounds as if it had been put up on a curling-iron. Nothing helps along a whimsical story about an animal or an insect, such as a housefly or a pollywog or a catfish, like calling it by its Latin name, especially if it happens to be long and double-jointed. Names of towns in which the letter K occurs are almost invariably funny. Take, for example, Kankakee, which is the funniest of them all, because the K is found three times, and Keokuk and Kalamazoo. Poughkeepsie, on the other hand, is only moderately funny—the K comes so far back that it is practically smothered under a load of other consonants which lack the true humor touch.

From time to time attempts have been made to put Paducah prominently forward into the list of towns with funny names. These efforts have uniformly failed because Paducah suffers from the fatal defect of having no K in it. Spell it Paduky and the results might be different. The same may be said of Cohoes, which has also been entered several times, but without real success. It would seem, at a casual glance, that Q or Z ought to be a much funnier letter than K; but such is not the case. There are some things about our national humor that are past finding out.

Names of individuals are funnier when they suggest things. A long name like Archibald Claveringhouse DeMontmorency Potts is naturally funny. It makes you think of getting on the Twentieth Century Limited and being put off at a flag station. Similarly, one of those through vestibuled names, such as J. Mozart Chatterton-Chatterton Hamiltonian-Wilkes Jones, is funny because it is long enough to let the last half run as a second section and still have enough name left over to satisfy the wants of almost any ordinary person. But why should Cadwallader be a funnier name than Vanderbilt or Montgomery? It is, and I'm sure I don't know why, and I've given the subject considerable study.

These things are mostly the humor of inanimate objects—what you might call still-life humor. When we come to the humor of action, of life, and of motion, undoubtedly the one funniest thing that is offered to the consideration of mankind is a fat man falling down on his own high hat and crushing it beyond repair. Thin people are still quite funny, especially very thin people who look as though they might be suffering from slow, wasting diseases, although not as funny as they were back in the days of the Early Victorian School of Humor, when Dickens wrote about them and Cruikshank drew them; but even in that period fat people undoubtedly held the first place.



Personally, I used to think fat men were funnier than I do now. It has been my experience that when a writer begins to fleshen up a trifle himself; when he begins to wear his figure at half mast and people who pass him on the street in warm weather look at his double chins and stop and tell him he's melting and running down on his clothes; I say, when he reaches the stage of what you might call—oh, no, not obesity;

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nothing like that, I assure you—but merely what you might term pleasantly plump—when he hesitates about renting a New York flat for fear he might be taken with some inflammatory disease while residing therein, which would necessitate the removal of a side wall in order to get him to the hospital; when he puts on the dress suit which fitted him so perfectly two winters ago only to discover that there is a hiatus between trousers' band and waistcoat, and that he can't get his arms down to his sides or take a long step, but must move about like one of those low-necked effect, black-and-white birds which sit on a rock and eat fish—yes, thank you—like a penguin; I repeat once again that when he reaches this period he no longer regards jokes about fat people with the same glee which filled him on similar occasions in the days of his willowy, sylphlike youth.

But everybody else does. Everybody else is prepared to laugh at the sufferings of the man whose features have merged into the background until his face has the appearance of having refused to jell, and who is trying to find a hat that will be becoming to him. Everybody else—that is, everybody who weighs less than two hundred—fairly gloats over the spectacle of a fat man wedging himself into one of those closet shelves denominated by the Pullman family "upper berths."

A fat man is certainly a funny guy, as Henry James says in his "Life of the James Boys In Missouri."

A fat man falling down, just plain so, is funny. A fat man falling down on his hat is funnier still. A fat man falling down on his hat and breaking his umbrella, or a leg or something, is absolutely too funny for words. This is easy to understand when you come to think it over, because, in the final analysis, nearly all humor is founded on the idea of embarrassment or ridicule or suffering for somebody else. We don't laugh and grow fat; we laugh because other people grow fat. Seasickness is a remarkably humorous thing—when somebody else has it—and so is the cramp, colic, or an abscessed tooth.

All of these things, though, are funnier on the stage, where you can see them, than they are in print, where you can only read about them—which brings me back to the point that the illustration is nearly always funnier than the text. Take comic artists, now. —On second thought, don't take comic artists. But consider the ridiculous ease of their calling as compared with that of their fellow-laborers who write. A comic artist draws an upright line crossed by several horizontal lines; that is a tree. Putting two candles and a few dewflickers on it makes it a Christmas tree. Putting a bulldog under it with the seat of a pair of small boy's trousers in its mouth makes an apple-tree—always a humorous study. The artist draws a jagged line across the paper like a first lesson in free-hand writing, and inserts in the middle a fat man in a bathing suit, holding up one foot, with a crab dangling from the big toe. Result—a highly humorous picture of the Atlantic Ocean.

A FAT MAN FALLING DOWN, JUST PLAIN SO, IS FUNNY.

To suggest late at night, he has only to draw a skyline—two chimneys, one gable roof, and a steeple, with a tom-cat on the gable, and behind the steeple either a new moon or a full moon—depending on whether it is easier for

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him to draw his moons while full, or otherwise—and there you have an awful funny picture of half-past two o'clock in the morning. He thinks up a series showing, each Sunday, how the humorous Hausenpfeffer Twins commit mayhem, manslaughter, and other childish diversions on their aged and decrepit grandfather, in four colors, and it runs on for years and years, growing funnier all the time. If I couldn't be a high-salaried comedian, I should like to be a high-salaried comic artist—all the writing persons whom I have interviewed feel the same way about it that I do.

A really funny idea has a long, long life and a merry one. I've known funny ideas that had grown sixteen rattles and a button, and were still wagging along steadily. The joke lasts; it's the poor fellow who first thought it up that wears out. A humorist working by the day at Denver, Colorado, we will say, has a funny idea. It's a bully funny idea. It comes to him like a bolt from the blue. He's mooning along without a cloud in the sky, or a leaf stirring, and all of a sudden—bang! there is the idea sloshing around in his brain, making trouble for the old settler ideas that have been there all along. It is a noble and a precious and a priceless thing, and he figures he ought to get as much as seventy-five cents for it. So he clutches the new-born treasure to his bosom and runs to the office and commits it to paper while it's still pink and palpitating. An editor lances it in a vital spot with a pencil and drains a little of the life-blood out of it. A printer intersperses a typographical error here and there, where it will do the most harm. A proof-reader has his little fling at it, and finally, in a crippled but still attractive state, it sees the garish light of day, and takes its foot in its hand and starts on its travels.

A paragrapher in Houston packs it down into a line. A versifier in Duluth stretches it into a jingle and sells it to a comic weekly with a large tonsorial parlor and day coach circulation. The man who writes the syndicate theatrical letter for the Sunday papers turns it into a bit of repartee and says Willie Collier said it at The Lambs' to Wilton Lackaye in the presence of John Drew, William Gillette, and Al H. Wood, all of whom laughed heartily. By turns, it is an anecdote, a *bon mot*, an after-dinner speech, an end-man's means of visible support, a popular song, an apt retort, a catch line, a space filler, a set of verses, a slogan, and a parody.

Thus, in easy stages, it reaches New York. At first New York receives it dubiously, on the principle that anything worth happening at all would naturally have happened in New York in the first place. But, after due thought, Klaw & Erlanger or the Shuberts decide that it is susceptible of a Broadway and Forty-second Street setting and would therefore make a good musical comedy. No sooner said than done; in fact, sometimes even sooner than that. They hire Harry B. Smith to write a book around it, which he does some morning right after breakfast. The Words and Music Brothers do the songs, and it runs for nine months in one theatre and then goes on the road for two seasons, paying in royalties eighteen thousand dollars, which is exactly seventeen thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and twenty-five cents more than the fellow out in Denver got.

But the end is not yet. In the meanwhile it has crossed the seas to the Mother Country, where, after being carefully sterilized, deodorized, searched for concealed deadly points, disinfected, and furnished with footnotes, a chart, a glossary, and a set of plans and specifications, it becomes a regular English joke and appears in *Punch*. It is then copied back on this side by the *Evening Post*. Nine years later the *Boston Transcript* prints it with a credit to *Harper's Weekly*. And then some hoary-headed old doodle-bug of an antiquarian crawls out from under a log in the woods and produces the proof to show that it was stolen from Charles Lamb, who got it from Aristophanes, who copied it from one of the Pyramids, but that its real origin is lost in the mists of prehistoric times.

For, when all is said and done, real humor is even as bread cast upon the waters—it returns to you after many days with somebody else's name signed to it.

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THE INDISCREET LETTER

BY ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

Author of "MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

THE Railroad Journey was very long and slow. The Traveling Salesman was rather short and quick. And the Young Electrician who lolled across the car aisle was neither one length nor another, but most inordinately flexible, like a suit of chain armor.

More than being short and quick, the Traveling Salesman was distinctly fat and unmistakably dressy in an ostentatiously new and pure-looking buff-colored suit, and across the top of the shiny black sample-case that spanned his knees he sorted and re-sorted with infinite earnestness a large and varied consignment of "Ladies' Pink and Blue Ribbed Undervests." Surely no other man in the whole southward-bound Canadian train could have been at once so ingenuous and so nonchalant.

There was nothing dressy, however, about the Young Electrician. From his huge cow-hide boots to the lead smouch that ran from his rough, square chin to the very edge of his astonishingly blond curls, he was one delicious mess of toil and old clothes and smiling, blue-eyed indifference. And every time that he shrugged his shoulders or crossed his knees he jingled and jangled incongruously among his coil-boxes and insulators, like some splendid young Viking of old, half blacked up for a modern minstrel show.

More than being absurdly blond and absurdly messy, the Young Electrician had one of those extraordinarily sweet, extraordinarily vital, strangely mysterious, utterly unexplainable masculine faces that fill your senses with an odd, impersonal disquietude, an itching unrest, like the hazy, teasing reminder of some previous existence in a prehistoric cave, or, more tormenting still, with the tingling, psychic prophecy of some amazing emotional experience yet to come. The sort of face, in fact, that almost inevitably flares up into a woman's startled vision at the one crucial moment in her life when she is not supposed to be considering alien features.

Out from the servient shoulders of some smooth-tongued Waiter it stares, into the scared, dilating pupils of the White Satin Bride with her pledged hand clutching her Bridegroom's sleeve. Up from the gravelly, pick-and-shovel labor of the new-made grave it lifts its weirdly magnetic eyes to the Widow's tears. Down from some petted Princeling's silver-trimmed saddle horse it smiles its electrifying, wistful smile into the Peasant's sodden weariness. Across the slender white rail of an always *outgoing* steamer it stings back into your gray, land-locked consciousness like the tang of a scarlet spray. And the secret of the face, of course, is "Lure;" but to save your soul you could not decide in any specific case whether the Lure is the Lure of Personality, or the Lure of Physiognomy—a mere accidental, coincidental, haphazard harmony of forehead and cheek-bone and twittering facial muscles.

Something, indeed, in the peculiar set of the Young Electrician's jaw warned you quite definitely that if you should ever

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even so much as hint the small, sentimental word "lure" to him he would most certainly "swat" you on first impulse for a maniac, and on second impulse for a liar—smiling at you all the while in the strange little wrinkly tissue round his eyes.

The voice of the Railroad Journey was a dull, vague, conglomerate, cinder-scented babble of grinding wheels and shuddering window frames; but the voices of the Traveling Salesman and the Young Electrician were shrill, gruff, poignant, inert, eternally variant, after the manner of human voices which are discussing the affairs of the universe.

"Every man," affirmed the Traveling Salesman sententiously—"every man has written one indiscreet letter during his lifetime!"

"Only one?" scoffed the Young Electrician with startling distinctness above even the loudest roar and rumble of the train.

With a rather faint, rather gaspy chuckle of amusement the Youngish Girl in the seat just behind the Traveling Salesman reached forward then and touched him very gently on the shoulder.

"Oh, please, may I listen?" she asked quite frankly.

With a smile as benevolent as it was surprised, the Traveling Salesman turned half-way around in his seat and eyed her quizzically across the gold rim of his spectacles.

"Why, sure you can listen!" he said.

The Traveling Salesman was no fool. People as well as lisle thread were a specialty of his. Even in his very first smiling estimate of the Youngish Girl's face, neither vivid blond hair nor luxuriantly ornate furs misled him for an instant. Just as a Preacher's high waistcoat passes him, like an official badge of dignity and honor, into any conceivable kind of a situation, so also does a woman's high forehead usher her with delicious impunity into many conversational experiences that would hardly be wise for her lower-browed sister.

With an extra touch of manners the Salesman took off his neat brown derby hat and placed it carefully on the vacant seat in front of him. Then, shifting his sample-case adroitly to suit his new twisted position, he began to stick cruel little prickly price marks through alternate meshes of pink and blue lisle.

"Why, sure you can listen!" he repeated benignly. "Traveling alone's awful stupid, ain't it? I reckon you were glad when the busted heating apparatus in the sleeper gave you a chance to come in here and size up a few new faces. Sure you can listen! Though, bless your heart, we weren't talking about anything so very specially interesting," he explained conscientiously. "You see, I was merely arguing with my young friend here that if a woman really loves you, she'll follow you through any kind of blame or disgrace—follow you anywheres, I said—anywheres!"

"Not 'anywheres,'" protested the Young Electrician with a grin. "'Not up a telegraph pole!'" he requoted sheepishly.

"Y-e-s—I heard that," acknowledged the Youngish Girl with blithe shamelessness.

"Follow you '*anywheres*,' was what I said," persisted the Traveling Salesman almost irritably. "Follow you '*anywheres!*' Run! Walk! Crawl on her hands and knees if it's really necessary. And yet—" Like a shaggy brown line drawn across the bottom of a column of figures, his eyebrows narrowed to their final calculation. "And yet—" he estimated cautiously, "and yet—there's times when I ain't so almighty sure that her following you is any more specially flattering to you than if you was a burglar. She don't follow you so much, I reckon, because you *are* her love as because you've *got* her love. God knows it ain't just you, yourself, she's afraid of losing. It's what she's already invested in you that's worrying her! All her pinky-posy, cunning kid-dreams about loving and marrying, maybe; and the pretty-much grown-up winter she fought out the whisky question with you, perhaps; and the summer you had the typhoid, likelier than not; and the spring the youngster was born—oh, sure, the spring the youngster was born! Gee! If by swallowing just one more yarn you tell her, she can only keep on holding down all the old yarns you ever told her—if, by forgiving you just one more forgive-you, she can only hang on, as it were, to the original worth-whileness of the whole darned business—if by——"

"Oh, that's what you meant by the 'whole darned business,' was it?" cried the Youngish Girl suddenly, edging away out to the front of her seat. Along the curve of her cheeks an almost mischievous smile began to quicken. "Oh, yes! I heard that, too!" she confessed cheerfully. "But what was

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the beginning of it all? The very beginning? What was the first thing you said? What started you talking about it? Oh, please, excuse me for hearing anything at all," she finished abruptly; "but I've been traveling alone now for five dreadful days, all the way down from British Columbia, and—if—you—will—persist—in—saying interesting things—in trains—you must take the consequences!"

There was no possible tinge of patronage or condescension in her voice, but rather, instead, a bumpy, naive sort of friendliness, as lonesome Royalty sliding temporarily down from its throne might reasonably contend with each bump, "A King may look at a cat! He may! He may!"

Along the edge of the Young Electrician's cheek-bones the red began to flush furiously. He seemed to have a funny little way of blushing just before he spoke, and the physical mannerism gave an absurdly italicized sort of emphasis to even the most trivial thing that he said.

"I guess you'll have to go ahead and tell her about 'Rosie,'" he suggested grinningly to the Traveling Salesman.

"Yes! Oh, do tell me about 'Rosie,'" begged the Youngish Girl with whimsical eagerness. "Who in creation was 'Rosie'?" she persisted laughingly. "I've been utterly mad about 'Rosie' for the last half-hour!"

"Why, 'Rosie' is nobody at all—probably," said the Traveling Salesman a trifle wryly.

"Oh, pshaw!" flushed the Young Electrician, crinkling up all the little smile-tissue around his blue eyes. "Oh, pshaw! Go ahead and tell her about 'Rosie.'"

"Why, I tell you it wasn't anything so specially interesting," protested the Traveling Salesman diffidently. "We simply got jollying a bit in the first place about the amount of perfectly senseless, no-account truck that'll collect in a fellow's pockets; and then some sort of a scorched piece of paper he had, or something, got him telling me about a nasty, sizzling close call he had to-day with a live wire; and then I got telling him here about a friend of mine—and a mighty good fellow, too—who dropped dead on the street one day last summer with an unaddressed, typewritten letter in his pocket that began 'Dearest Little Rosie,' called her a 'Honey' and a 'Dolly Girl' and a 'Pink-Fingered Precious,' made a rather foolish dinner appointment for Thursday in New Haven, and was signed—in the Lord's own time—at the end of four pages, 'Yours forever, and then some. Tom.'—Now the wife of the deceased was named—Martha."

Quite against all intention, the Youngish Girl's laughter rippled out explosively and caught up the latent amusement in the Young Electrician's face. Then, just as unexpectedly, she wilted back a little into her seat.

"I don't call that an 'indiscreet letter'!" she protested almost resentfully. "You might call it a knavish letter. Or a foolish letter. Because either a knave or a fool surely wrote it! But 'indiscreet'? U-m-m No!"

"Well, for heaven's sake!" said the Traveling Salesman. "If—you—don't—call—that—an—indiscreet letter, what would you call one?"

"Yes, sure," gasped the Young Electrician, "what would you call one?" The way his lips mouthed the question gave an almost tragical purport to it.

"What would I call an 'indiscreet letter'?" mused the Youngish Girl slowly. "Why—why—I think I'd call an 'indiscreet letter' a letter that was pretty much—of a gamble perhaps, but a letter that was perfectly, absolutely legitimate for you to send, because it would be your own interests and your own life that you were gambling with, not the happiness of your wife or the honor of your husband. A letter, perhaps, that might be a trifle risky—but a letter, I mean, that is absolutely on the square!"

"But if it's absolutely 'on the square,'" protested the Traveling Salesman, worriedly, "then where in creation does the 'indiscreet' come in?"

The Youngish Girl's jaw dropped. "Why, the 'indiscreet' part comes in," she argued, "because you're not able to prove in advance, you know, that the stakes you're gambling for are absolutely 'on the square.' I don't know exactly how to express it, but it seems somehow as though only the very little things of Life are offered in open packages—that all the big things come sealed very tight. You can poke them a little and make a guess at the shape, and you can rattle them a little and make a guess at the size, but you can't ever open them and *prove* them—until the money is

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paid down and gone forever from your hands. But goodness me!" she cried, brightening perceptibly; "if you were to put an advertisement in the biggest newspaper in the biggest city in the world, saying: 'Every person who has ever written an indiscreet letter in his life is hereby invited to attend a mass-meeting'—and if people would really go—you'd see the most distinguished public gathering that you ever saw in your life! Bishops and Judges and Statesmen and Beautiful Society Women and Little Old White-Haired Mothers—everybody, in fact, who had ever had red blood enough at least once in his life to write down in cold black and white the one vital, quivering, questioning fact that happened to mean the most to him at that moment! But your 'Honey' and your 'Dolly Girl' and your 'Pink-Fingered Precious' nonsense! Why, it isn't real! Why, it doesn't even make *sense!*"

Again the Youngish Girl's laughter rang out in light, joyous, utterly superficial appreciation.

Even the serious Traveling Salesman succumbed at last.

"Oh, yes, I know it sounds comic," he acknowledged wryly. "Sounds like something out of a summer vaudeville show or a cheap Sunday supplement. But I don't suppose it sounded so specially blamed comic to the Widow. I reckon she found it plenty-heap indiscreet enough to suit her. Oh, of course," he added hastily, "I know, and Martha knows, that Thomkins wasn't at all that kind of a fool. And yet, after all—when you really settle right down to think about it, Thomkins's name was easily 'Tommy,' and Thursday sure enough was his day in New Haven, and it was a yard of red flannel that Martha had asked him to bring home to her—not the scarlet automobile veil that they found in his pocket. But 'Martha,' I says, of course, 'Martha, it sure does beat all how we fellows that travel round so much in cars and trains are always and forever picking up automobile veils—dozens of them, *dozens*—red, blue, pink, yellow—why, I wouldn't wonder if my wife had as many as thirty-four tucked away in her top bureau drawer!'—'I wouldn't wonder,' says Martha, stooping lower and lower over Thomkins's blue cotton shirt that she's trying to cut down into rompers for the baby. 'And, Martha,' I says, 'that letter is just a joke. One of the boys sure put it up on him!'—'Why, of course,' says Martha, with her mouth all puckered up crooked, as though a kid had stitched it on the machine. 'Why, of course! How dared you think——'"

Forking one bushy eyebrow, the Salesman turned and stared quizzically off into space.

"But all the samey, just between you and I," he continued judicially, "all the samey, I'll wager you anything you name that it ain't just Death that's pulling Martha down day by day, and night by night,

"OH, PLEASE, MAY I LISTEN?" SHE ASKED QUITE FRANKLY.

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limper and lanker and clumsier-footed. Martha's got a Sore Thought. That's what ails her. And God help the crittur with a Sore Thought! God help anybody who's got any one single, solitary sick idea that keeps thinking on top of itself, over and over and over, boring into the past, bumping into the future, fussing, fretting, eternally festering. Gee! Compared to it, a tight shoe is easy slippers, and water dropping on your head is perfect peace!—Look close at Martha, I say. Every night when the blowsy old moon shines like courting time, every day when the butcher's bill comes home as big as a swollen elephant, when the crippled stepson tries to cut his throat again, when the youngest kid sneezes funny like his father—'WHO WAS ROSIE? WHO WAS—ROSIE?'"

"Well, who was Rosie?" persisted the Youngish Girl absent-mindedly.

"Why, Rosie was *nothing!*" snapped the Traveling Salesman; "nothing at all—probably." Altogether in spite of himself, his voice trailed off into a suspiciously minor key. "But all the same," he continued more vehemently, "all the same—it's just that little darned word 'probably' that's making all the mess and bother of it—because, as far as I can reckon, a woman can stand absolutely anything under God's heaven that she knows; but she just up and can't stand the littlest, teeniest, no-account sort of a thing that she ain't sure of. Answers may kill 'em dead enough, but it's questions that eats 'em alive."

For a long, speculative moment the Salesman's gold-rimmed eyes went frowning off across the snow-covered landscape. Then he ripped off his glasses and fogged them very gently with his breath.

"Now—I—ain't—any—saint," mused the Traveling Salesman meditatively, "and I—ain't very much to look at, and being on the road ain't a business that would exactly enhance my valuation in the eyes of a lady who was actually looking out for some safe place to bank her affections; but I've never yet reckoned on running with any firm that didn't keep up to its advertising promises, and if a man's courtship ain't his own particular, personal advertising proposition—then I don't know anything about—*anything!* So if I should croak sudden any time in a railroad accident or a hotel fire or a scrap in a saloon, I ain't calculating on leaving my wife any very large amount of 'Sore Thoughts.' When a man wants his memory kept green, he don't mean—gangrene!

"Oh, of course," the Salesman continued more cheerfully, "a sudden croaking leaves any fellow's affairs at pretty raw ends—lots of queer, bitter-tasting things that would probably have been all right enough if they'd only had time to get ripe. Lots of things, I haven't a doubt, that would make my wife kind of mad, but nothing, I'm calculating, that she wouldn't understand. There'd be no questions coming in from the office, I mean, and no fresh talk from the road that she ain't got the information on hand to meet. Life insurance ain't by any means, in my mind, the only kind of protection that a man owes his widow. Provide for her Future—if you can! —That's my motto!—But a man's just a plain bum who don't provide for his own Past! She may have plenty of trouble in the years to come settling her own bills, but she ain't going to have any worry settling any of mine. I tell you, there'll be no ladies swelling round in crape at my funeral that my wife don't know of by their first names!"

With a sudden startling guffaw the Traveling Salesman's mirth rang joyously out above the roar of the car.

"Tell me about your wife," said the Youngish Girl a little wistfully.

Around the Traveling Salesman's generous mouth the loud laugh flickered down to a schoolboy's bashful grin.

"My wife?" he repeated. "Tell you about my wife? Why, there isn't much to tell. She's little. And young. And was a school-teacher. And I married her four years ago."

"And were happy—ever—after," mused the Youngish Girl teasingly.

"No!" contradicted the Traveling Salesman quite frankly. "No! We didn't find out how to be happy at all until the last three years!"

Again his laughter rang out through the car.

"Heavens! Look at me!" he said at last. "And then think of her!—Little, young, a school-teacher, too, and taking poetry to read on the train same as you or I would take a newspaper! Gee! What would you expect?" Again his mouth began to twitch a little. "And I thought it was her fault—'most all of the first year," he

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confessed delightedly. "And then, all of a sudden," he continued eagerly, "all of a sudden, one day, more mischievous-spiteful than anything else, I says to her, 'We don't seem to be getting on so very well, do we?' And she shakes her head kind of slow. 'No, we don't!' she says.—'Maybe you think I don't treat you quite right?' I quizzed, just a bit mad.—'No, you don't! That is, not—exactly right,' she says, and came burrowing her head in my shoulder as cozy as could be.—'Maybe you could show me how to treat you—righter,' I says, a little bit pleasanter.—'I'm perfectly sure I could!' she says, half laughing and half crying. 'All you'll have to do,' she says, 'is just to watch me!'—'Just watch what *you* do?' I said, bristling just a bit again.—'No,' she says, all pretty and soft-like; 'all I want you to do is to watch what I *don't* do!'"

With slightly nervous fingers the Traveling Salesman reached up and tugged at his necktie as though his collar were choking him suddenly.

"So that's how I learned my table manners," he grinned, "and that's how I learned to quit cussing when I was mad round the house, and that's how I learned—oh, a great many things—and that's how I learned—" grinning broader and broader—"that's how I learned not to come home and talk all the time about the 'peach' whom I saw on the train or the street. My wife, you see, she's got a little scar on her face—it don't show any, but she's awful sensitive about it, and 'Johnny,' she says, 'don't you never notice that I don't ever rush home and tell *you* about the wonderful *slim* fellow who sat next to me at the theatre, or the simply elegant *grammar* that I heard at the lecture? I can recognize a slim fellow when I see him, Johnny,' she says, 'and I like nice grammar as well as the next one, but praising 'em to you, dear, don't seem to me so awfully polite. Bragging about handsome women to a plain wife, Johnny,' she says, 'is just about as raw as bragging about rich men to a husband who's broke.'

"Oh, I tell you a fellow's a fool," mused the Traveling Salesman judicially, "a fellow's a fool when he marries who don't go to work deliberately to study and understand his wife. Women are awfully understandable if you only go at it right. Why, the only thing that riles them in the whole wide world is the fear that the man they've married ain't quite bright. Why, when I was first married I used to think that my wife was awful snippety about other women. But, Lord! when you point a girl out in the car and say, 'Well, ain't that girl got the most gorgeous head of hair you ever saw in your life?' and your wife says: 'Yes—Jordan is selling them puffs six for a dollar seventy-five this winter,' she ain't intending to be snippety at all. No!—It's only, I tell you, that it makes a woman feel just plain silly to think that her husband don't even know as much as she does. Why, Lord! she don't care how much you praise the grocer's daughter's style, or your stenographer's spelling, as long as you'll only show that you're *equally wise* to the fact that the grocer's daughter sure has a nasty temper, and that the stenographer's spelling is mighty near the best thing about her.

"Why, a man will go out and pay every cent he's got for a good hunting dog—and then snub his wife for being the finest untrained retriever in the world. Yes, sir, that's what she is—a retriever; faithful, clever, absolutely unscarable, with no other object in life except to track down and fetch to her husband every possible interesting fact in the world that he don't already know. And then she's so excited and pleased with what she's got in her mouth that it 'most breaks her heart if her man don't seem to care about it. Now, the secret of training her lies in the fact that she won't never trouble to hunt out and fetch you any news that she sees you already know. And just as soon as a man once appreciates all this—then Joy is come to the Home!

"Now there's Ella, for instance," continued the Traveling Salesman thoughtfully. "Ella's a traveling man, too. Sells shotguns up through the Aroostook. Yes, shotguns! Funny, ain't it, and me selling undervests? Ella's an awful smart girl. Good as gold. But cheeky? Oh, my!—Well, once I would have brought her down to the house for Sunday, and advertised her as a 'peach,' and a 'dandy good fellow,' and praised her eyes, and bragged about her cleverness, and generally done my best to smooth over all her little deficiencies with as much palaver as I could. And that little retriever of mine would have gone straight to work and ferreted out every

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single, solitary uncomplimentary thing about Ella that she could find, and 'a' fetched 'em to me as pleased and proud as a puppy, expecting, for all the world, to be petted and patted for her astonishing shrewdness. And there would sure have been gloom in the Sabbath.

"But now—now—what I say now is: 'Wife, I'm going to bring Ella down for Sunday. You've never seen her, and you sure will hate her. She's big, and showy, and just a little bit rough sometimes, and she rouges her cheeks too much, and she's likelier than not to chuck me under the chin. But it would help your old man a lot in a business way if you'd be pretty nice to her. And I'm going to send her down here Friday, a day ahead of me.'—And oh, gee!—I ain't any more than jumped off the car Saturday night when there's my little wife out on the street corner with her sweater tied over her head, prancing up and down first on one foot and then on the other—she's so excited, to slip her hand in mine and tell me all about it. 'And Johnny,' she says—even before I've got my glove off—'Johnny,' she says, 'really, do you know, I think you've done Ella an injustice. Yes, truly I do. Why, she's *just as kind!* And she's shown me how to cut my last year's coat over into the nicest sort of a little spring jacket! And she's made us a chocolate cake as big as a dish-pan. Yes, she has! And Johnny, don't you dare tell her that I told you—but do you know she's putting her brother's boy through Dartmouth? And you old Johnny Clifford, I don't care a darn whether she rouges a little bit or not—and you oughtn't to care—either! So there!'"

With sudden tardy contrition the Salesman's amused eyes wandered to the open book on the Youngish Girl's lap.

"I sure talk too much," he muttered. "I guess maybe you'd like half a chance to read your story."

The expression on the Youngish Girl's face was a curious mixture of humor and seriousness. "There's no special object in reading," she said, "when you can hear a bright man talk!"

As unappreciatingly as a duck might shake champagne from its back, the Traveling Salesman shrugged the compliment from his shoulders.

"Oh, I'm bright enough," he grumbled, "but I ain't refined." Slowly to the tips of his ears mounted a dark red flush of real mortification.

"Now, there's some traveling men," he mourned, "who are as slick and fine as any college president you ever saw. But me? I'd look coarse sipping warm milk out of a gold-lined spoon. I haven't had any education. And I'm fat, besides!" Almost plaintively he turned and stared for a second from the Young Electrician's embarrassed grin to the Youngish Girl's more subtle smile. "Why, I'm nearly fifty years old," he said, "and since I was nineteen the only learning I've ever got was what I picked up in trains talking to whoever sits nearest to me. Sometimes it's hens I learn about. Sometimes it's national politics. Once a young Canuck farmer sitting up all night with me coming down from St. John learned me all about the French Revolution. And now and then high school kids will give me a point or two on astronomy. And in this very seat I'm sitting in now, I guess, a red-kerchiefed Dago woman, who worked on a pansy farm just outside of Boston, used to ride in town with me every night for a month, and she coached me quite a bit on Dago talk, and I paid her five dollars for that."

"Oh, dear me!" said the Youngish Girl, with unmistakable sincerity. "I'm afraid you haven't learned anything at all from me!"

"Oh, yes, I have too!" cried the Traveling Salesman, his whole round face lighting up suddenly with real pleasure. "I've learned about an entirely new kind of lady to go home and tell my wife about. And I'll bet you a hundred dollars that you're a good deal more of a 'lady' than you'd even be willing to tell us. There ain't any provincial—'Don't-you-dare-speak-to-me—this-is-the-first-time-I-ever-was-on-a-train' air about you! I'll bet you've traveled a lot—all round the world—froze your eyes on icebergs and scorched 'em some on tropics."

"Y-e-s," laughed the Youngish Girl.

"And I'll bet you've met the Governor-General at least once in your life."

"Yes," said the Girl, still laughing. "He dined at my house with me a week ago yesterday."

"And I'll bet you, most of anything," said the Traveling Salesman shrewdly, "that you're haughtier than haughty with folks of your own kind. But with people

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LOLLING HALF-WAY ACROSS THE YOUNG ELECTRICIAN'S PERFECTLY STRANGE KNEES, SHE DROWSED OFF TO SLEEP WITH ALL THE DELICIOUS, FRIENDLY, UNCONCERNED SANG-FROID OF A TIRED PUPPY.

like us—me and the Electrician, or the soldier's widow from South Africa who does your washing, or the Eskimo man at the circus—you're as simple as a kitten. All your own kind of folks are nothing but grown-up people to you, and you treat 'em like grown-ups all right—a hundred cents to the dollar—but all our kind of folks are *playmates* to you, and you take us as easy and pleasant as you'd slide down on the floor and play with any other kind of a kid. Oh, you can tackle the other proposition all right—dances and balls and general gold lace glories; but it ain't fine loafers sitting round in parlors talking about the weather that's going to hold you very long, when all the time your heart's up and over the back fence with the kids who are playing the games. And, oh, say!" he broke off abruptly—"would you think it awfully impertinent of me if I asked you how you do your hair like that? 'Cause, surer than smoke, after I get home and supper is over and the dishes are washed and I've just got to sleep, that little wife of mine will wake me up and say: 'Oh, just one thing more. How did that lady in the train do her hair?'"

With her chin lifting suddenly in a burst of softly uproarious delight, the Youngish Girl turned her head half-way around and raised her narrow, black-gloved hands to push a tortoise-shell pin into place.

"Why, it's perfectly simple," she explained. "It's just three puffs, and two curls, and then a twist."

"And then a twist?" quizzed the Traveling Salesman earnestly, jotting down the memorandum very carefully on the shiny black surface of his sample-case. "Oh, I hope I ain't been too familiar," he added, with sudden contriteness. "Maybe I ought to have introduced myself first. My name's Clifford. I'm a drummer for Sayles & Sayles. Maine and the Maritime Provinces—that's my route. Boston's the home office. Ever been in Halifax?" he quizzed a trifle proudly. "Do an awful big business in Halifax! Happen to know the Emporium store? The London, Liverpool, and Halifax Emporium?"

The Youngish Girl bit her lip for a second before she answered. Then, very quietly, "Y-e-s," she said, "I know the Emporium—slightly. That is—I—own the block that the Emporium is in."

"Gee!" said the Traveling Salesman.

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"Oh, gee! Now I *know* I talk too much!"

In nervously apologetic acquiescence the Young Electrician reached up a lean, clever, mechanical hand and smouched one more streak of black across his forehead in a desperate effort to reduce his tousled yellow hair to the particular smoothness that befitted the presence of a lady who owned a business block in any city whatsoever.

"My father owned a store in Malden, once," he stammered, just a trifle wistfully, "but it burnt down, and there wasn't any insurance. We always were a powerfully unlucky family. Nothing much ever came our way!"

Even as he spoke, a toddling youngster from an overcrowded seat at the front end of the car came adventuring along the aisle after the swaying, clutching manner of tired, fretty children on trains. Hesitating a moment, she stared up utterly unsmilingly into the Salesman's beaming face, ignored the Youngish Girl's inviting hand, and, with a sudden little chuckling sigh of contentment, climbed up clumsily into the empty place beside the Young Electrician, rummaged bustlingly around with its hands and feet for an instant, in a petulant effort to make a comfortable nest for itself, and then snuggled down at last, lolling half-way across the Young Electrician's perfectly strange knees, and drowsed off to sleep with all the delicious, friendly, unconcerned sang-froid of a tired puppy. Almost unconsciously the Young Electrician reached out and unfastened the top boot-buttons round the fat, choking little ankles; yet not a glance from his face had either lured or caressed the strange child for a single second. Just for a moment, then, his smiling eyes reassured the jaded, jabbering French-Canadian mother, who turned round with craning neck from the front of the car.

"She's all right here. Let her alone!" he signaled gesticulatingly from child to mother.

Then, turning to the Traveling Salesman, he mused reminiscently: "Talking's —all—right. But where in creation do you get the time to *think?* Got any kids?" he asked abruptly.

"N-o," said the Traveling Salesman. "My wife, I guess, is kid enough for me."

Around the Young Electrician's eyes the whimsical smile-wrinkles deepened with amazing vividness. "Huh!" he said. "I've got six."

"Gee!" chuckled the Salesman. "Boys?"

The Young Electrician's eyebrows lifted in astonishment. "Sure they're boys!" he said. "Why, of course!"

The Traveling Salesman looked out far away through the window and whistled a long, breathy whistle. "How in the deuce are you ever going to take care of 'em?" he asked. Then his face sobered suddenly. "There was only two of us fellows at home —just Daniel and me—and even so—there weren't ever quite enough of anything to go all the way round."

For just an instant the Youngish Girl gazed a bit skeptically at the Traveling Salesman's general rotund air of prosperity.

"You don't look—exactly like a man who's never had enough," she said smilingly.

"Food?" said the Traveling Salesman. "Oh, shucks! It wasn't food I was thinking of. It was education. Oh, of course," he added conscientiously, "of course, when the crops weren't either too heavy or too blooming light, Pa usually managed some way or other to get Daniel and me to school. And schooling was just nuts to me, and not a single nut so hard or so green that I wouldn't have chawed and bitten my way clear into it. But Daniel—Daniel somehow couldn't seem to see just how to enter a mushy Bartlett pear without a knife or a fork—in some other person's fingers. He was all right, you know—but he just couldn't seem to find his own way alone into anything. So when the time came—" the grin on the Traveling Salesman's mouth grew just a little bit wry at one corner—"and so when the time came—it was an awful nice, sweet-smelling June night, I remember, and I'd come home early—I walked into the kitchen as nice as pie, where Pa was sitting dozing in the cat's rocking-chair, in his gray stocking feet, and I threw down before him my full year's school report. It was pink, I remember, which was supposed to be the rosy color of success in our school; and I says: 'Pa! There's my report! And Pa,' I says, as bold and stuck-up as a brass weathercock on a new church, 'Pa! Teacher says that one of your boys has got to go to college!' And I was grinning all the while, I remember, worse than any Chessy cat.

"And Pa he took my report in both his horny old hands and he spelt it all out real

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careful and slow and respectful, like as though it had been a lace valentine, and 'Good boy!' he says, and 'Bully boy!' and 'So Teacher says that one of my boys has got to go to college? One of my boys? Well, which one? Go fetch me Daniel's report.' So I went and fetched him Daniel's report. It was gray, I remember—the supposed color of failure in our school—and I stood with the grin still half frozen on my face while Pa spelt out the dingy record of poor Daniel's year. And then, 'Oh, gorry!' says Pa. 'Run away and g'long to bed. I've got to think. But first,' he says, all suddenly cautious and thrifty, 'how much does it cost to go to college?' And just about as delicate and casual as a missionary hinting for a new chapel, I blurted out loud as a bull: 'Well, if I go up state to our own college, and get a chance to work for part of my board, it will cost me just $255 a year, or maybe—maybe,' I stammered, 'maybe, if I'm extra careful, only $245.50, say. For four years that's only $982,' I finished triumphantly.

"'*G-a-w-d!*' says Pa. Nothing at all except just, '*G-a-w-d!*'

"When I came down to breakfast the next morning, he was still sitting there in the cat's rocking-chair, with his face as gray as his socks, and all the rest of him—blue jeans. And my pink school report, I remember, had slipped down under the stove, and the tortoise-shell cat was lashing it with her tail; but Daniel's report, gray as his face, was still clutched up in Pa's horny old hand. For just a second we eyed each other sort of dumb-like, and then for the first time, I tell you, I seen tears in his eyes.

"'Johnny,' he says, 'it's Daniel that'll have to go to college. Bright men,' he says, 'don't need no education.'"

Even after thirty years the Traveling Salesman's hand shook slightly with the memory, and his joggled mind drove him with unwonted carelessness to pin price mark after price mark in the same soft, flimsy mesh of pink lisle. But the grin on his lips did not altogether falter.

"I'd had pains before in my stomach," he acknowledged good-naturedly, "but that morning with Pa was the first time in my life that I ever had any pain in my plans!—So we mortgaged the house and the cow-barn and the maple-sugar trees," he continued, more and more cheerfully, "and Daniel finished his schooling—in the Lord's own time—and went to college."

With another sudden, loud guffaw of mirth all the color came flushing back again into his heavy face.

"Well, Daniel has sure needed all the education he could get," he affirmed heartily. "He's a Methodist minister now somewhere down in Georgia—and, educated 'way up to the top notch, he don't make no more than $650 a year. $650!—oh, glory! Why, Daniel's piazza on his new house cost him $175, and his wife's last hospital bill was $250, and just one dentist alone gaffed him sixty-five dollars for straightening his oldest girl's teeth!"

"Not sixty-five?" gasped the Young Electrician in acute dismay. "Why, two of my kids have got to have it done! Oh, come, now—you're joshing!"

"I'm not either joshing," cried the Traveling Salesman. "Sure it was sixty-five dollars. Here's the receipted bill for it right here in my pocket." Brusquely he reached out and snatched the paper back again. "Oh, no, I beg your pardon. That's the receipt for the piazza.—What? It isn't? For the hospital bill then?—Oh, hang! Well, never mind. It *was* sixty-five dollars. I tell you I've got it somewhere."

"Oh — you — paid — for — them — all, did you?" quizzed the Youngish Girl before she had time to think.

"No indeed!" lied the Traveling Salesman loyally. "But $650 a year? What can a family man do with that? Why, I earned that much before I was twenty-one! Why, there wasn't a moment after I quit school and went to work that I wasn't earning real money! From the first night I stood on a street corner with a gasoline torch, hawking raisin-seeders, up to last night when I got an eight-hundred-dollar raise in my salary, there ain't been a single moment in my life when I couldn't have sold you my boots; and if you'd buncoed my boots away from me I'd have sold you my stockings; and if you'd buncoed my stockings away from me I'd have rented you the privilege of jumping on my bare toes. And I ain't never missed a meal yet—though once in my life I was forty-eight hours late for one!—Oh, I'm bright enough," he mourned, "but I tell you I ain't refined."

With the sudden stopping of the train the little child in the Young Electrician's

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lap woke fretfully. Then, as the bumpy cars switched laboriously into a siding, and the engine went puffing off alone on some noncommittal errand of its own, the Young Electrician rose and stretched himself and peered out of the window into the acres and acres of snow, and bent down suddenly and swung the child to his shoulder, then, sauntering down the aisle to the door, jumped off into the snow and started to explore the edge of a little, snow-smothered pond which a score of red-mittened children were trying frantically to clear with huge yellow brooms. Out from the crowd of loafers that hung about the station a lean yellow hound came nosing aimlessly forward, and then suddenly, with much fawning and many capers, annexed itself to the Young Electrician's heels like a dog that has just rediscovered its long-lost master. Half-way up the car the French Canadian mother and her brood of children crowded their faces close to the window—and thought they were watching the snow.

And suddenly the car seemed very empty. The Youngish Girl thought it was her book that had grown so astonishingly devoid of plot. Only the Traveling Salesman seemed to know just exactly what was the matter. Craning his neck till his ears reddened, he surveyed and resurveyed the car, complaining: "What's become of all the folks?"

A little nervously the Youngish Girl began to laugh. "Nobody has gone," she said, "except—the Young Electrician."

With a grunt of disbelief the Traveling Salesman edged over to the window and peered out through the deepening frost on the pane. Inquisitively the Youngish Girl followed his gaze. Already across the cold, white, monotonous, snow-smothered landscape the pale afternoon light was beginning to wane, and against the lowering red and purple streaks of the wintry sunset the Young Electrician's figure, with the little huddling pack on its shoulder, was silhouetted vaguely, with an almost startling mysticism, like the figure of an unearthly Traveler starting forth upon an unearthly journey into an unearthly West.

"Ain't he the nice boy!" exclaimed the Traveling Salesman with almost passionate vehemence.

"Why, I'm sure I don't know!" said the Youngish Girl a trifle coldly. "Why—it would take me quite a long time—to decide just how—nice he was. But—" with a quick softening of her voice— "but he certainly makes one think of—nice things—Blue Mountains, and Green Forests, and Brown Pine Needles, and a Long, Hard Trail, shoulder to shoulder—with a chance to warm one's heart at last at a hearth-fire—bigger than a sunset!"

Altogether unconsciously her small hands went gripping out to the edge of her seat, as though just a grip on plush could hold her imagination back from soaring into a miraculous, unfamiliar world where women did not idle all day long on carpets waiting for men who came on—pavements.

"Oh, my God!" she cried out with sudden passion. "I wish I could have lived just one day when the world was new. I wish—I wish I could have reaped just one single, solitary, big Emotion before the world had caught it and—appraised it—and taxed it—and licensed it—and *staled* it!"

"Oh-ho!" said the Traveling Salesman with a little sharp indrawing of his breath. "Oh-ho!—So that's what the—Young Electrician makes you think of, is it?"

For just an instant the Traveling Salesman thought that the Youngish Girl was going to strike him.

"I wasn't thinking of the Young Electrician at all!" she asserted angrily. "I was thinking of something altogether—different."

"Yes. That's just it," murmured the Traveling Salesman placidly. "Something—altogether—different. Every time I look at him it's the darnedest thing! Every time I look at him I—forget all about him. My head begins to wag and my foot begins to tap—and I find myself trying to—*hum* him—as though he was the words of a tune I used to know."

When the Traveling Salesman looked round again, there were tears in the Youngish Girl's eyes, and an instant after that her shoulders went plunging forward till her forehead rested on the back of the Traveling Salesman's seat.

But it was not until the Young Electrician had come striding back to his seat, and wrapped himself up in the fold of a big newspaper, and not until the train had started on again and had ground out another noisy twenty miles or so, that the Traveling Salesman spoke again—and this time it was just a little bit surreptitiously.

"What—you—crying—for?" he asked with incredible gentleness.

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"I don't know, I'm sure," confessed the Youngish Girl, snuffingly. "I guess I must be tired."

"U-m-m," said the Traveling Salesman.

After a moment or two he heard the sharp little click of a watch.

"Oh, dear me!" fretted the Youngish Girl's somewhat smothered voice. "I didn't realize we were almost two hours late. Why, it will be dark, won't it, when we get into Boston?"

"Yes, sure it will be dark," said the Traveling Salesman.

After another moment the Youngish Girl raised her forehead just the merest trifle from the back of the Traveling Salesman's seat, so that her voice sounded distinctly more definite and cheerful. "I've —never—been—to—Boston—before," she drawled a little casually.

"What!" exclaimed the Traveling Salesman. "Been all around the world —and never been to Boston?—Oh, I see," he added hurriedly, "you're afraid your friends won't meet you!"

Out of the Youngish Girl's erstwhile disconsolate mouth a most surprising laugh issued. "No! I'm afraid they *will* meet me," she said dryly.

Just as a soldier's foot turns from his heel alone, so the Traveling Salesman's whole face seemed to swing out suddenly from his chin, till his surprised eyes stared direct into the Girl's surprised eyes.

"My heavens!" he said. "You don't mean that *you've*—been writing an—'indiscreet letter'?"

"Y-e-s—I'm afraid that I have," said the Youngish Girl quite blandly. She sat up very straight now and narrowed her eyes just a trifle stubbornly toward the Traveling Salesman's very visible astonishment. "And what's more," she continued, clicking at her watch-case again—"and what's more, I'm on my way now to meet the consequences of said 'indiscreet letter.'"

"Alone?" gasped the Traveling Salesman.

The twinkle in the Youngish Girl's eyes brightened perceptibly, but the firmness did not falter from her mouth.

"Are people apt to go in—crowds to—meet consequences?" she asked, perfectly pleasantly.

THE EYES THAT TURNED TO ANSWER. . . WERE BRIMMING WET WITH TEARS. "YES—I'M—SCARED TO DEATH!" SHE SMILED INCONGRUOUSLY.

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"Oh—come, now!" said the Traveling Salesman's most persuasive voice. "You don't want to go and get mixed up in any sensational nonsense and have your picture stuck in the Sunday paper, do you?"

The Youngish Girl's manner stiffened a little. "Do I look like a person who gets mixed up in sensational nonsense?" she demanded rather sternly.

"N-o-o," acknowledged the Traveling Salesman conscientiously. "N-o-o; but then there's never any telling what you calm, quiet-looking, still-waters sort of people will go ahead and do—once you get started." Anxiously he took out his watch, and then began hurriedly to pack his samples back into his case. "It's only twenty-five minutes more," he argued earnestly. "Oh, I say now, don't you go off and do anything foolish! My wife will be down at the station to meet me. You'd like my wife. You'd like her fine!—Oh, I say now, you come home with us for Sunday, and think things over a bit."

As delightedly as when the Traveling Salesman had asked her how she fixed her hair, the Youngish Girl's hectic nervousness broke into genuine laughter. "Yes," she teased, "I can see just how pleased your wife would be to have you bring home a perfectly strange lady for Sunday!"

"My wife is only a kid," said the Traveling Salesman gravely, "but she likes what I like—all right—and she'd give you the shrewdest, eagerest little 'helping hand' that you ever got in your life—if you'd only give her a chance to help you out—with whatever your trouble is."

"But I haven't any 'trouble,'" persisted the Youngish Girl with brisk cheerfulness. "Why, I haven't got any trouble at all! Why, I don't know but what I'd just as soon tell you all about it. Maybe I really ought to tell somebody about it. Maybe—anyway, it's a good deal easier to tell a stranger than a friend. Maybe it would really do me good to hear how it sounds out loud. You see, I've never done anything but whisper it—just to myself—before. Do you remember the wreck on the Canadian Pacific Road last year? Do you? Well—I was in it!"

"Gee!" said the Traveling Salesman. "'Twas up on just the edge of Canada, wasn't it? And three of the passenger coaches went off the track? And the Pullman went clear over the bridge? And fell into an awful gully? And caught fire besides?"

"Yes," said the Youngish Girl. "I was in the Pullman car."

Even without seeming to look at her at all, the Traveling Salesman could see quite distinctly that the Youngish Girl's knees were fairly knocking together and that the flesh around her mouth was suddenly gray and drawn, like an old person's. But the little persistent desire to laugh off everything still flickered about the corners of her lips.

"Yes," she said, "I was in the Pullman car, and the two people right in front of me were killed; and it took almost three hours, I think, before they got any of us out. And while I was lying there in the darkness and mess and everything, I cried—and cried—and cried. It wasn't nice of me, I know, nor brave, nor anything, but I couldn't seem to help it—underneath all that pile of broken seats and racks and beams and things.

"And pretty soon a man's voice—just a voice, no face or anything, you know, but just a voice from somewhere quite near me, spoke right out and said: 'What in creation are you crying so about? Are you awfully hurt?' And I said—though I didn't mean to say it at all, but it came right out—'N-o, I don't think I'm hurt, but I don't like having all these seats and windows piled on top of me,' and I began crying all over again. 'But no one else is crying,' reproached the Voice.—'And there's a perfectly good reason why not,' I said. 'They're all dead!'—'O—h,' said the Voice, and then I began to cry harder than ever, and principally this time, I think, I cried because the horrid, old red plush cushions smelt so stale and dusty, jammed against my nose.

"And then after a long time the Voice spoke again and it said, 'If I'll sing you a little song, will you stop crying?' And I said, 'N-o, I don't think I could!' And after a long time the Voice spoke again, and it said, 'Well, if I'll tell you a story will you stop crying?' And I considered it a long time, and finally I said, 'Well, if you'll tell me a perfectly true story—a story that's never, never been told to any one before—*I'll try and stop!*'

"So the Voice gave a funny little laugh almost like a woman's hysterics, and I stopped crying right off short, and the Voice

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said, just a little bit mockingly: 'But the only perfectly true story that I know—the only story that's never—never been told to anybody before is the story of my life.' 'Very well, then,' I said, 'tell me that! Of course I was planning to live to be very old and learn a little about a great many things; but as long as apparently I'm not going to live to even reach my twenty-ninth birthday—to-morrow—you don't know how unutterably it would comfort me to think that at least I knew *everything* about some one thing!'

"And then the Voice choked again, just a little bit, and said: 'Well—here goes, then. Once upon a time—but first, can you move your right hand? Turn it just a little bit more this way. There! Cuddle it down! Now, you see, I've made a little home for it in mine. Ouch! Don't press down too hard! I think my wrist is broken. All ready, then? You won't cry another cry? Promise? All right then. Here goes. Once upon a time——'

"Never mind about the story," said the Youngish Girl tersely. "It began about the first thing in all his life that he remembered seeing—something funny about a grandmother's brown wig hung over the edge of a white piazza railing—and he told me his name and address, and all about his people, and all about his business, and what banks his money was in, and something about some land down in the Panhandle, and all the bad things that he'd ever done in his life, and all the good things, that he wished there'd been more of, and all the things that no one would dream of telling you if he ever, ever expected to see Daylight again—things so intimate—things so——

"But it wasn't, of course, about his story that I wanted to tell you. It was about the 'home,' as he called it, that his broken hand made for my—frightened one. I don't know how to express it; I can't exactly think, even, of any words to explain it. Why, I've been all over the world, I tell you, and fairly loafed and lolled in every conceivable sort of ease and luxury, but the Soul of me—the wild, restless, breathless, discontented *soul* of me—*never sat down before in all its life*—I say, until my frightened hand cuddled into his broken one. I tell you I don't pretend to explain it, I don't pretend to account for it; all I know is—that smothering there under all that horrible wreckage and everything—the instant my hand went home to his, the most absolute sense of Serenity and Contentment went over me. Did you ever see young white horses straying through a white-birch wood in the springtime? Well, it felt the way that *looks!*—Did you ever hear an alto voice singing in the candle-light? Well, it felt the way that *sounds!* The last vision you would like to glut your eyes on before blindness smote you! The last sound you would like to glut your ears on before deafness dulled you! The last touch—before Intangibility! Something final, complete, supreme—ineffably satisfying!

"And then people came along and rescued us, and I was sick in the hospital for several weeks. And then after that I went to Persia. I know it sounds silly, but it seemed to me as though just the smell of Persia would be able to drive away even the memory of red plush dust and scorching woodwork. And there was a man on the steamer whom I used to know at home—a man who's almost always wanted to marry me. And there was a man who joined our party at Teheran—who liked me a little. And the land was like silk and silver and attar of roses. But all the time I couldn't seem to think about anything except how perfectly awful it was that a *stranger* like me should be running round loose in the world, carrying all the big, scary secrets of a man who didn't even know where I was. And then it came to me all of a sudden, one rather worrisome day, that no woman who knew as much about a man as I did was exactly a 'stranger' to him. And then, twice as suddenly, to great, grown-up, cool-blooded, money-staled, book-tamed *me*—it swept over me like a cyclone that I should never be able to decide anything more in all my life—not the width of a tinsel ribbon, not the goal of a journey, not the worth of a lover—until I'd seen the Face that belonged to the Voice in the railroad wreck.

"And I sat down—and wrote the man a letter—I had his name and address, you know. And there—in a rather maddening moonlight night on the Caspian Sea—all the horrors and terrors of that other—Canadian night came back to me and swamped completely all the arid timidity and sleek conventionality that women like me are hidebound with all their lives, and I wrote him—that unknown, unvisualized,

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unimagined—MAN—the utterly free, utterly frank, utterly honest sort of letter that any brave soul would write any other brave soul—every day of the world—if there wasn't any flesh. It wasn't a love letter. It wasn't even a sentimental letter. Never mind what I told him. Never mind anything except that there, in that tropical night on a moonlit sea, I asked him to meet me here, in Boston, eight months afterward—on the same Boston-bound Canadian train—on this—the anniversary of our other tragic meeting."

"And you think he'll be at the station?" gasped the Traveling Salesman.

The Youngish Girl's answer was astonishingly tranquil. "I don't know, I'm sure," she said. "That part of it isn't my business. All I know is that I wrote the letter—and mailed it. It's Fate's move next."

"But maybe he never got the letter!" protested the Traveling Salesman, buckling frantically at the straps of his sample-case.

"Very likely," the Youngish Girl answered calmly. "And if he never got it, then Fate has surely settled everything perfectly definitely for me—that way. The only trouble with that would be," she added whimsically, "that an unanswered letter is always pretty much like an unhooked hook. Any kind of a gap is apt to be awkward, and the hook that doesn't catch in its own intended tissue is mighty apt to tear later at something you didn't want torn."

"I don't know anything about that," persisted the Traveling Salesman, brushing nervously at the cinders on his hat. "All I say is—maybe he's married."

"Well, that's all right," smiled the Youngish Girl. "Then Fate would have settled it all for me perfectly satisfactorily *that* way. I wouldn't mind at all his not being at the station. And I wouldn't mind at all his being married. And I wouldn't mind at all his turning out to be very, very old. None of those things, you see, would interfere in the slightest with the memory of the—Voice or the—chivalry of the broken hand. THE ONLY THING I'D MIND, I TELL YOU, WOULD BE TO THINK THAT HE REALLY AND TRULY WAS THE MAN WHO WAS MADE FOR ME—AND I MISSED FINDING IT OUT!—Oh, of course I've worried myself sick these past few months thinking of the audacity of what I've done. I've got such a 'Sore Thought,' as you call it, that I'm almost ready to scream if anybody mentions the word 'indiscreet' in my presence. And yet, and yet—after all, it isn't as though I were reaching out into the darkness after an indefinite object. What I'm reaching out for is a *light*, so that I can tell exactly just what object is there. And, anyway," she quoted a little waveringly:

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch
> To gain or lose it all!"

"Ain't you scared just a little bit?" probed the Traveling Salesman.

All around them the people began bustling suddenly with their coats and bags. With a gesture of impatience the Youngish Girl jumped up and started to fasten her furs. The eyes that turned to answer the Traveling Salesman's question were brimming wet with tears.

"Yes—I'm—scared to death!" she smiled incongruously.

Almost authoritatively the Salesman reached out his empty hand for her traveling-bag. "What you going to do if he ain't there?" he asked.

The Girl's eyebrows lifted. "Why, just what I'm going to do if he *is* there," she answered quite definitely. "I'm going right back to Montreal to-night. There's a train out again, I think, at eight-thirty. Even late as we are, that will give me an hour and a half at the station."

"Gee!" said the Traveling Salesman. "And you've traveled five days just to see what a man looks like—for an hour and a half?"

"I'd have traveled twice five days," she whispered, "just to see what he looked like—for a—second and a half!"

"But how in thunder are you going to recognize him?" fussed the Traveling Salesman. "And how in thunder is he going to recognize you?"

"Maybe I won't recognize him," acknowledged the Youngish Girl, "and likelier than not he won't recognize me; but don't you see?—can't you understand?—that all the audacity of it, all the worry of it—is absolutely nothing compared to the one little chance in ten thousand that we *will* recognize each other?"

"Well, anyway," said the Traveling Salesman stubbornly, "I'm going to walk out slow behind you and see you through this thing all right."

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"Oh, no, you're not!" exclaimed the Youngish Girl. "Oh, no, you're not! Can't you see that if he's there, I wouldn't mind you so much; but if he doesn't come, can't you understand that maybe I'd just as soon you didn't know about it?"

"O-h," said the Traveling Salesman.

A little impatiently he turned and routed the Young Electrician out of his sprawling nap. "Don't you know Boston when you see it?" he cried a trifle testily.

For an instant the Young Electrician's sleepy eyes stared dully into the Girl's excited face. Then he stumbled up a bit awkwardly and reached out for all his coil-boxes and insulators.

"Good-night to you. Much obliged to you," he nodded amiably.

A moment later he and the Traveling Salesman were forging their way ahead through the crowded aisle. Like the transient, impersonal, altogether mysterious stimulant of a strain of martial music, the Young Electrician vanished into space. But just at the edge of the car steps the Traveling Salesman dallied a second to wait for the Youngish Girl.

"Say," he said, "say, can I tell my wife what you've told me?"

"Y-e-s," nodded the Youngish Girl soberly.

"And say," said the Traveling Salesman, "say, I don't exactly like to go off this way and never know at all how it all came out." Casually his eyes fell on the big lynx muff in the Youngish Girl's hand. "Say," he said, "if I promise, honest-Injun, to go 'way off to the other end of the station, couldn't you just lift your muff up high, once, if everything comes out the way you want it?"

"Y-e-s," whispered the Youngish Girl almost inaudibly.

Then the Traveling Salesman went hurrying on to join the Young Electrician, and the Youngish Girl lagged along on the rear edge of the crowd like a bashful child dragging on the skirts of its mother.

Out of the groups of impatient people that flanked the track she saw a dozen little pecking reunions, where some one dashed wildly into the long, narrow stream of travelers and yanked out his special friend or relative, like a good-natured bird of prey. She saw a tired, worn, patient-looking woman step forward with four noisy little boys, and then stand dully waiting while the Young Electrician gathered his riotous offspring to his breast. She saw the Traveling Salesman grin like a bashful school-boy, just as a red-cloaked girl came running to him and bore him off triumphantly toward the street.

And then suddenly, out of the blur, and the dust, and the dizziness, and the half-blinding glare of lights, the figure of a Man loomed up directly and indomitably across the Youngish Girl's path—a Man standing bare-headed and faintly smiling as one who welcomes a much-reverenced guest—a Man tall, stalwart, sober-eyed, with a touch of gray at his temples, a Man whom any woman would be proud to have waiting for her at the end of any journey. And right there before all that hurrying, scurrying, self-centered, unseeing crowd, he reached out his hands to her and gathered her frightened fingers close into his.

"You've — kept — me — waiting — a—long—time," he reproached her.

"Yes!" she stammered. "Yes! Yes! The train was two hours late!"

"It wasn't the hours that I was thinking about," said the Man very quietly. "It was the—*year!*"

And then, just as suddenly, the Youngish Girl felt a tug at her coat, and, turning round quickly, found herself staring with dazed eyes into the eager, childish face of the Traveling Salesman's red-cloaked wife. Not thirty feet away from her the Traveling Salesman's faithless, stolid-looking back seemed to be blocking up the main exit to the street.

"Oh, are you the lady from British Columbia?" queried the excited little voice. Perplexity, amusement, yet a divine sort of marital confidence were in the question.

"Yes, surely I am," said the Youngish Girl softly.

Across the little wife's face a great rushing, flushing wave of tenderness blocked out for a second all trace of the cruel, slim scar that marred the perfect contour of one cheek.

"Oh, I don't know at all what it's all about," laughed the little wife, "but my husband asked me to come back and kiss you!"

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The PASSING of THE IDLE RICH

by Frederick Townsend Martin

CHAPTER VIII—FIGHTING FOR LIFE

THE very first direct result of the growing consciousness, on the part of the rich, of the unrest astir throughout the country, is a sudden increasing interest in charity and reform.

It is perfectly natural that this should be so. In every nation, in all periods of history, it has been true. Sometimes this impulse toward charity and reform, *when it grows out of real personal study of the problems of poverty*, goes very far toward saving a nation from ruin. No student of political economy can afford to ignore it and sweep it away, as most thoughtless writers to-day are inclined to do, as though it were merely a conscious effort on the part of the rich to buy their way into the kingdom of heaven.

It may be, indeed, that it is one of the greatest economic facts in America to-day. It may be that, as it spreads and grows and brings into the battle thousands upon thousands of devoted men and women, hundreds of millions of dollars of hoarded wealth, social reform upon social reform, it will act as a check and an offset to the tremendous industrial discontent that is spreading over the country. It may be that, as was the case in England in the second half of the eighteenth century, it will bridge the chasm between the rich and the poor, or, at the worst, prevent its widening to the point of open war. In so far as it is a sign that the wealthy men and women of society are really throwing their hearts and minds into the mighty problem of adjusting the relationship between the classes which are so rapidly drifting apart, it is hopeful.

Yet I am obliged to admit that, in the

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majority of cases with which I come personally in contact; the charity of my class is at present one of two things: it is either simply a fad, with little genuine spirit of helpfulness behind it; or else it is, as it were, a sop to fear. A good many people seem to think that it is up to the rich to distribute largess to the poor, whether the poor want it or not. They ignore the economics of the matter, if indeed they know them. They have come to be afraid of the growing pressure from below, and they think that by indiscriminate charity they can lessen it.

CAN'T "FEED THE MOB" IN AMERICA

So they give ships of corn to the masses. You remember, perhaps, that in the later plutocracy of Rome, after the triumph of Sulla, it came to be a regular habit, when frenzied mobs of Romans or would-be Romans threatened death and ruin to the plutocrats, for various and sundry men to buy shiploads of corn in Egypt and distribute them gratis to the Roman plebs. It is true that in all human probability the plutocracy of Rome prolonged its life for more than half a century by just such means. If a mob of slaves is hungry, and you give them something to eat, they will go home and eat it; and in the meantime, if you happen to be a Roman senator with plenty of money, your hired thugs may be able to find the leaders of the delayed revolution and put them beyond any possibility of raising further trouble.

You forget, when you try the process in America, that the plebs of America are not slaves, and that their leaders, of whom there is a host, are pretty nearly as well educated, are certainly as shrewd, and are probably as strong, legally, as you are. In Rome the masses were a race of parasites who could be fed or crushed as the occasion demanded. In America, on the contrary, the masses are the producing elements of the nation, and you are the parasites. Between the cry of the Roman multitude for coin and the demand of the working American for wages there is a difference of intensity and seriousness as great as that between the humming of a mosquito and the thunder of an earthquake.

Let me pass on to the second weapon of defense. High society is becoming a rampant reformer. It will reform anything on a moment's notice. When I read in the papers, and heard in the club, that a dozen women of great wealth were standing along Broadway handing bills and offering encouragement to the girl shirt-waist strikers of last winter, I was not a bit surprised. It is just what one might have expected. Nowadays I can hardly go to a reception or a ball without being buttonholed by somebody and led over into a corner to be told all about some wonderful new reform. It is perfectly amazing, this plague of reform, in its variety, in its volume, and in the intensity of earnestness with which it is pushed.

It is the same old story. There are too many among the idle rich who jump at the first obvious conclusion. They see the strange phenomenon that I have noted as arising out of our industrial evolution, and they say to themselves: "The nation, indeed, faces a crisis. We are in danger of falling. The world should continue as it is. It is pleasant to be booted, spurred, and in the saddle. No oats for the horse. and we shall be thrown down. The mob must be appeased. Feed the hungry and we shall be saved. Cure society of its most evident disorders and the public mind will forget the rest."

So said the plutocrats of Rome. So argued the hangers-on of Louis of France. So Charles the First of England fell. You may find a good many other illustrations, if you like, in Athens, Italy, and Russia. I challenge any gentleman to instance a single case in history where petty reforms and petty charities thrown *indiscriminately* to the mob have ever established any permanent betterment of social conditions, or failed to be followed in the end by a terrific reckoning.

CARNEGIE AND COOPERATION

It is true that among the wealthy many men to-day are honestly advocating and honestly working for real, deep-planted, permanent reform.

It is almost astounding to read a paragraph like the following, signed with the name of Andrew Carnegie:

"Whatever the future may have in store for Labor, the evolutionist, who sees nothing but certain and steady progress for the race, will never attempt to set bounds to its triumph, even to its final form of complete and universal industrial cooperation, which I hope is some day to be reached."

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By industrial cooperation Mr. Carnegie explains that he means the slow process of selling or giving actual ownership of manufacturing industries to the workmen. He claims that he began this experiment in this country when the Carnegie Steel Company took in, from time to time, forty-odd young partners, none of whom contributed a penny of money, the company taking their note payable only out of profits.

A dozen other instances could be adduced, beginning with the United States Steel Corporation itself, the giant among the trusts. There is no doubt whatever that this reform is spreading. What is more, I believe it is an honest reform, and that most of the men who have introduced it into their companies have done so from an honest belief that it would elevate the working man and solve in each separate instance the most dangerous of the industrial problems that confront us.

I am not myself a manufacturer, and I do not feel competent either to praise or to criticize this particular solution of particular industrial problems. I know that John Stuart Mill in his "Political Economy" vaguely hints at some such ultimate evolution of the wage-worker; and I know also that in many cases the cooperative idea, in actual practise, has succeeded very well indeed. In my own mind, knowing the habits of a plutocracy, I can not help doubting whether widespread cooperation between wage-workers and capital, particularly between the lower orders of the wage-workers and the larger masters of capital, would not simply afford to dishonest, disreputable, or unprincipled captains of industry a fuller opportunity than they now enjoy to hold down the wages and profits of wage-workers.

CHAPTER IX

THE SOCIAL NEMESIS

WEALTHY Society in America, as everywhere else, is pursued by a demon of futility. It does not matter what we do, whether we work like other men and women, whether we play like normal men, whether we study, whether we idle, whether we spend our money on charity and reforms, or throw it away in the pursuit of pleasure, whether we study hard and seriously or merely regale our minds and appetites with frivolous novels and salacious plays—nothing seems real, nothing seems earnest, nothing has any result. Too often our lives are empty of anything permanent, anything honest, anything simple and human.

We live in a world of dreams, peopled with passing phantoms—men and women that come and go, and leave in our hearts no trace of real affection, no honest, sincere, and heartfelt impulse of friendship, no lasting shadow of reality. It all seems sham and pretense. It cloys, in time, and often in sheer desperation we plunge into extremes for which we have no genuine taste, no real desire.

THE YELLOW GOD

But of all the futile things in the world none is more futile than wealth itself. Eliminate the necessity for struggle and you remove from money all its true value. It becomes either dross, to be thrown away for other things better worth while; or it becomes an idol, a god, the very sum and substance of the world's desire. I remember an incident in which I took a part, not very long ago, that showed me this latter result in all its horror.

I was at a very brilliant social function in the London social world. I met at that reception a woman whose name I had heard as a household word in society for many years. She was esteemed a brilliant woman; she was reckoned a leader in the most splendid society of the world. She was wealthy beyond all human need. She occupied a powerful place in a political world where everything human had its part. She was a companion of princes, and the equal of peers. We were talking alone, immediately after our introduction, when she said:

"Oh, Mr. Martin, you are a Wall Street man. You could help me to get some of your American gold!"

I was astounded, and I showed it in my answer: "Why, my dear lady, surely you have gold enough! If I am not mistaken, you rank among the wealthiest women of the nation. Why should you want gold? Moreover, you have social standing and are famous throughout England. Of what possible use could more gold be to you?"

I can still see the haggard face, the quivering lips, the blazing eyes of this great society woman as she answered me: "Oh, Mr. Martin, you do not know me—I am almost

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ashamed to confess the truth. I dream night and day of gold. I want to have a room at the top of my house filled with it —filled with gold sovereigns. I would like to go into that room night after night, when every one else is asleep, and bury myself in yellow sovereigns up to my neck, and play with them, toss them about, to hear the jingling music of the thing I love the best!"

Think of it! Picture a woman, wife of a man, mother of splendid children, born with the beautiful instincts innate in her sex, sinking to such a depth as that! Think of the awful shallow emptiness of a life and a training that bore such fruit as this!

Yet it is all so very natural.

Most men and women in this world are kept clean, sane, and normal in the pursuit of little things. The trivial household joys that fill so full the happy life of the normal woman; the little business triumphs that keep alive in the heart of the normal man the spirit of personal ambition; the human lust for a fight; the ever-changing, ever-interesting, ever-luring struggle for advantage—these are at once the burden and the safety of mankind. In them is true happiness; in them is true humanity.

THE GOLDEN SPOON CHOKES

The class of which I write has lost them in its very birth. The mother of a boy in the middle class looks forward with delight to the day when that boy shall go forth into the world to battle against circumstances. From his earliest childhood onward he learns the necessity of labor; he comes to regard it as his birthright. With eagerness he prepares for it. The little triumphs of boyhood, the trivial victories of college days, are joys unbounded to his mind, because they are but steps in that long climb toward greatness, renown, and wealth which is his birthright; and when, at last, he goes forth from college halls, from labor on the farm, from some little clerical position that he has held in his adolescence, to strike out for himself into the great open world, his life is filled with new thrills of excitement, of happiness, of accomplishment—of life, real life, not imitation.

Look at the other side. Think of the boy born, as they say, with a golden spoon in his mouth. Perhaps in his infancy he does not know that he can have everything in the world for which he asks. Yet he will learn before he is ten years old that there is a difference between him and other boys whom he sees at play in the park. He will discover that the difference is money. He will discover that his parents can get whatever they like, spend as much as they please, waste fortunes on their pleasures, throw gold away as though it were dross. He will learn, on the other hand, that the children of the poor can have no expensive toys like his, that they can not be dressed as he is dressed, that their parents must win every dollar that they spend by some hard work, while his own parents, apparently, receive as much as they want and more, without any labor whatever.

A MILLIONAIRE MADE INTO A MAN

That boy will be more than human if, by the time he is a young man, he has not passed the entrance to the paths where the true happiness of life is to be found. Either money will mean nothing to him, and he will have settled down to be one of the idle rich, simply taking what the gods send him and doing his best to enjoy it; or else a most unholy lust for gold will have taken possession of his soul.

I know, of course, that there are marked exceptions. I have in mind a young man of a Western city, born to an enormous fortune, married now to another, and trained and nurtured in the lap of luxury. Almost everything conspired to make him either an idler or a money-worshiper. He is neither. It is an accident. In his early youth he became an invalid, and was sent out by his father to live on a ranch. The ranchman's wife was a real woman, and instinct taught her how to handle that boy. He was put to work. At first, when his father learned through his letters that his son was mending fences, feeding pigs, watering horses, and milking cows, he wrote to the ranchman, objecting strongly. The ranchman rebuked his wife, and set the boy to work at other, gentler things.

A week later the boy wrote an indignant letter to his father to the effect that he was coming home if he couldn't go back to real work. The father saw a great light; and free permission was given to the ranchman's wife to do whatever she liked with the boy. When he went home a year and a half later, he was the makings of a real man. To-day

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his father is dead, and he has succeeded to the command of a mighty estate. He holds his place in the best society of the land, but he holds, too, his place among the workers.

If futility clings very closely to the very gold that is the basis of our class and our estate, it clings, too, to almost everything else that we do. Come with me to a fashionable restaurant or the dining-room of a great hotel. At the dinner hour it is crowded with hundreds of people. One might think that they are hungry and that they come to eat. It is hardly so. They come to hear the orchestra, to talk with their friends, to play with food and drink of a kind and a quantity far beyond their needs. Dinner is but an excuse. The whole occasion is a diversion, nothing more.

THE DREARY PLEASURES OF THE IDLE RICH

Contrast an occasion like that with the homely gathering of a few choice spirits out in a simple country home, or in the middle-class city home, if you like, and note the marvelous difference. It has been my good fortune—on far too few occasions, it is true—to be admitted as a friend into what I might call a middle-class home—the home of an author, not by any means rich. I will simply say, without going into details, that every time I went there it made me homesick, and I stopped it for that reason. I do not think I could say more if I wrote a book about it.

Of all the melancholy travesties on fun, I think that the sports and games of the wealthy young men and women of our day are the finest parody ever written or acted. Drive through a country district to a fashionable out-of-town club. At half a dozen places on your way, you will see groups of young people paddling, rowing, playing ball, or doing something else in the natural human way. You will hear shouts, quarrels perhaps—signs of intense and natural rivalry. When you come to your journey's end you will find other groups of pleasure-seekers. Go join the groups of young men and women in beautiful summer costumes playing golf or tennis; or sit on the piazzas over the sea and watch a game of bridge. Listen for the shouts of joy such as you heard down the road, and you will hear the cawing of the crows. Catch the drift of the conversation. In a very great number of cases the subject-matter of it is that it would be a lot more fun to do something else at some other time in some other place. The dreary pleasures of the idle rich—yachting, horse-racing, golf, tennis, hunting—these are not sports; they are schemes devised to keep us bored to death by the mere fact of living.

I met a man down-town the other day who told me he had bought a farm in Alberta. For a great many years past I have met him at all sorts of functions in all the big cities of the East, in London and in Paris. I asked him what in the world he was going to do with a farm. At first he wouldn't reply, afraid that he might hurt my feelings, but finally he told me.

"I'm sick. There isn't much the matter with me, but I have simply got to have a change. My nerves have gone all to pieces, playing. Bridge gives me the willies. I'd sooner pick rags than go to another dance. Golf—the way we play it in the summer—is worse than ping-pong. Late suppers have got on my nerves. The races are a horrible bore. I'd sooner go to Hoboken than Paris. I've got to do something or I will die. Last winter in London I made friends with a young fellow who last month got into disgrace and was banished to Alberta. Last week I heard from him—and that settled me. He swears he has found the antidote. I'm going out to try it."

THE DEMON OF FUTILITY—AND LOVE

He went. I don't suppose he'll stay there, because he never stayed in any place in his life for any length of time; and I presume before long he'll come back and spend a lot of money on manicures and make his hands look as if he had never worked, before he plunges again into the same Dead Sea. But, sometimes, I wish I had the nerve to follow him, or to buy his farm from him when he grows tired of it.

If our wealth and our pleasures turn at last to nothing, and weary us beyond expression, no less in the more sacred things of life—real life, I mean—does this same miserable demon of futility pursue us. As the world has read, the past two or three years, the low, horrible, depraved story of the marital relationships of scion after scion of our wealthiest families, it has turned with disgust from the record of intrigue, vile lust, dishonor, and shame. That story is but one of many. It is true

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that in this, the dearest and tenderest of all the relationships of life, we are haunted by futility. Our young men and maidens marry in honor and in hope, in a world of hope, lighted by the eternal fires of love. Too often, alas! romance becomes tragedy, or comedy, if you look at it that way.

It is the same old story. Everything is far too easy. All the comforts, all the luxuries, all the pleasures for which normal men and women have to work, drop, like overripe fruit, into their waiting hands. There is no struggle to hold their minds together. There is no common ambition to fill their hearts and souls with a desire for mutual help. It is all empty, frivolous, and vain. In time, it is easy to slip away from the paths of convention into habits of looseness and even of vice. The old-fashioned religion is dead among us, and so one great protector of the home has passed and gone.

I am not going to dwell upon this theme, for it is a beastly thing. I have only mentioned it because it is a logical climax to this chapter on futility; and I regard futility as the real nemesis of society. It turns our lives to nothing; it makes of our fairest garden a desert; it robs us, in our very cradles, of our lives, our liberties, and our happiness. It leaves us groping about in a world of shadows, longing for the substance, dreaming of realities we never can know, wishing always for change, sighing always for worlds that are out of our reach. Of all the grim jokes that ever were perpetrated, the grimmest of all, in my estimation, is the time-honored coupling of the words wealth and happiness in the formal blessing of a new-made bride.

CHAPTER X

THE DEATH-KNELL OF IDLENESS

IDLENESS is doomed as a vocation—of that I am perfectly certain. Even in the social world, it is becoming unfashionable. Not so very long ago, in the fashionable world of New York, it was considered bad taste—in fact, it was a decided breach of etiquette—to inquire among the men of your acquaintance what anybody did for a living. Within the past five years there has been a very decided change in this respect, and I constantly hear that very question asked, without rebuke, in the most fashionable clubs of the city.

A man whom I know pretty well, himself a member of the highest social order, but a man of indefatigable energy, recently put very neatly the fact that many of the quondam idle class are now engaging in useful pursuits. On the street one day he met a young man, a confirmed idler of long standing, who was about to go to Europe to join in the social season of London. He congratulated the young man and said he thought it was a good thing to do.

A few nights later, talking to me about him, he said:

"I feel sorry for Charlie. He seems so lonely. He can't find any one to play with him!"

WANTED—BY SOCIETY: MORE IDLERS

In a measure, that is true. The confirmed idler of the social world is slowly coming to be despised instead of envied. He still infests a few of the uptown clubs, but even there he is more and more relegated to the bottom of the social list. It is harder and harder every social year to fill up the ranks for social entertainment. A dinner or an early reception can be managed very well, for the young men who work will go to such functions perhaps as freely as they ever went. It is far different with the late dance or the late reception.

If you could go down into Wall Street and call the roll of the bond houses, it would astound you to discover how many young men of the highest social class are working very hard right at the bottom of the ladder of industry, learning the financial business. A friend of mine, a fairly well-to-do man of a small city in the Middle West, sent his son to me a year or so ago with a letter asking me to introduce him in Wall Street, with a view to his learning the bond business. He had chosen that as his vocation in life, and he had taken a special course in college as a preparation for it. I sent him, with personal letters, to half a dozen friends of mine, partners in various houses. I told him simply to look around at first, and to talk freely and frankly to these gentlemen about the chances for a young man in that line of business.

He came back to me in the course of a week, considerably crestfallen. He had looked forward to earning his living in an honorable way. He found the conditions in this labor market most deplorable from

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his point of view. According to his story, every one of these big bond houses announced itself able to get all the apprentice labor that it needed at from five to ten dollars a week. His report interested me so much that I went around myself to some of my friends to learn the causes of this strange condition.

TEN DOLLARS A WEEK FOR RICH CLERKS

In the case of one bond house I discovered that it had one very skilful and very highly paid man selling bonds at retail throughout the city. Working under him were three young men learning the bond business. I knew them all, personally, socially. They belonged to one of the best of the younger sets. Two of them went out a good deal, and the third had a reputation as something of a student. One of them I knew to be the happy possessor of four automobiles and a small stable of horses. Both the others owned automobiles, and belonged to some of the most expensive as well as the best of the uptown clubs.

One of these young men—and none of them was so very young at that—received a salary of fifteen dollars a week. The other two were getting ten dollars apiece. All three were college men. My friend in this bond house told me that two of them were making good; but the third has the "ten-o'clock-in-the-morning habit," and will not last very long. Of course, none of them can begin to live on the money he receives for his work. I do not think that any one of them could pay his tailor and haberdashery bill with his salary.

Further investigation showed me that there is a perfect flood of these young men turned loose each year upon the financial districts of this country, not only here, but in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and St. Louis. They go to work for trivial salaries, because they care little or nothing about the amount that they receive. They are not working for wages, but for emancipation. They do not want to be idlers, because they know that in these days idleness is doomed. They pick out Wall Street—particularly, I think, the bond department of Wall Street—because that is recognized as a world of real work fitted to the tastes and abilities of a well-educated but not too rigorously trained young man.

I sketch this phenomenon in some detail, because I think it a very significant thing in its bearing upon the subject of this series. Perhaps more than any other one outlet, it is an avenue leading toward honorable labor suited to the capacity and the taste of our wealthy young men. That the market is crowded to-day, and has been for five years past, more than it ever was crowded before in the history of the financial profession, speaks far more eloquently than I can speak of the change of sentiment among the wealthy.

In the Harvard Club of a Saturday afternoon in winter, you will find groups of young men sitting around and talking, just as you would have found them fifteen years ago. There is one marked difference. Fifteen years ago they would have been talking about social events, the sports, and various other trivial things that went in those days to make up the sum and substance of a fashionable young man's career. Nowadays, many of these groups are earnestly discussing finance, not in its relation to their own private fortunes or misfortunes in the stock-market, but in its broader aspect. You hear such phrases as "gold supply," "premium bond," "overproduction of securities," "diversion of money from the legitimate market," "intrinsic value," "investment outlook," etc. They are, in fact, talking shop; and I do not think I have ever met any other class of men more addicted to the habit than these novitiates of the financial game.

SOCIETY WOMEN'S HEALTH-RELIGION

Even their sisters, nurtured in luxury, and taught, as they still unhappily are, that elegant idleness is the proper portion of the sex, are beginning to rebel. They are seeking knowledge eagerly, sometimes in places and under circumstances that do not promise the best of results. More particularly during the past five or ten years there has been a really extraordinary propaganda, among the women of the younger set in our great cities, looking toward the strengthening of the body and the building up of a vigorous and buoyant health—an interest that would have been considered actually vulgar in the generation that preceded them. Health, in fact, in many of the younger sets, has become almost a religion. They study hygiene, biology, and the mystery of life. Perhaps they are coming to know too much

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at too early an age, but it is far better to know too much than to know too little.

On the other hand, I have already written of the tendency of the fashionable young women of the day toward charity and reform. They follow fads madly, working as hard and using up as much nerve force in this pursuit as any young woman of the middle class gives to her household work, or even to her bread-winning activities. I could name a dozen young women of the finest families in New York who, within the past twelve months, have actually thrown themselves into this sort of function with such fiery ardor and zeal that they have either totally neglected their social activities, or have broken down completely under the strain of double labor. Such instances are more numerous year by year. I do not know that I fully approve it, but I set it down here for the judgment of the world.

CLUB-MEN CARRYING CHAINS

So, on the one hand, the ranks of the doomed class are being swiftly depleted by what I must call rank out-and-out desertion. The idle rich, particularly the younger set, are depleted year by year by squadrons of young men and women who go over to the army of workers. I do not know that there is any one single sign in the world in which I live that gives me greater hope than this. The dishonor of inactivity, sloth, and idleness, is coming to be widely recognized in the very best classes of society. Old prejudices are breaking down under the demands of the younger men for something to do. Even labor with the hands is not beneath them. As I pause to think, I could name at least half a dozen young men of my own set who, within the past two or three years, have gone into the railroad business, carried chains with engineering gangs in the field, or done other real manual labor. To-day the son of one of the oldest and noblest families in New York is superintending the laying of sewers in a New England town, under a municipal contract.

If actual desertion is thinning the ranks of the idle rich, there is another and even a greater cause which will tend in the future, as it is tending to-day, to limit the number of this class. It lies much deeper than the mere phenomenon of desertion. It is, in fact, nothing more nor less than the removal of the means of amassing gigantic fortunes through the exploitation of men.

I do not intend to dwell upon this phase of the passing of the idle rich to any great extent, because its effects are necessarily slow. Indeed, they will not be felt for many years to come. Yet I would point out one or two phases of this question that seem to me to be intensely interesting and vastly important. In the first place, the opportunities for the making of gigantic fortunes are being limited more and more by the world-embracing activities of those who already possess gigantic wealth.

Let any man discover in the mountains of Mexico, in the forbidding ridges of Alaska, or on the plains of the Yukon, great new deposits of iron, or coal, or oil, and immediately, almost before the news of such discovery has reached the world at large, a dozen secret agents rush to investigate. They represent the Pearsons of London, the Guggenheims or Morgans or Rockefellers of New York, the Rothschilds of Germany. They are the first in the field; they preempt, for fortunes already far beyond competition, the opportunity of making a tremendous fortune out of the new discovery.

Think of the raw materials of commerce, —sugar, meat, oil, iron, coal, copper, cotton, wheat, corn, lumber—is it not absolutely true that in the manufacture and exploitation of this tremendous mass of the raw material of wealth the possibility of amassing tremendous fortunes is almost hopelessly limited by the activities and the world-girdling power of capitalistic groups already far beyond the reach of competition?

FEWER CHANCES FOR GREAT FORTUNES

The free land of America is gone. All those great staples that have been in generations past the vehicles in which men have been carried upon the road to lordly fortunes are already in the hands of a few hundred families. This fact, sinister as it undoubtedly is in the bearing of its broader aspect upon the economic conditions of the country, must certainly tend to eliminate more and more the possibility for the creation of additional gigantic industrial fortunes in this country. In so far as this is true, it is a very important item indeed among the forces that tend toward the elimination of the idle rich.

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CHAPTER XI

CONCLUSION

WE HAVE come to the end of the story. The days of the idle rich in America are as a tale that is told. To-morrow in this land there will be one of two things—either an evolution or a revolution. Either by one of those characteristically swift and marvelous changes for which the history of our race is noted, the class which I represent will again be merged into and assimilated by the body of the nation, as it was half a century ago, or we shall stand face to face with the forces of anarchy, socialism, trade-unionism, and a hundred other cults that either do represent or claim to represent the spirit of this mighty people; and we shall reenact in this land some of the most terrible tragedies of history.

I do not believe a middle course is possible. I know, of course, that the rank and file of the class I represent is blind and careless. I know that many of them, if they read these articles, will lay them aside with a smile, calling them hysterical and untrue. Yet I am bound to say the things I think, and I can only trust that some few at least will be impelled to study facts.

I do not want to be considered an alarmist, nor to cry panic from the housetops. Yet, in the light of facts, I can not see how the business world of America can long escape a reckoning that has for years been overdue. There has to be in this country an adjustment that will shake the financial and business world to its foundations. It is possible, though not probable, that the necessary *social* changes of the next decade can be accomplished without a cataclysm. But the concurrent *business* changes, the necessary shifting of the bases of our industrial system, the inevitable scaling down of the extravagance to which the nation as a whole has become accustomed, are, I should say, utterly impossible without an overwhelming industrial disturbance.

For the poison of gold, if it has debauched and corrupted American society, if it has brought within our gates new armies of parasites, if it has led to a degree of ostentation and of luxury, and even of vice and profligacy, comparable with that of the Roman Empire under Heliogabalus, has also spread throughout the nation. I said in a former chapter that the middle class in America has almost, if not quite, lost its power. One of the most vital reasons for this fact is that much of that middle class has become confused with the lower fringes of the wealthy class; has learned to ape its habits and luxuries; has come to live with ostentation and display; and has given up its traditional habits of frugality and thrift.

In the process of adjustment that is unavoidable, this condition must pass. The great professional class, which in all ages has produced so many thinkers, writers, and makers of a nation's history, must come back into its own; it must learn again the thrift and providence which it has learned so well in France and Germany, and which, forty years ago, were the most striking features of its character here in this land. If, as is true, the class I represent has very much to learn, I take it to be equally true that every other class in the land also has its lessons to learn.

It is not my business, however, to talk to the people of America at large. I am addressing this series to society, to the men and women whom I know, to the boys and girls who are to take our places in the social world as years go by.

RECONSTRUCTION BY DEATH

My appeal, if it were merely an appeal to my own class to save itself, would be sordid indeed; for it is ours to think of saving others. The call is the call of the future, and the cause is the cause of humanity. I covet for you, my friends and members of my class, a higher destiny than the mere panic-stricken flight to safety. I am aware, not only of your views but of your virtues. Never before has there been such an opportunity for real service to mankind. You have the means, you have the power, you have the position, you have all—save only the will.

I know that the great bulk of society can be reconstructed only by one agency, and that is death. To-day, in the South, linger here and there many old men and women who never yet have ceased to call down curses from heaven upon the head and memory of Lincoln. It is perfectly self-evident that in this other cause of which I write, and which has come to be so near to me, the army of the unreconstructed must remain

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for many years tremendous. Particularly is this true of the newer recruits within the golden gates of the city of wealth. You may note that we are still enjoying the company of the first generation of the captains of industry. The second generation marches swiftly upon us. It will not be satisfied, it will not be sated, until it has reached the mellowness of age. It will follow the will-o'-the-wisp of society to the bitter end. It is more stubborn, I think, than even the ancient classes of Boston and Philadelphia. Most certainly it is much more offensive to the public at large. In fact, more than any other specific subdivision of the army of wealth, it flaunts its glaring banners in the faces of the people.

REVOLUTION OR EVOLUTION: WHICH?

Then what are we going to do about it? I wish I could answer the question in one great, sweeping generality. Unfortunately, I do not believe it can be answered so. I know that the author of "The Trust: Its Book" has found an answer in a Utopian partnership between capital and labor. I know that Mr. Carnegie has found the answer in cooperation. I know that such skilful writers as Lloyd and Wells have solved the riddle by Socialism. I know that many thousands of the hardest-thinking, hardest-working citizens of this country are pledged already to the doctrine of government ownership of the sources of wealth. I know that Danton and Robespierre thought that they had found it when they set up the guillotine in Paris. I know that the Terrorists of Russia have worked out their own solution. I know that the Rockefeller Foundation, the Sage Foundation, and a thousand other mighty charities, are intended as an answer. I know that Samuel Gompers and John Mitchell think that the extension of trade-unionism will solve it. Above all, I know that many of the seasoned leaders of the social world believe that it will swiftly solve itself.

Yet I can not believe that any one of these solutions is the right one. No permanent change in the social structure of this nation can be accomplished except by a revolution or by the process of evolution at which I have vaguely hinted here and there throughout this series.

Education must go on. The professional reformer, the sycophant who bows before us, the parasite who eats our bread and dispenses the wisdom of the ages in return, harp upon this theme. Only, to their mind, education means simply the training of the lower classes into a traditional habit of mind that will permit the continuance of the present conditions. To me education has no such meaning. More than any other class in the United States, we, the rich, need it. We must get it.

HARI-KARI FOR THE IDLE RICH

We must learn the truth about ourselves: our strength, our weakness, our true position in the world. We must learn the truth about our nation: our political institutions, our laws, our misuse of special privilege, our brigandage of the people's rights at Washington and at every state capital in the land. We must learn the truth about the people: their rights, their wrongs, their power, and their weakness.

And, as we learn, we must act. We must ourselves eradicate the worst of our faults. We must ourselves condemn to death the idle rich. We must see to it that as our young men and women grow to maturity, they learn to condemn and to scorn the sort of ostentatious display, the miserable vices, the degenerate luxuries, and the positive moral crimes that to-day are so rampant among us. We must, if we are to save ourselves and the world that we inherited, go back to the traditions of our fathers. We must reestablish in the social world of America the Spartan principles that marked that world in the days of Lincoln.

OUR PLACE IN THE BATTLE LINE

Above all else that we may do on the positive side, there remains the privilege of putting our study to practical work in the amelioration of the conditions that exist, and the prevention of the recurrence of the phenomena that gave us these conditions. As a class, we are, to-day, obstructionists. It is our class conservatism, you may say, that impels us to look with suspicion upon the rising of the people against, for instance, such a political debauch as has ruled Rhode Island for so long. We, on the contrary, should stand in the front ranks of such a battle as that. First of all we, the people of this country, should detect political corruption, we should recognize the symptoms

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of the palsying touch of gold—and we should stand out before the world as the sworn champions of justice, equality, and honor.

For I do not believe that the march of progress in this land is to be turned backward. I can not believe that the nation as a nation is to sink into the depths as England sank in the middle of the eighteenth century. I take it for granted that the wiping out of the idle rich is to be one of the first steps in a program of national advancement, greater, more splendid, and far more universal than any other period of advancement and progress in the history of the nation. The idle rich are an obstacle in the way, therefore they must be eliminated or destroyed. Whether we—all the rich, as a class—are to share with them in that destruction depends upon whether or not we, too, set ourselves up as an obstacle in the path of the nation's development.

SOCIALISM NOT THE ANSWER

As I have said, I can not name a panacea, nor dispose in a few rounded paragraphs of the problems that confront us. Personally, I am convinced that many measures to which my class is to-day unalterably opposed will within the next few years take their places as laws upon our statute-books. I am persuaded that sooner or later the solid opposition of the Eastern states to a graduated income tax will be broken down. I fully expect to see before I die the inauguration of inheritance taxes and legacy taxes in this country that will tend at least to level, in the course of time, the tremendous discrepancies that have grown up under our present system of taxation.

I do not expect to see a general triumph of pure Socialism. It may be that ultimately we shall experiment with government ownership of railroads and public utilities, but I should look forward with terror to any such experiment. It may be that in the remedying of the defects of our civilization we as a nation shall be impelled into excesses of this sort for at least a brief period of our history. If it be so, the nation will be quick to remedy its mistakes when once it has tried them out and found them wanting.

I do not expect to see the great industrial consolidations destroyed. I do expect to see in the very near future a period in which the wholesale exploitation of the raw material of wealth, both labor and the products with which it works, will be curtailed. I do expect to see a very decided limitation placed upon the growth of tremendous industrial fortunes.

FROM SHIRT-SLEEVES TO SHIRT-SLEEVES

Granting such limitation, and granting patience upon the part of the people, I know that many of our defects will cure themselves. It is an old saying in this land that it is but three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. That phrase is no mere generalization: it is based upon scientific data. Twenty years ago, in the old city of Worcester, Massachusetts, Mr. Joseph H. Walker carried on an investigation along this line. He discovered that out of seventy-five manufacturers in that city in 1850, only thirty died or retired with property; while of the sons of these manufacturers only six, in 1890, held any property or had died in the meantime in possession of such. In 1878 there were 176 men engaged in the ten leading manufacturing trades of that city, and of these only fifteen had inherited their trade.

Give us time and we shall solve all the problems of the age. The makers of America to-day are almost without exception men who have made themselves. That is an American tradition that we shall carry on throughout the ages. I can not help but hope, even against the evidence of my own eyes and ears, that this plutocracy which to-day threatens the very life of the nation, can be passed into American history without an epoch-marking revolution. Only, we of the wealthy class have many things to learn, and we must learn them faithfully, sitting at the feet of the historians.

THE END.

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The BROWN WALL

By · G · W · OGDEN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

I AM a failure by all the standards to which men are applied for measurement. I can not make money. All my life I have been hungry. It began with a hunger of the body; it grew into a hunger of the soul. My efforts, born in fever, fall ill-shaped, half-molded; my ambitions vapor into the nebulous vacuity of dreams. I can do nothing to win for me a recognition; I have done nothing to move for me a tear. Commonplace; slow; leaden-minded. An ant in the ant-hill. A plodder with a burden. A failure.

I have failed to win even a woman's love.

And that is failure most grotesque. Witness how easy it is to win a woman's love. Fools achieve it every day.

The plaint of a failure. Agreed. So let me drag again at the submerged chain of a dun past. To me it is a melancholy-pleasant penance. It is all I have.

I believed in those far days that I should marry Grace—Grace, with braided hair that glistened in the sun like the scales of a perch. But wait. The story does not begin there. I should go back to the brown wall.

One of my earliest recollections is of the brown wall, hemming the arid slope of hillside, mounting to the hill crest, and crossing over to the ravine—the ravine, jagged and dry, like the scar on a soldier's cheek left by a fragment of powder-blackened shell. The hillside field was bare and brown, stone-harried, bleak. Sumacs, dwarfed, tortured, club-limbed like the rheumatic joints of an old man, grew along the wall. Looking over, with my toes in the clefts of the stones, I could see colonies of mullein, the plant of poverty and worn-out soils.

It was the shoemaker's wall, enclosing the shoemaker's land; and the shoemaker was a nimble little man, springy in the legs, full of abrupt, unexpected starts. No creature of his grazed upon the dwarfed herbage, no crop of the shoemaker's planting grew within the compass of the wall. Stones were

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there, breaking in black ledges from the sides of the dismal ravine, cropping up through the red, ungenerous soil, sulking just beneath it, always ready to the shoemaker's hand. His brown face, tight-skinned, quick-eyed, lifting behind the wall; his brown-coated back bending near it; his brown hands arraying the stones upon it, are part of the stern picture that my memory frames against the dun sky of a far autumnal evening. A solemn day—mist huddling like sheep in the valleys, the earth all brown, brown with the tint of ripeness and sleep; fallow lands; the smell of damp leaves in the low places, the smell of curing fodder rising out of the fields.

I was on my back beside the wall, my books flung aside in the wheel-track, my cap tossed out of reach, Wid Carew sitting on my chest, his knees on the flexor muscles of my arms, his dull eyes looking down at me out of the frame of his blunt face. He had assailed me without word or warning as we trudged home from school, throwing me with my back against the stones.

He had been eating buttered bread, a great round of it, white and spongy—his mother was famous for it—and the smell of the barm was in his breath as he leered down into my eyes. Butter smeared his lips, and he licked them, like a dog. He said nothing, but there was a kindling of satisfaction in his big gray eyes, a little point of light which sprang into each of them and gleamed, like the reflection of a torch.

The shoemaker, at his work of trimming the wall, straightened his back, looked over at us with approving nod at Wid, and bent to his task again. When Wid had satisfied his dumb, coarse soul, he allowed me to arise, silently, grimly. He then took another round of bread from his basket and plodded on, while I gathered my scattered possessions. The shoemaker bobbed up again, like a diver, gazing after Wid with a humorous look of admiration. He did not speak—only, after a bit, nodded seriously, then bent again to his labor.

I shall recall another picture, then proceed. It was winter, the thin wind screaming around the schoolhouse, where it sat on the knuckle of a little wooded hill. Noontime; and I, shivering in my insufficient clothing, shrinking against the lee of the building, was never so hungry. There passed a lad, great-limbed, full-blooded, well-fed, skates across his arm, hurrying to the pond. As he passed me he let fall a biscuit—he had been trying to hold two of them in a single hand—with a cake of sausage between its halves. It rolled almost to my feet over the sere grass. The boy kicked at it and missed, running on, shoving the remaining morsel into his mouth.

I was hungry. But pride forced down my natural, healthy desire to seize the discarded food. I turned my back and walked away. At the corner of the building the wind rushed upon me like a boisterous wrestler. I shrank back. How alluring was that food—the rich brown of the tempting sausage between the white bits of bread; how my heart quickened, guiltily, as I stepped forward, tottering on the brink! Suddenly my hunger swelled within me like a great, blinding passion. I ran to the spot where the biscuit lay, snatched it like a dog that steals another's portion, and ate it greedily, concealing it between bites in the pocket of my coat. As I gulped the last crumbs of it, wiping my lips lest a guilty trace remain behind and condemn me, Wid Carew put his head around the corner. In his usual grim, saturnine manner, he said nothing, but his long Scotch lip drew away from his teeth and widened into a grin. I knew that he had been watching me from the first.

That afternoon I sat with my shamed soul burning, my pride withering in the grip of a pain more intense than hunger even to death, the target of curious, insolent, mocking eyes, the butt of whispered jests, of grimaced expressions of contempt. Perhaps Grace did not understand the enormity of my crime against the conventions of the time and place. She looked at me sometimes, pityingly, lifting her big eyes from her book, her great, sleek braids of hair dangling down below her waist. At recess time she offered me an apple, which I refused, turning my back to keep her from seeing my tears.

Wid Carew's brutal treatment increased after that. It never varied, because, I believe, his arid mind was incapable of devising any new form of torture. Always he threw me and sat upon my chest, his thick knees on my pinioned arms. I followed him along the road after our one-sided encounters, furtively wiping my eyes. He never saw my tears. But he knew they were there.

This brings me up to my starting-point.

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In those far days I believed that I should marry Grace—Grace, with braided hair that glistened in the sun like the scales of a perch. I did not know that Wid Carew was the instrument of destiny; I did not know that I was beginning to assume my part in the world-old tragedy of nature, the elimination of the weak.

What right, above all the sorrows of mankind, had the Creator to give the weak desires!

I became a teacher early. Even while Wid was away in an eastern college and Grace was attending a fashionable, high-priced seminary in the South, I reigned as master in the same little school where, as an underfed, half-clad, thin-blooded boy, I had picked up the droppings of food to stay the pitching rebellion of my abused stomach. Every day I passed the brown wall where Wid Carew used to exercise his physical mastery over me; and I flushed in the hot hate I bore him for it even then.

I had been called a precocious boy. Teachers liked me for the small trouble I gave them, through the comprehension beyond my years. When I became teacher I understood. In my school were some children of the very poor, yet none so poor as I was in the old days. These children almost invariably were sharper of wit than the well fed. It is because the human mind, when the body suffers, wakes and becomes alert.

When a man struggles with death, especially death by suffocation—which comes nearer the horror of hunger than any other—his mind leaps up with vigor a thousand times stronger than in moments of safety. I know. Twice in the water, once beneath tons of gravel and sand, the experience has been mine. The mind seizes upon the past, reviews the incidents of years, and, in one suffocating moment, reads the trivial book down to the ultimate page and word. Why? I do not know. Let scientists explain, as they have a way of explaining things about which they know no more than you or I. But I know that this, too, is the way of hunger. It is truly a piquant sauce to the mind.

Our little community had grown. A populous village stood, trim, prosperous, where the scattering, poor hamlet of my childish days had sprawled. When Wid Carew came home from college he saw the opportunity, in the thrifty way he had inherited. With the money left him by old Peter, his shaggy, gray father, Wid founded a bank. People had confidence in Wid Carew, as people have confidence in any man that bruises their self-esteem and makes a parade of egotism. They put their money in his bank for him to lend out at eight per cent.

I think he left college a year before graduating—but of this I am not sure—to take advantage of the opening his crafty nature enabled him to see. At any rate, I know he was well established in his bank when Grace—he had drawn her father into the scheme as director—came home: a finished young lady, tall and handsome, I heard them say.

Months passed before I met her. In our little world, even, there were grooves. I followed mine. Often from the schoolroom windows I saw her canter past on a clean-limbed chestnut gelding, but I think I did not well reconcile the woman with the picture of the fair girl I had known before. This one had no braids of gleaming hair. Instead, a fluff of bound-up tresses, crowned by a mannish hat.

It was near the term end that I met her, when I walked, in the afternoon of a holiday, along a quiet road. In the air that day was the warm peace of repose before a mighty effort. The scent of earth's steaming body streamed upon the wind, the wild call of its kinship making the heart tremble and yearn. Here and there in the stark woods broke the pink of hardy redbud; on a hillside I saw a white cloud of wild plum blossoms, as if the veil of a bride had caught there as she passed. Then Grace came walking toward me along the still roadway bordered by brown hedges and little strips of tender green.

There was a certain equality of men among us at that time. Even now, older and wiser, I keep my provincial mind unchanged upon this matter. I never have seen a king. But I remember to have seen, when a boy, the picture of a king. That king had feet. God had given him feet to walk upon the ground. No more. Grace came toward me along the open road, quickening her pace when she recognized me, holding out her hand. I called her familiarly by her name. I thought she blushed a little, but she attempted no formality with me.

She was unaffected, sweet, ingenuous.

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At a flash all my old adoration, which had been put aside, somehow, like a boyish plaything, came back to me. But I did not have the courage of boyhood to tell myself again that I should marry her some day. She had much to say of the old days, many fine, friendly words on my success—the first words of encouragement ever offered me, save by my poor, humble, unlettered mother, with whom I lived, alone. I took all of them into the fecund soil of my warm young heart, nourishing them like the seeds of eternal hope. I told her in a boyish burst of pride, in the intoxication of having a confidante, what I never had told a living soul until that day. I told her of my Hope. I believe now I should have called it my Dream.

It was about a book which I was writing, a conception of one of my ebullient days of fever and unrest. She praised the undertaking, her beautiful eyes growing larger as I talked, out of her wonder and sympathy. It was something so big, so unheard-of for that nook of the world, to write a book.

That was the first walk together of many in the long vacation days. Her home lay out on the quiet roadway. Gossip said nothing of the friendship. Teachers and ministers are generally believed to be safe men to leave with wives and daughters, because they are generally estimated as creatures without human emotion. As for me, I was happy in the comradeship, conscious as I was of the growing passion within my heart, not wise enough to understand that I was blowing the eager flame into a fire that would, in the lapse of years, burn away the foundation of my earthly peace.

For I intended—after the old fashion again—to marry Grace some day. Indeed, said I, in pride and confidence, who else was there in our little world that could understand the fine fiber of her soul? Obviously, we had been designed for each other from the beginning. I would wait, I would not speak to her of my love, until success came. That would be time enough, when I had something to offer. Not long now. Grace said it could not be long.

One evening, feeling superior, and justified to myself in that feeling through my standing in her eyes, therefore willing to condescend, I stopped in passing where Oliver Hammond, the shoemaker, was trimming the copestones of his wall. I asked him, patronizingly, I am afraid, what he expected to do with that stony triangle.

"I've had it thirty years," said he, "and I guess I'll just keep it. That's all I guess I'll ever do with it."

"But why do you take such pains with the wall?" said I.

"I guess," said he, harping still on his reply to my first question, "it'll do to bury me in. One piece of ground's as good as another for that."

"It would bury a good many," said I, lamely, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes," he agreed, "it would. A man don't need much of a shop when he lays by the hammer and the last. He don't need no winders in a shop like that." He straightened his back, wrinkling the corners of his eyes humorously, leaning his elbow on the wall, then pointing along it. "Down there's the place," he smiled, "where that Carew boy used to throw you and set on your stomick."

I do not know that it was the shoemaker's purpose to humiliate me, but in an instant I felt my exalted spirits slump. I felt a sweep of cold recollections, such as strike us at times without being called, when the heart is singing on a summer's day. For a moment I was a boy again, a cowed, frail boy.

"He's a fox, that boy is," said the shoemaker, "and his father before him was a fox. He'll throw many a man down in his time and set on him, that's what Wid Carew he'll do."

"I suppose he will," returned I, bitterly. "It's the nature of the brute to do it."

"Smart," the shoemaker said; "sharp as vinegar. He'll make many a man wiggle and squirm in his day, like he used to make you wiggle and squirm, that's what old Peter Carew's boy'll do. Old Peter Carew was the hardest man I ever knew, hardest to them that owed him, hardest to himself. That man was mean enough to skin his own soul and sell the hide. His boy's like him, only he's got education, and old Peter he didn't have none, no more'n me. But you keep in mind my words: that Wid Carew'll make many a man wiggle and squirm in his day, that's what he'll do."

Summer dwindled. Autumn sent me back to my schoolroom. I saw Grace but seldom in the months that passed before the book was published. The publishers, like myself, held high hope for the book.

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"ALWAYS HE THREW ME AND SAT UPON MY CHEST, HIS THICK KNEES ON MY PINIONED ARMS."

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But the public would not buy it. It was a failure. I sought Grace with my first report from the publishers. Not enough books had been sold to pay for the plates. Grace was sympathetic. The disappointment belonged to both of us, we had counted upon success so surely. I saw tears in her eyes as she turned from the window suddenly.

"It's nothing," said I. "One failure doesn't down a man. I'll go at it harder, and win next time." I was younger then than now. Besides, one failure only wounds; many failures cripple.

She praised my determination, and I started to leave her. "Wait a little while," she said, placing her hand upon my arm. "I have to tell you something to-day. Haven't you heard?" said she. Then she fell into a silence. I waited. "Haven't you heard that I am soon to marry Wid?"

No, I had heard nothing. My schoolroom was my cloister, to which the gossip of the world did not come. Her announcement of betrothal drained the blood from my brain, leaving it inactive, numb. What a shock to fall upon the fresh tracks of the other disappointment! I had seen no outward indication of her preference for him above others, but in his silent, mole-like fashion he had been at work, while I, like a foolish spider, had been weaving dreams for him to brush away.

"He's foolishly jealous," she smiled—glad in her heart, I could see, that it was so—"like all you men; and he thinks I shouldn't see you this way any more." She looked at me quite frankly, without a flush of apology or a tremor of regret. The humiliation, the regret, were mine. "He has been so successful—don't you think so?" she asked, quite out of the way.

"Why not?" said I, bitterly. "His pleasure is in high-handed, hard bargains with the weak and unfortunate."

Then a quick fire burned in her face. "What do you mean?" she demanded.

"In time," I answered, foolishly, "you will learn. Perhaps I am bitter because of some boyish recollections."

"Oh, you silly child!" laughed she. "You should forget such things. I am sure Wid likes you."

"What grieves me, Grace," said I, solemn as a father confessor, and with what discretion I leave you to judge—as for myself, I see all my mistakes after they are made—"what grieves me to the heart is that one so gentle and good as you should care for a man like that. He is a heavy-minded creature, blunt, without a heart."

"I think women want men that way," she answered calmly. "Women are just a little more savage even than men. A woman likes a man that thrashes out unfeelingly and beats a way for himself, fearlessly, perhaps cruelly, just as his shaggy ancestors did. Wid is that kind of a man, and I am going to marry him."

I stood listening to her calm cruelty, feeling that she meant to contrast my failure with his success. My soul was in a sweat, my brain was singing like burning brushwood. I forgot my resolution never to lay bare my heart until success had crowned me. "He'll crush you in his greed and unfeeling ambition, crush you body and soul. I may be a failure—God knows I realize now that I am—but I——"

She smiled up at me, smoothing her placid hair. "I am going to marry him," she said.

"And I," cried I, wildly flinging my arms, "I love you, I love you!"

"I know," said she. "Poor boy!"

It was then early springtime. I walked homeward, leaving ambition and hope with her. In the path along the brown wall, I met Wid Carew, riding a great black, broad-chested horse. He was on his way from the village to her home, and had reined into the path to avoid the muck of the wheel-cut road. His horse was cantering over the springy turf, and I stopped, drawing near the wall, expecting him to give the way. He reined in as he came upon me, throwing his impatient animal back upon its haunches, scowling at me darkly, yet saying nothing. I met his eyes calmly, having no more to win or lose, hardly reading his intention, even then.

"Get out of my road," said he, flinging a filthy curse, "before I ride over you!"

He struck his horse sharply; the beast crouched, trembling; sprang toward me. My soul screamed within me, screamed with the savage desire that came to me as my heritage from unknown forebears back in the dark woods of an English shire—a spark of manhood so unworthily housed! I wanted to feel hot blood upon my hands; I panted to struggle and tear and slay. I seized the horse's bridle, hurling all of my strength against the great creature, trying

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to force it down the bank into the muddy road. Wid Carew bent over his saddle, reversed his whip, struck me a blinding blow upon the head, set rowels to the horse's sides. I reeled down the bank into the slush; he galloped on, not even turning his head to gaze upon my humiliation and defeat.

Shortly after Easter day they were married, Carew stepping from his bank to the altar, from the altar back to his bank, so engrossed was he in gain. Two weeks, exactly, from the wedding day, the bank failed to open. A notice on the door, posted by the examiner, stated that it had been closed by his order, upon discovery of irregularities.

Soon the truth became known. The bank was but a shell; Wid Carew had sucked the substance from it, and Wid Carew was gone. Speculation, they said, a desire to become a great, rich man at a bound. As though he had not gained enough when he rived from me my love!

The directors, it was understood, were holding a meeting inside the bank, where they had been the night long. Little hope was held of relief from them, the banking laws at that time being very lax, and a director's liability little more than optional with himself. In the street before the squat, stolid bank building, blunt as the face of Wid Carew itself, gathered the depositors, men and women who had trusted him because of his shrewdness, a quality supposed to have been handed down to him, intensified, from old Peter. They waited for the directors to appear.

I passed them on my way to school. I knew the story of each one's avarice, greed, self-denial, ambition, hope; I knew the history of each little hoard wasted by the scoundrel who now lacked courage to face whom he had despoiled. Oliver Hammond was among them, standing upon the steps of the bank, looking through the glass door at the iron front of the ransacked vault, a Gibraltar made of sand.

There was something in the face of the shoemaker which I could not read, something behind the terror, the suspense. The others stood dumbly, like cattle. That elusive shadow was upon the shoemaker's brow alone.

Presently the directors came out, one by one. Little promise, less hope. They would do what their circumstances would permit, they said. Things were in a bad way with the bank, very bad, indeed. Grace's father came last, bearing a thick account-book under his arm. On the steps of the bank, Oliver Hammond at his elbow, the old man stood. When he spoke, he spoke like the man that he was. Every dollar that he had, every inch of land, should go to meet, as far as possible, the defalcation of his daughter's husband. "It will not be enough," said he, "but it will be my all." Men crowded about him to grasp his hand; women pressed near, weeping their thanks. I passed on, mounting the hill to my schoolroom, where the wave of pain beating in the wake of men's ambition did not enter, save alone that which I bore within my breast.

Mother, a great gossip, told me at evening that Grace was broken under the shame. Where Wid Carew had gone, no man knew. Grace had retired to her father's house, leaving the home her husband had prepared for her out of his stolen gains. A sheriff's posse searched the country for trace of the fugitive banker; the telegraph carried his description abroad.

Several days after the tragedy of failure which showered gloom upon our village, I had occasion to carry some shoes to Hammond's shop. The old man was brooding over a book, which he closed crabbedly and put under his bench when I entered. Since the failure Hammond had behaved toward me with a vindictive sharpness, as though he felt that I might now exult over him.

"It ain't like I didn't know who he used to throw down and set on," said he, not looking at me, nor directly acknowledging my presence in any way, but fitting his foot to the strap which held the last upon his knees, his eyes upon the task. "And it ain't like I didn't know who it was he smashed on the head with his whip, neither," said he, looking up at me maliciously.

"I'd like to have new soles on these shoes, Mr. Hammond," said I. "Can you finish them by to-morrow night?"

He took the shoes, placed them on the floor near his feet, bent over his task again, silently. I turned to go. "Well, why don't you crow over me?" he demanded; "why don't you crow?" Even if I had been inclined to answer him, which I was not, he did not allow me time. "I'll tell you why

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you don't; you ain't got spirit enough, that's why. If you'd had any spirit you'd 'a' took a gun and filled that thievin' scoundrel full of lead the day he smashed you over the head with his whip." Hammond struck his last sharply. "What does everybody say? Everybody says you could 'a' *got* the girl if you'd 'a' had spirit enough in you to spunk up to her and try."

The rebuke burned hotly on my face. Hammond leaned toward me, drawing down his thin brows, holding out a curled and work-blackened hand. "Do you know how much money I had in that bank?" he asked. No, I did not know. "Well, I had four thousand dollars, that's what I had, and it took me twenty years to save it. That's gone. But I don't count that anything to what I'd count that man's treatment of me if I stood in your shoes. Ever since you was boys he lorded it over you; ever since then he took delight in hurtin' you; and if that feller had done to me what he has to you, I'd trace him and track him, like a hound, to the end of the world but I'd find him and kill him. By Heaven, I would—that's what I'd do!"

I left the shop, my hate stirred toward Wid Carew in those few tense moments as it never had been stirred before. I knew the shoemaker's arraignment was just; I knew that I had suffered like a coward and that men despised me for it. And a woman—what could a woman feel toward me!

There was no way home for me except past the old brown wall, with its debasing memories. What power had the crude words of that shoemaker over me to inflame me so? I did not know. But as I passed along the old wall, each stone of which bore witness to my degradation, I vowed that if Wid Carew ever came within my reach again, I would have his life.

Next evening, when I returned to the shop, I found Hammond in quite a different mood. He was almost gay, but under the mask still crouched that shadow which I could not read. I was short in my manner, and sullen. I paid for the work and was leaving. Hammond came after me, his last clattering to the floor.

"Them sheriffs are still huntin' for him," said he. "What would they give to know what I know! They're waitin' to lay hands on him and send him to jail; but you and me, we know a better place to send him; you and me, we've got our own way of squarin' our debts, ain't we?" He put his grimy hand upon my arm, leering at me familiarly.

"Do you mean that you know where he is?" I demanded, an eager dryness in my gullet.

"I know his tracks—I made them shoes. I've seen his tracks this very day. He's got some scheme on hand that's not settled yet; he'll be back to-night. If you want to wipe out old scores with that sneakin' thief, meet me here after dark."

"I'll come," I answered, the blood gorging my brain, darkening my vision, like a heavy veil.

In the shadow of the old stone wall we lurked—Hammond, the shoemaker, and I. We had been there since early dark, and now the clock upon the town-hall tower had counted one. What had been mist when we took up our watch had thickened into rain, swishing mournfully around us. I did not feel the unfriendliness of the night, crouching there, feeding my heart upon its bitter memories. "To-night," I said, "I shall see the long account balanced."

Oliver Hammond had his rifle; I held a revolver in the outside pocket of my coat. And I fed my heart upon its store of bitter memories, breaking off to whet my desire for vengeance by making mental pictures out in the road beside the wall.

I saw him there, his face turned upward to the clouds, the rain falling upon it as his mother's tears might fall, seeking vainly to purge his soul. I saw him lying prone, his limbs stiffening in the night, his great, brutal hands flung out among the mullein and dank leaves. The sun in the morning would come up in the heavens and peer down into his eyes, glazed over with the seal of death. It was satisfying to draw this picture—I was a savage.

Then I wondered if it would not be well to cover his face, as they cover the faces of those that die as God intended, with what pain He visits, at home, in their beds. And they cover the clocks and mirrors, too, I thought, when a man lies dead within the house. Why, I wondered and pondered, again and over, why? Perhaps, thought I, they cover the clocks' faces because clocks are man's greatest accusers in life, measuring the long, white days he squanders upon the vanities and dross of earth. Perhaps they cover them when a man lies dead, fear-

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"BE STILL—HE'S COMIN' NOW!"

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ful that they, looking down into his face stripped of its subtle defenses and cunning deceits, might peer into its secret places and read his soul to hell.

"He crossed and recrossed the wall right here last night," muttered Hammond. "I lost his tracks out in the meadow, but he had some reason, I tell you. He's bound to come again, and—be still—he's comin' now!"

He came from the direction of the village, not the way we expected. Behind the clouds, somewhere, the moon shone. A pale, gray light, such as falls upon the bottom of a stream, enabled us to see him very well. He came along the wall with a long, measured tread, evidently stepping the distance between certain points. Ten feet or a rod from us he stopped, felt the top of the wall as if fumbling for a mark, moved as if to mount it, hesitated. Then he turned and passed on.

"That's it," said the shoemaker; "he's goin' to see *her*. Just because I somehow knew he *was* goin' to see her I didn't shoot him when he stood out there. He'll be back. But you go after him. Watch him. He'll come back; he's got something hid away around here somewhere that he can't go away without. Go after him. If he starts to leave, after seein' her, by any other way but this road, he's yours. But if he starts back this way, you leave him alone—hear me, leave him alone, he's mine! Remember, if he starts this way, he's mine! I'd demand him of the devil himself."

By the sound of his footsteps I followed him. He must have conveyed word to her in some way, for in the darkness of the lawn shrubbery at her father's house, her girlhood home, she was waiting. What they said I do not know. I crept as near as I might, so that I should not lose him, yet not caring to spy upon her sorrow. I only know that their meeting was brief, and at the end she seemed to be denying him something—I thought it must be a request to fly with him. "No, no," I heard her sobbing, "I will not—I can not! Leave me now, go, go, go!" It was more a command than a request. I heard him coming over the sodden grass.

It must be down the road, thought I, down the road, out of her hearing. And I would do it like a man, face to face, giving him a chance to fight if he desired. I meant to challenge him and give him time. I did not think of that while lurking with the shoemaker behind the wall. I listened. He had turned into the road in the direction of the village again, the road leading past the brown wall. By the terms of our agreement he was not mine to slay; but that did not matter to me then.

I led on ahead of him, going softly, well used to walking over that road where his own feet had seldom carried him. He stumbled much, and breathed like a runner. I hoped that he would fight. I hoped that he would front me with his old arrogant confidence. I wanted him to die with that sneer of conscious superiority on his face, so that it would fade as his life ebbed, and die with him, forever. She must not hear. At a point where the road turned, so that it would break the sound, I waited.

He came up like one hard-driven. I presented my weapon at his breast when he rounded the turn, calling him by name. Coming on ahead of him, I had rehearsed the scene, over and over. "If you are a man at this last hour, come forward and die like a man, for in this hour you die!" That was it.

And so I presented my weapon at his breast.

I said: "Hold on, Wid; don't go down by the brown wall—Hammond's wall, I mean."

He reeled from me as if I had struck him, shrinking into the shadow of some near-by trees. Presently he started, as if spurred by some new terror, leaped the low hedge, and fled across the fields.

I held my aim on him, hesitating, like a poor hunter while the bird whirs away. Then I remembered. That was not the plan—that was not the plan—*that was not the plan*. Face to face, face to face. I must challenge him face to face. And I had challenged him face to face. My time was past. At the last, at the last, I had spoken like a friend!

Dawn found me there, out on the still highway, bordered by its brown hedges and little strips of springing green, the road made holy in my memory because her feet had sanctified it; dawn found me there, where she came on that other spring day, like a word of promise into my somber life.

My thoughts ran from me in a turgid stream. At the supreme moment—hours and hours I had weighed the question and no answer came—at the supreme moment, who had been the coward—he, or I?

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UNDER · THE · PROPHET IN · UTAH

The National Menace of A Political Priestcraft

BY · FRANK · J · CANNON

FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH

In Collaboration with HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Editor's Note—In this instalment of ex-Senator Cannon's narrative, he tells how he, with other financial leaders of the Mormon Church, came East to the money market to discuss with Harriman, Gould, and other potent financiers the alliances that later have become so intimate. Even while these negotiations were pending in New York, a new spirit came to rule in Utah, and this, in connection with the financial relationships then arranged, marked the beginning of the decline of the Mormon system from a religious communism, administered for the common good, to the hierarchical capitalism by which the Mormon people are now exploited. This instalment relates the passing of the old era of Church leadership with the death of President Woodruff, and the inauguration of a religious absolutism with President Snow.

CHAPTER IX—AT THE CROSSWAYS

IN 1897, the Church, freed of proscription, with its people enjoying the sovereignty of their state rights, had—as I have already said—only one further enfranchisement to desire; and that was its freedom from debt. The informal "finance committee" of which I was a member had succeeded in concentrating the bulk of the indebtedness in the East, on short term loans, and had brought a certain order out of the confusion due to the older methods of administration. But in 1897 my father proposed a comprehensive plan of Church finance that included the issuance of Church bonds and the formation of responsible committees to regulate and manage the business affairs of the Church, so that the bonds might be made a normal investment for Eastern capital by having a normal business method of administration to back them. The idea was tentatively approved by the Presidency, and I was asked to draw up the plan in detail.

To this end there were placed in my hands sheets showing the assets, liabilities, revenues, and disbursements of the Church. They gave a total cash indebtedness of $1,200,000, approximately. The revenues from tithes for the year 1897 were estimated at a trifle more than a million dollars—the total being low because of the financial depression from which the country was just recovering. The available property holdings—exclusive of premises used for religious worship, for educational and benevolent work, and such kindred purposes—were valued at several millions (from four to six), although there was no definite appraisal or means of obtaining appraisal, since the values would largely attach only when the properties were brought into business use. I was advised that the incomes of the Church would prob-

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ably increase at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, but I do not know by what calculations this ratio was reached.

The disbursements were chiefly for interest on debt, for the maintenance of the temples and tabernacles, for educational and charitable work, for missionary headquarters in other countries, and for the return of released missionaries. The missionaries themselves received no compensation; they were supposed to travel "without purse or scrip"; their expenses were defrayed by their relatives, and they had to pay out of their own pockets for the printed tracts which they distributed. Neither the President nor any of the general authorities received salaries. There was an order that each apostle should be paid $2,000 a year, but this rule had been suspended, except perhaps in the cases of men who had to give their whole time to religious work and who had no independent incomes. Some occasional appropriations had been made for meeting-houses in communities that had been unable to erect their own chapels of worship, but for the most part there were few calls made upon the Church revenues to support its religious activities, its priests, or its propaganda.

Our proposed committees, therefore, were a committee on missionary work, one on publication, one on colonization, one on political protective work for the Mormons in foreign countries, and—most important—a finance committee selected from the body of apostles, with the addition of some able men connected with financial institutions. As a basis for the work of the finance committee, we proposed the establishment of an interest fund, a sinking fund, and a scale of percentage disbursements for the various community purposes. These committees were to be appointed by the conferences of the people, and the committee reports were to be public.

President Woodruff eagerly accepted the plan as relieving the Presidency of administrative cares that were becoming too great for the quorum to carry. Joseph F. Smith did not at once awake to the real meaning of the proposal; but when the scheme was submitted in its matured details, he spoke of the danger of allowing power in business matters to pass from the hands of the "trustee in trust." His idea was sufficiently clear in its resistance to any diffusion of authority, but it was correspondingly void of any suggestion of substitute. For the time being he was pacified by our assurance that the "Kingdom of God" and the rule of its Prophets would not necessarily be endangered by the organization of committees and the submission of financial plans to the general knowledge, and even to the consent, of the people.

It was, of course, evident to the First Councillor that this scheme of Church administration would give the Mormon people a measure of responsible government, and the proposal was a part of his wisdom as a community leader seeking the common welfare. While we had been a people on whom the whole world seemed to be making war, a dictatorship had been necessary; but now that we had arrived at peace and liberty, a concentration of irresponsible power would surely become dangerous to progress. Without, therefore, impairing the religious authority of the Prophet, the First Councillor was willing to divide the temporal power of the Church among its members.

He was as silent about these aims with me as with all others; but I had learned to understand him in his silences; and, in joining with him in his work of reform, I was as sure of his purpose as I have since been sure of the disaster to the Mormon people that has come of the failure to effect the reform.

When the Presidency had approved of the flotation of bonds, I went with my father to New York to aid him in interesting Eastern capitalists in the investment. We interviewed Judge John F. Dillon and Mr. Winslow Pierce, of the law firm of Dillon & Pierce, attorneys for some of the Union Pacific interests; and through them we met Mr. Edward H. Harriman, Mr. George J. Gould, and members of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company.

It was interesting to watch the encounters between the Mormon prophet and some of these astutest of the nation's financiers; for it was as if one of the ancient patriarchs had stepped down from the days of early Israel to discuss the financial problems of his people with a modern "captain of industry." He described a condition of society that was, to Wall Street, archaic. He spoke with a serene assurance that the order of affairs in Utah was constituted in the wisdom of the word of God. He was listened to, with the interest of curiosity, as the chief living exponent of the Mormon movement, its proc-

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esses and its aims; and I was impressed with the sense that these men of the world had a large and splendid sympathy for our effort to abolish poverty and establish a quicker justice in the practical affairs of our people.

It was of the abolition of poverty and the justice of the social order among the Mormons that the First Councillor chiefly spoke. "Your clients," he said to Judge Dillon, "make their investments frequently in railroad stocks and bonds. What are the underlying bases of the values of railroad securities? Largely the industry and stability of the communities through which the railroad lines shall operate. Then, in reality, the security is valuable in proportion to the value of the community in its steadfastness, its prosperity, and the safety of its productive labor. In your railroad investments you are obliged to take such considerations as a secondary security. In negotiating this Church loan with your clients, you can offer the same great values as a primary security. Probably nowhere else in the world is there a people at once so industrious and so stable as ours."

Photograph by Shipler's, Salt Lake City

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING OF THE CHURCH, WHERE THE PRESIDING BISHOP HAS HIS OFFICES FOR THE COLLECTION OF TITHES.

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It was the boast of the Mormons that there had not been an almshouse or an almstaker in any of their settlements, up to the time of the escheat proceedings by the Federal officials; and this was literally true. Every man had been helped to the employment for which he was best fitted. If an immigrant in his former estate had been a silk-weaver, efforts were made to establish his industry and give it public support. If he had been a musician of talent, a little conservatory was founded, and patronage obtained for him.

When the growth of population made it necessary to open new valleys for agriculture, the Church, out of its community fund, rendered the initial aid; in many instances the original irrigation enterprises of small settlements were thus financed; and the investments were repaid not only directly, by the return of the loan, but indirectly, many times over, by the increased productiveness and larger contributions of the people. Cooperation in mercantile, industrial, and stock-raising undertakings assured the support and patronage of each community for its own particular enterprise, prevented destructive competition, and checked the greed of the individual—for the more he toiled for himself, the larger the share of the general burden he had to carry.

It was the First Councillor's theory that when people contributed to a common fund they became interested in one another's material welfare. The man who paid less in tithes this year than last was counseled with as to why his business had been unsuccessful, and the wise men of his little circle aided him with advice and material help. The man who contributed largely was glad to yield a part of his prosperity—in recognition of what the community had done for him and in a reverent gratitude to God for making him "a steward of mighty possessions"—but he was anxious that his neighbor also should be a larger contributor each year.

The whole system of tithe-paying was built upon a series of purported "revelations" received by Joseph Smith, the original Prophet. It was declared to be the will of God that all men, as stewards of their possessions, should give of their increase annually into "the storehouse of the Lord," which should always be open for the relief of the poor. Inasmuch as the man who received help—or whose widow and children did so—had been a tithe-payer during all his productive years, there was none of the feeling of personal humiliation on the part of the recipient, nor any of the feeling of condescending charity on the part of the giver, in the distribution of funds to the needy. And it was astonishing how few the needy were—because of the abstemious lives, the industry, and the thrift of the workers.

The Church tribunals heard and settled all disputes over property or personal rights not involving the criminal law. Expensive litigation was thus avoided. Society was saved the cost of innumerable courts. There were many counties in which no lawyer could be found; and everywhere among the Mormons, it was considered an act of evil fellowship, amounting almost to apostasy, for a man to bring suit against his brother in the civil tribunals.

In short—as my father pointed out—Utah, at that time, expressed the only full-bodied social proposition in the United States. There never had been in America another community whose future, in the economic aspects, offered so clear a solution of problems which still remain generally unsettled. It was as if a segment of the great circle of modern humanity had been transported to another world, otherwise unpopulated, and there—with the experience gained through centuries of human travail—had attempted the establishment of a just, beneficent, and satisfying social order.

I am here repeating this argument—this exposition—because the financial absolutism of the Prophets of the Church has since ruined the whole Mormon experiment in communism, put the Mormon paupers into the public poorhouses, used the tithes to support the large financial ventures of the Prophet's favorites, and turned the Church's "community enterprises" into monopolistic exploitations of the Mormon people. And this change began even while our negotiations were pending in New York—for they were prolonged, for various reasons, into the summer of 1898, and they were interrupted finally by the death of President Woodruff.

As soon as I received word of his illness I took train for Utah. The news of his death met me on the journey home. Since I derived my sole authority from him, upon my arrival in Salt Lake City I went to the cashier of the Church, gave him the keys and the password to the safety-deposit box in New

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York, and withdrew from any further participation in the Church's financial affairs. When I came to the office of the Presidency I found that my father had removed his desk; and this was an indication to me of what was happening in the inner circles of Church intrigue.

The president of the quorum of apostles invariably succeeds to the Presidency of the Church, although it is left to the apostles to decide, and their choice is supposed to be directed by inspiration. His election is subsequently ratified by the General Conference; but this ratification is a mere form, because the conference must either accept the choice of the apostles or rebel against "the revelation of God."

Apostle Lorenzo Snow was president of the quorum of apostles, and therefore in line for the Presidency. But usually, after the death of a President, a considerable period was allowed to elapse before the selection of his successor, with the government resting in the quorum of apostles meanwhile, even for a term of years. As soon as I arrived in Salt Lake, Apostle Snow asked me to a private interview (in the same small back room of the President's offices), inquired about the financial negotiations that I had been conducting, and asked me whether it was not essential to the success of our business affairs that as soon as possible the Church should elect a President, empowered as "trustee in trust." I replied that it was. He invited me to attend a conference of the apostles and give my views upon the situation.

This seemed to me an act of rather shallow cunning, for I knew I was too unimportant a person to be so consulted unless he thought my report would aid his intrigue. Such intriguing was offensive to the religious traditions of the Church; and it outraged my feeling for President Woodruff, who was hardly cold in death before this personal and worldly ambition caught at the reins of his office. Snow had been a man of small weight in the government of the Church. He had known none of the responsibilities of great leadership. He was eighty-four years old.

However, it was impossible for us to maintain the Church's credit in the East unless our community were represented by some choate authority, since our credit rested on the belief that the Mormon people were ready to consecrate all their possessions at any time to the service of the Church, at the command of the President. I advised the apostles of this fact. Snow was elected President on September 13, 1898, eleven days after Woodruff's death. He followed the usual precedent in choosing my father and Joseph F. Smith as his Councillors.

But he took possession of his new authority with the manner of an heir entering upon the ownership of a personal estate for which he had long waited—and which he proposed to enjoy to the full for his remaining years. In a most literal sense he held that all the property of the people of the Church was subject to his direction, as chief earthly steward of "the Divine Monarch," and he proceeded to exercise his assumed prerogatives with an autocracy that made even Joseph F. Smith complain because the Councillors were never asked for counsel. As resident apostle of Box Elder County and president of the Box Elder "stake of Zion," Snow had already shown his ambition as a financier, disastrously; and it was as the financial head of the Church that he was chiefly to rule during his term of absolutism.

Of all the Church leaders that I had known, he was the only man who showed none of the robustness of the Western experience. Tall, stately, white-bearded, elegant, and courtly, he prided himself most obviously on his manners and his culture. He rarely spoke in any but the most subdued and silken tones of suavity. He walked with a step that was almost affected in its gentility. If he had any passions, he held them in such smooth concealment that the public credited him with neither force nor unkindness. He had been a great traveler (as a missionary); he had written his autobiography, somewhat egotistically; he was devoted to the forms of his religion, like a medieval prince of the Church and an *élégante*. But under all the artificialities of personal vanity and exterior grace, he proved to have a cold determination that seemed more selfishly ambitious than religiously zealous.

At once, upon his accession to power, he notified us that he did not intend to carry out any such plan as we had suggested for the administration of the Church's finances. It meant a diffusion of authority; and he held that the best results had been obtained by keeping all power in the hands of the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, and of those whom he might appoint to work with him.

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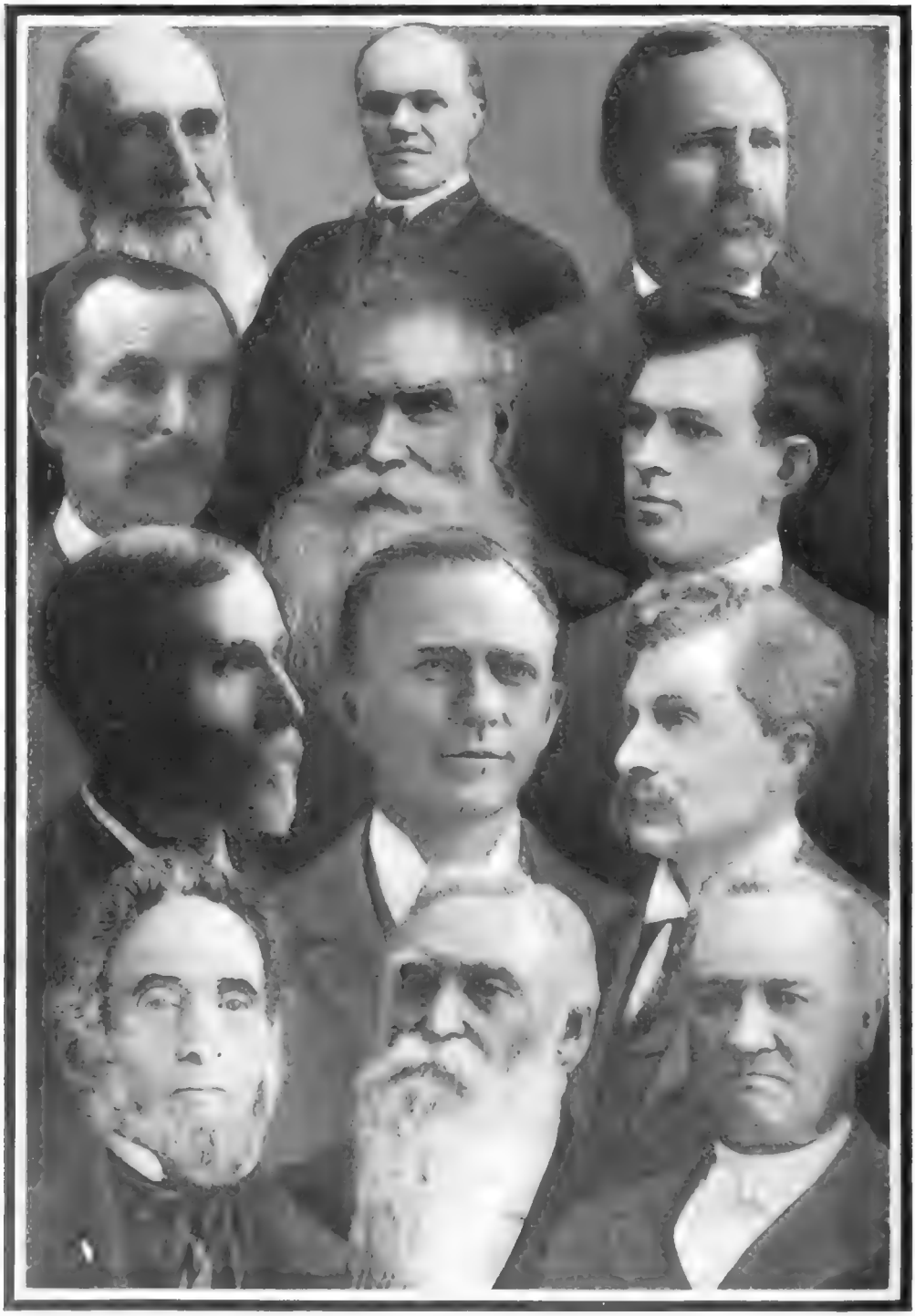

A STUDY IN MORMON LEADERS: MEMBERS OF THE MOR-
ENSLAVES MEN AND WOMEN IN POLYGAMY, AND HOLDS

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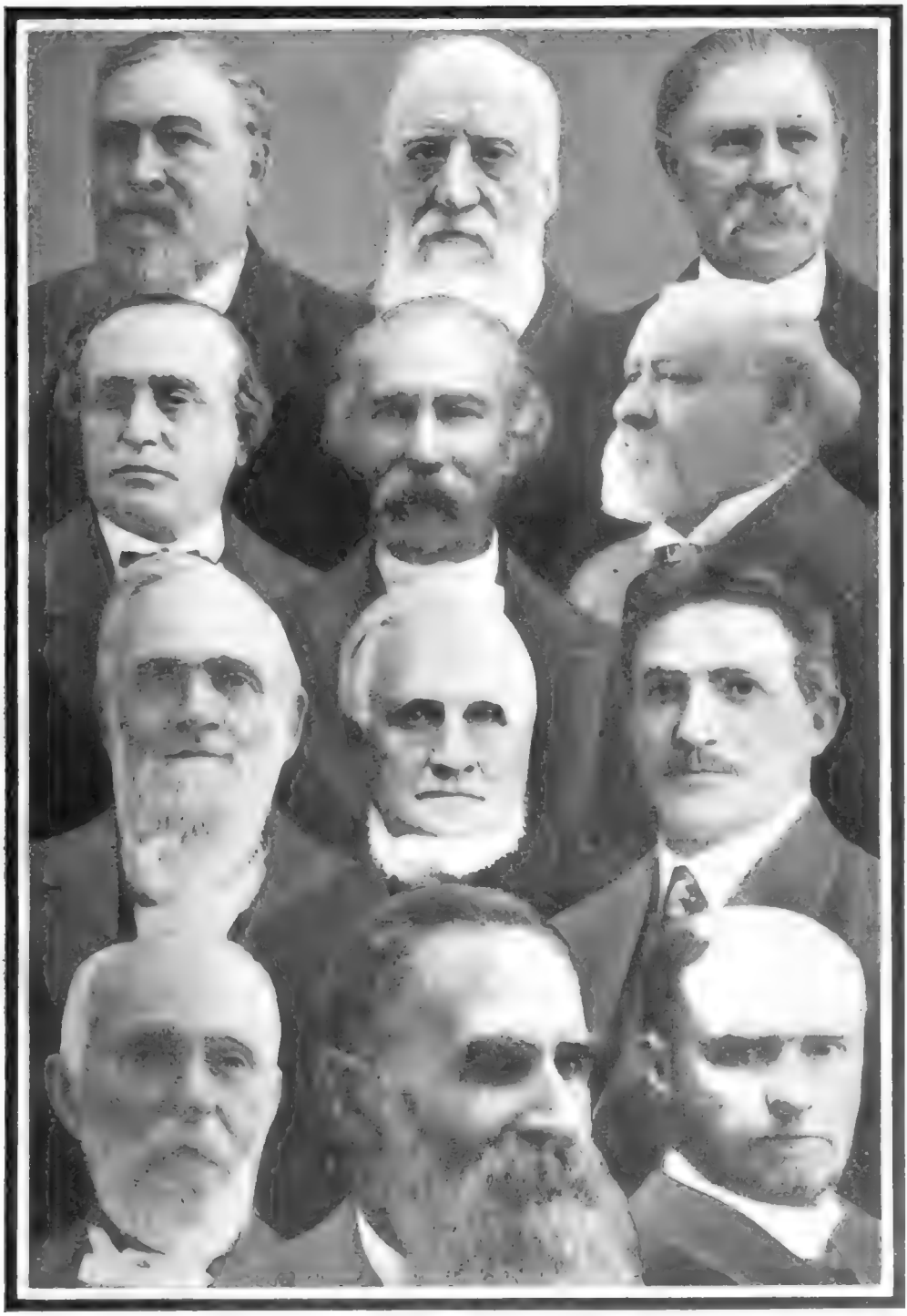

MON HIERARCHY—OF A RELIGIOUS ABSOLUTISM WHICH THE STATE OF UTAH UNDER POLITICAL DOMINATION.

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Joseph F. Smith, at a meeting of the Presidency, was even more positive. No good, he said, could come of publishing the affairs of the community to the people of it; those affairs were purely the concern of the Prophets; the Lord revealed His will to the Prophets, and they were responsible only to Him.

My father necessarily bowed to the President's decision. "It is within the authority of the Prophet of the Lord," he counseled me, "to determine how he will conduct the business of the Church. President Snow has his own ideas."

By that decision, as I see it now, an autocracy of financial power was confirmed to the President of the Mormon Church at a time when a renewal of prosperity among its people was about to make such power fatal to their liberties. It was confirmed to a man who proved himself eager for it, ambitious to increase it, and secretly unscrupulous in his use of it. He proceeded at once to preach the doctrine of contribution with unexampled zeal, but he administered the "common fund," so collected, with none of the old feeling of responsibility to the people who contributed it. He became the first of the new financial pontiffs of the Church who have used the "money power" as an aid to hierarchical domination.

Moreover, in his desire to fill the coffers of the Church, he engaged in "practical politics" and made a profit out of Church influence both in business enterprises and in political campaigns. He proved himself peculiarly qualified by nature to construct and direct a secret political machine—a machine whose operations were never to be observable except to the close student of Utah's ecclesiasticism—a machine that was to be all the more effective because of its silent certainty. As the succeeding chapters of this narrative will show, although he affected a fine superiority to unclean political work and always publicly professed that the Church of Christ was holding itself aloof from the strife of partisanship, there was no political event on which he did not fix the calculating eye of his ambitious clericalism; there was no candidacy that he did not reach with those slender but powerful fingers which controlled the destiny of a state and trifled with the honor of a people.

His accession marked the change from the old to the new régime in Utah. Leadership was no longer a dangerous honor. Proscription no longer made the authorities of the Church strong by persecution—hardy chiefs of a poverty-stricken people—leaders as sensible of the obligations of power as their followers were faithful in their allegiance of duty. Political freedom and worldly prosperity made the office of President a luxurious sovereignty, easily tyrannical, fortified in its religious absolutism by its irresponsible power of finance, and protected in its social abuses, from the interference of the nation, by an alliance with the commercial rulers of the nation and by a duplicity that worldliness has learned to dignify with the respectability of material success.

CHAPTER X

ON THE DOWNWARD PATH

DURING the last years of President Woodruff's life there had been a slow decline of the feeling that it was necessary for self-protection that the hierarchy should preserve a political control over the people. I can not say that the feeling had wholly passed. It had continued to show itself, here and there, whenever a candidate was so pertinacious in his independence that words of disfavor were sent out from Church headquarters in one of those whispers that carry to the confines of the kingdom of the priests. But the progress was apparent. The tendency was clear. And in 1898 there was neither internal revolt nor external threat to provoke a renewal of the exercise of that force which is necessarily despotic if it be used at all.

Yet, in September, 1898, President Snow, if he did not instigate, at least authorized, the candidacy of Brigham H. Roberts for Congress—a polygamist who had been threatened with excommunication for his opposition to the "political manifesto" of 1896, and who had recanted and made his peace with the hierarchy. His election, now, would be a proof that the Church could punish a brilliant orator and courageous citizen in the time of his independence and then reward him in the day of his submission; and the authorities would thus demonstrate to all the people that the one way to political preferment lay through the annihilation of self-will and the submergence of national loyalty in priestly devotion. Such a candidacy was a sufficient shame to the state; but there was also a United States

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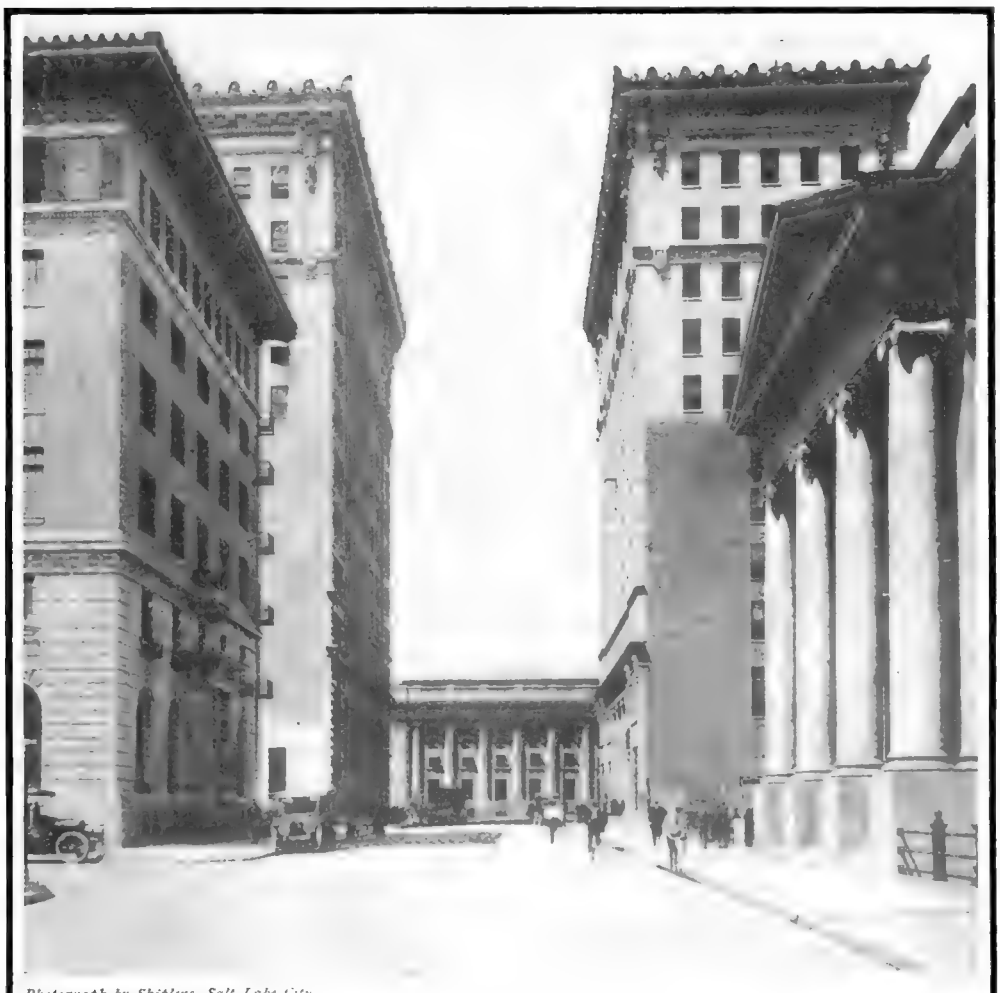
senatorship to be bestowed; and it was deliberately bargained for, between the Church authorities and a man who deserved better than the alliance into which he entered.

Alfred W. McCune was a citizen of Utah who had gone out from the territory in the days of its poverty (and his own), had made a fortune in British Columbia and Montana, and had returned to his home state to enrich it with his generosities. He was not a Mormon, but he had wide Mormon connections. He spent his millions in public enterprises and benefactions; and the Church had benefited in the sum of many thousands by his subscriptions to its funds and institutions.

Apostle Heber J. Grant, a Republican by sentiment but a Democrat by pretension, was selected by President Snow to barter the senatorship to McCune. There can be no doubt of it. Every one immediately suspected it. Letters from Grant, published in the newspapers of January, 1899, subsequently confirmed it. And President Snow's actions, toward the end of the campaign, proved it.

The other candidates were Judge O. W. Powers, a prominent Democrat; William H.



Photograph by Shipler, Salt Lake City

SALT LAKE'S FINANCIAL DISTRICT, SHOWING, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, COMMERCIAL CLUB, NEWHOUSE BUILDING, FEDERAL BUILDING, BOSTON BUILDING, AND SALT LAKE MINING EXCHANGE BUILDING.

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King, also a Democrat, a former member of Congress and at one time a Federal judge; and myself as an independent Silver Republican. I had not allied myself with the Democrats after withdrawing from the Republican convention of 1896; and the Republican machine in Utah (thanks to the power of the "interests") had repudiated me in September, 1898, by adopting a platform that refused to support as senator any man who had opposed the Dingley Tariff Bill. But I had the votes of my own county of Weber, and some other votes that had been pledged to me before the election of members of the legislature; and though my return to the Senate seemed plainly impossible, I went into the fight in fulfillment of understandings which I had with progressive elements in Utah and with the "insurgents," of that day, in Washington.

During the campaign to elect members of the legislature, I supported the Democratic state and congressional ticket. Brigham H. Roberts had been nominated for Congress on this ticket—despite the protests of my father and many others who foresaw the evil results of electing a polygamist. I accepted Roberts's nomination as proof that this question must be settled anew at Washington; and I contented myself with predicting, throughout the campaign, that the House of Representatives would determine whether it would admit a polygamist and a member of the hierarchy as a lawmaker, and would so forever dispose of these ecclesiastical candidacies of which Utah refused to dispose for itself. (And it is a fact that since the prompt exclusion of Roberts from the House of Representatives no known polygamist has been elected to either House of Congress.)

A Democratic legislature was elected, and A. W. McCune was put forward prominently as a candidate for the United States senatorship. He was assisted by his own newspaper, the *Salt Lake Herald*, by numberless business interests, cleverly by the *Deseret News* (the organ of the hierarchy), flagrantly and for financial reasons by Apostle Heber J. Grant, and incidentally by the Smiths on behalf of the Church. Also a Republican assistance was given him by my former colleague in the Senate, Arthur Brown, who specialized as an opponent to my candidacy.

My old campaign manager, Ben Rich, had been withdrawn from me by a Church order appointing him in control of the Eastern missions. I was without the support of either the Democratic or the Republican organization: my following was a personal one; and consequently the attack upon me chiefly took the form of stories of personal immorality, privately circulated. These stories culminated in a motion before the Woman's Republican Club, demanding my withdrawal from the senatorial contest on the ground of "gross misconduct"—a motion introduced by a Mrs. Anna M. Bradley, a woman politician (who was a stranger to me), with the assistance of Mrs. Arthur Brown, wife of the former senator.

If I ever had any resentment against these unfortunate women for allowing themselves to be used as the agents of slander, it passed in the miseries that overtook them later; for Mrs. Brown died of the scandal of her husband's intimacy with Mrs. Bradley, and Mrs. Bradley shot and killed ex-Senator Brown, in a Washington hotel, because he refused to marry her and recognize her child after her divorce from her husband.

My anger then, and since, was not against the women, but against the men who hid behind them—against Apostle Heber J. Grant and Apostle John Henry Smith and their tool, ex-Senator Brown. In my anger I decided to take an action that looked as desperate as it proved successful. I hired the Salt Lake Theatre for a night (February 9, 1899), and announced that I would speak on "Senatorial Candidates and Pharisees"—intending to use the opportunity of self-defense in order to attack the "financial apostles" who were selling Church influence.

In taking that step I understood, of course, that it meant the death for me of any political ambition in Utah. It meant offending my father, who besought me not to raise my hand against "the Lord's anointed," but to leave my enemies "to God's justice"—as *he* had always done with *his*. It meant a breach with many of my friends in the Church who would blindly resent my criticism of the political apostles as an encouragement to the enemies of the faith. But the part that I had taken in helping Utah to gain its statehood made it impossible for me to stand aside now and see all our pledges broken, all our promises betrayed. I had to offer myself as a sacrifice to hierarchical resentment in the hope that my destruction might give at least a momentary

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pause to the reactionaries in their career.

It is needless that I should relate all the incidents of that wild night. The theatre was packed with people who joined me for the moment in a sympathetic protest against the disgrace of Utah. President Lorenzo Snow, his two Councillors, and several apostles were present, and I spoke without any reservations on account of personal relationship, my own candidacy, or the possible effect upon my own affairs. I appealed to the people to prevent the sale of Utah's senatorship to McCune by Apostle Grant and the Church reactionaries; and, by turning the light of publicity upon the methods that were being employed in the legislature, I made it impossible for the hierarchy to sway enough votes to elect McCune. The men who had pledged themselves to the other candidates could not be shaken from their support without a national scandal. The election settled for the time into a deadlock, in which no candidate could obtain enough votes to elect him.

Apostle Heber J. Grant started to write letters that should counteract the effect of my speech, but President Snow forbade him to continue the controversy and sent word to me that he had forbidden Grant to continue it. I did not know why President Snow wished me to feel that he was friendly to me, but I was soon to learn.

The deadlock in the legislature continued, in spite of all the efforts of the Church authorities to break it. Our political workers, summoned one by one by messengers from Church headquarters, had gone to interviews from which they did not return to us —until I had left only Judge Edward F. Colborn (a famous character in Kansas, Colorado, and Utah), and an old friend, Jesse W. Fox. One night about a week after the meeting in the theatre, we three were sitting alone in my rooms, when the door opened and some one beckoned to Fox. He went out. Judge Colborn opened a window, to see Fox getting into a carriage with a man from Church headquarters—and we knew that our last worker was gone.

He returned only to tell me that President Snow wished to see me—that if I were willing, the President would like to have me call upon him at half past nine the following evening in his residence. And I understood the significance of such an invitation for such an hour. I had been too often in contact with the power of the Prophets to doubt what was required of me. I was curious merely to know what form the ultimatum would take.

President Snow was then living with his youngest wife in a house a few blocks from the offices of the Presidency. I drove there in a carriage and ordered the driver to wait for me. President Snow opened the door to me himself, received me with his usual engaging smile, and ushered me into a reception room that was shut off, by portières, from a larger parlor. There, when he had invited me to be seated, he said, winningly: "I was not sure you would come in answer to my message."

I assured him that I had not so far lost my regard for the men with whom my father was associated. "And besides," I said, "if there were no other reason, it is my place, as the younger of the two, to attend on your convenience."

"I did not know," he replied, "but that you thought me one of the 'Pharisees' of whom you spoke."

I did not accept this invitation to reply that I did *not* consider him one of the Pharisees. I explained merely that I had identified the Pharisees in my speech by name and deed and accusation. "Unless something there said is applicable to you, I have no charge to make against you."

He excused himself a moment to go to an infant whom we could hear crying in an inner room; and when he returned he had the child in his arms—a little girl, in a nightgown. He sat down, petting her, stroking her hair with his supple, lean hand, affectionately, and smiling with a sort of absent-minded tenderness as he took up the conversation again.

This memory of him sticks in my mind as one of the most extraordinary pictures of my experience. I knew that I had come there to hear my own or some other person's political death sentence. I knew that he would not have invited me at such an hour, with such secrecy, unless the issue of our conference was to be something dark and fatal. And in the soft radiance of the lamp he sat smiling—fragile of build, almost spirituelle, white-haired, delicately cultured—soothing the child, who played with his long, silvery beard and blinked sleepily. He inquired whether my carriage was waiting for me, and I replied that it was. He asked me to dismiss it. When I returned to the room, the little girl was

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quiet, and he excused himself to take her to her cot. I heard him closing the doors behind him as he came back. "We may now talk with perfect freedom," he announced. "There's no one else in this part of the house."

He sat down in his chair, composing himself with an air that might have distinguished one of the ancient kings. "I have sent for you to talk about the senatorial situation. May I speak plainly to you?"

I replied that he might. He was watching me, under his gray eyebrows, with his soft eyes, in which there was a glitter of blackness, but none of the rheum of old age.

"It would be most unfortunate," he said, "for us, as a people, if we failed to elect a senator. I've had many business and other anxieties for the Church, and I want this question settled. If we act wisely—with the power and influence at our command—aid will come to me. I think you would not willingly permit our situation to become more difficult."

He must have seen a change in my expression—a change that indicated how well I understood the significance of this guarded introduction. Suddenly his manner broke into animation, and, holding out both hands to me, palms up, he said, smiling: "You must know, Brother Frank, that I had nothing to do with Mr. McCune's candidacy for the Senate, do you not? I was not responsible for what Brother Grant did. Before we go on, I want you to acquit me of responsibility for that project."

"President Snow," I replied, "I can't admit so much. I, too, wish to talk plainly—with your permission. Your responsibility is evident even to the casual observer—to say nothing of one reared as I've been. Every man in this community knows that when you point your finger your apostles go, and when you crook your finger your apostles return—and Heber J. Grant has only done what you permitted him to do with your full knowledge."

He drew himself up, coldly. "What I have done," he retorted, "has been done with the knowledge of my Councillors."

The thrust was obvious. I replied: "If my father desires to discuss with me his responsibility for this indignity to the state, he knows I'm at his command. And if I have any charge to make involving his good faith toward the country, I'll seek him alone."

"Very well," he said, with a frigid suavity. "We will leave that part of the question." He paused. "Last night," he continued, "lying on my bed, I had a vision. I saw this work of God injured by the political strife of the brethren. And the voice of the Lord came to me, directing me to see that your father was elected to the Senate." He studied me a moment before he added: "What have you to say?"

I answered: "It seems to me impossible. This legislature is strongly Democratic. My father's a Republican. It seems to me not only impracticable but very unwise—if it could be done."

"Never mind that," he said. "The Lord will take care of the event. I want you to withdraw from the race and throw your strength to your father. It is the will of the Lord that you do so."

"Have you a revelation to that effect also?" I asked.

He answered, pontifically, "Yes."

"You'll publish it to the world, then, the same as other revelations?"

"No," he replied. "No."

"Then I'll not obey it," I said, "because if God is ashamed of it, *I* am."

His air of prophetic authority changed to one of combative resolution. He explained that one of the other candidates, a strong Democrat, had agreed to accept the revelation if I would; that the two of us could give our strength to the Church candidate; that the Church would turn to my father the votes that it had already in command for McCune, and my father's election would be carried.

I felt that the thumbscrews were being put on me again. For the second time I was being forced to the point of denying the senatorship to my father by refusing him my support. And there could not have been, for me, a more vivid and instantaneous illumination of the hidden depths in this Church system—or in the individual Prophet of the cult—than was made by Snow's determined insistence that I should break my word of honor to the people of the state and of the nation, pledge that broken faith to him, induce all my supporters in the legislature to violate their covenants—Mormon and Gentile alike!—and, upon his mere assumption of divine authority, direct Mormon and Gentile to stultify and disgrace themselves forever as men and public officials.

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Photograph by Shipers, Salt Lake City

DESERET GYMNASIUM, WHERE MORMON YOUNG MEN ARE INDUCED TO GO INSTEAD OF TO THE Y. M. C. A. OR SIMILAR INSTITUTIONS.

There was something appalling in the calculating cruelty with which he proposed to devote us all to destruction and dishonor. There was something inhumanly malignant in the plan to use my known affection for my father in order to make me guilty of the very betrayal of the people which I had publicly denounced. I looked at him—and heard him now placidly, confidently, with a renewed suavity, urging me to *do* the thing.

"President Snow," I interrupted, "does my father know of this?"

He answered: "No."

"I'm glad of it," I said. (And I was!) "This is not the way to work out either the destiny of 'God's people' or the destiny of this state. It would place my father in a most humiliating position to be elected —at the orders of the Church—under the assumption that God Almighty had directed men to break their solemn promises to their constituents. I have as high an admiration for my father's wisdom and ability as you or the Democratic candidate who has offered to withdraw at the will of the Church, but I should be paying no honor to my father by dishonoring my pledge to my constituents and asking other men to dishonor theirs."

He dismissed me with an air of benignant sorrow!

The deadlock in the legislature continued unbroken. Among my supporters was Lewis W. Shirtliff, the president of the "Stake of Zion" in which I lived; he was one of the highest Church dignitaries in the legislature and was regarded as my foremost champion in the senatorial contest. On the last day of the legislative session, at President Snow's instruction, my father, known as a Republican, was offered as a

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senatorial candidate to this Democratic legislature, and all the power of the Church influence was thrown to him. President Shirtliff's wife came to our headquarters that night, and knelt, with a number of other women, to pray that her husband might be spared the humiliation of breaking his repeated promise not to desert me! We all knew that if he broke his promise, it would cause *him* more mental anguish than any one else; but we knew, too, that if the command came from Church headquarters, he would have to obey it. Men broke their political pledges to their people and outraged their own feelings of personal independence or partisan loyalty, rather than offend against "the will of the Lord." The forces of the other candidates went to pieces, and on the last night of the session my father's vote reached twenty-three. (It required thirty-two votes to elect.)

The situation was saved by the action of a number of Democrats, who got together and obtained a recess; when the recess was ended, a final ballot was taken, and, since no candidate had enough votes to elect him, the presiding officer, by preconcertment, declared the joint assembly adjourned *sine die*, by operation of law. No senator was elected.

But it was the last time that the Church authorities were to be balked. Since that day, they have dictated the nominations and carried the elections of the United States senators from Utah as if these were candidates for a Church office. The present senator, Reed Smoot, is an apostle of the Church; he obtained the Mormon President's "permission" to become a candidate, as he admitted to an investigating committee of the Senate; and when the recent tariff bill was being attacked by insurgent Republicans and carried by Senator Aldrich, Senator Smoot acted as Aldrich's lieutenant in debate, and remained to watch the defense of the "interests" when his chief was absent from the Senate chamber. (Not because Smoot was such an able defender of those "interests"! Not because his constituents would uphold his course! But because he *has* no constituents, and is responsible to no one but the hierarchical partners of those "interests.")

Every pledge of the Mormon leaders that the Church would not interfere in politics has been broken at every election in Utah since President Snow that night pleaded to me that he had had many business anxieties for the Church, and that if we elected the Church candidate "aid" would come to him. The covenants by which Utah obtained its statehood have been violated again and again. The provisions of the state constitution have been nullified. The trust of the Mormon people has been abused; their political liberties have been denied them; their Gentile brethren have been betrayed. And all this has been done, *not* for the protection of the people, who were threatened with no proscription—and *not* for the advancement of the faith, which has been free to work out its own future. It has been done as a part of the alliance between the "financial" Prophets of the Church and the financial "interests" of the country—which have been exploiting the people of Utah as they have exploited the whole nation, with the aid of the ecclesiastical authorities in Utah.

CHAPTER XI

THE WILL OF THE LORD

THE Mormon leaders were now hurried down their chosen path of dishonor with a fateful rapidity. A reform movement was demanding of Washington the adoption of a constitutional amendment that should give Congress power to regulate the marriage and divorce laws of all the states in the union. And this proposed amendment —partly inspired by a growing doubt of the good faith of the Mormon leaders—gave the politicians in Washington something to trade for Mormon votes, in the presidential campaign of 1900.

The Republicans had lost the electoral votes of Utah and the surrounding states, in 1896. Utah was now Democratic, and its one United States senator (who was still in office) was a Democrat. Senator Hanna's lieutenant, Perry S. Heath, came to Salt Lake City in the summer of 1900 to confer with the heads of the Mormon Church. His authority (as representative of the ruler of the Republican party) had been authenticated by correspondence; and he was received by President Snow as royalty receives the envoy of royalty.

Heath negotiated with his usual directness. In the phrase of the time, "he laid down his cards on the table, face up, and asked Snow to play to that hand." If the

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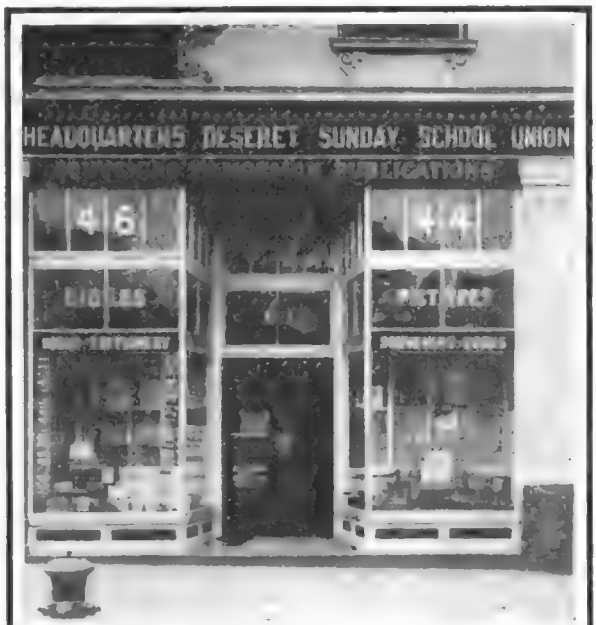
Mormon Church would pledge its support to the Republican party, the Republican leaders would avert the threatened constitutional amendment that was to give Congress the power to interfere in the domestic affairs of the Mormon people. But if the Church denied its support to the Republican party, the constitutional amendment would be carried, and the Mormons, in their marriage relations, would be returned to the Federal jurisdiction from which they had escaped when the territory was admitted to statehood.

The sentiment of the country was known to be in favor of giving Congress such power. A strong body of reformers was urging the amendment, and the Church leaders had sent Apostle John Henry Smith and Bishop H. B. Clawson to Washington to lobby against it. After consulting with my father, I had written to President Snow, pointing out the danger to the Mormons of having a lobby opposing such an amendment—for I was not then aware of the secret return to the practise of polygamy after 1896. President Snow replied to me (in a message of guarded prudence) that, although the Church inhibited plural marriage, and did not intend to allow the practise, he was opposed to the interference of Congress in the domestic concerns of the other states of the Union!



Photograph by Shipler, Salt Lake City

A BOOKSTORE FOR MORMON PUBLICATIONS.

He made his "deal" with Perry Heath. Church messengers were sent out secretly to the Mormons in Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Nevada, Montana, Washington, Oregon, California, and the territories, with the whispered announcement that it was "the will of the Lord" that the Republicans should be aided. Utah went Republican; the Mormons in the surrounding states either openly supported, or secretly voted for, McKinley; and the constitutional amendment was "side-tracked" and forgotten.

Utah elected a Republican legislature. Apostle Reed Smoot applied to President Snow for permission to become a candidate for the United States senatorship, and obtained a promise that if he stood aside, for the time, he should receive his reward later. President Snow had decided that Thomas Kearns, already an active candidate, was the man whom the Church would support—since Mr. Kearns's ability, his wealth, and his business connections promised greater advantages for the state, and (under cunning manipulation by the priests) greater advantages for the Church than the election of any other candidate. And all this may be said without assuming that there was any definite arrangement between the Church and any friends of Mr. Kearns.

Kearns was associated with Senator Clark, of Montana, and R. C. Kerens, of St. Louis, in building a railroad from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, and the Church owned some fifteen miles of track that had been laid from Salt Lake City as the beginning of a Los Angeles line. It was apparently assumed by President Snow that Kearns's election to the Senate would facilitate the sale of this Church railroad to the Clark-Kearns syndicate. The Church had a direct interest in numerous iron and coal properties in southern Utah, and many

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members of the Church also had private properties there, which the Los Angeles line would develop. Some of Kearns's friends were negotiating for the purchase of Church properties, and one of his partners was proposing to buy (and subsequently bought) the Church's "Amelia Palace," a useless and expensive property which Brigham Young had built for his favorite wife, and which the Church had long wanted to sell.

My father had been in ill health for some months, and he was away from Utah a large part of the time. President Snow took counsel of his Second Councillor, Joseph F. Smith, and of Apostle John Henry Smith; and to the Smiths he indicated Thomas Kearns as the one whose election to the United States Senate might do most to advance Snow's concealed purpose. But the Smiths had other plans, which were equally advantageous to the Church and more advantageous to the Smiths; they rebelled against President Snow's dictation, and he ordered them both away on temporary "missions."

As Joseph F. Smith was leaving the President's offices in a rage, he met an old friend, Joseph Howell, who (at this writing) is a member of Congress from Utah, and was then a member of the Utah legislature. He told Smith that President Snow had sent for him; and Smith, controlling himself, said affectionately: "Brother Howell, I want you to make a promise to me on your honor as an elder in Israel. I want you to pledge yourself never to vote in this legislature for Thomas Kearns as senator. I ask it as your friend, and *as a Prophet to the people.*"

Howell gave his promise, and proceeded to his interview with President Snow. There he received the announcement that it was "the will of the Lord" that he should vote for Kearns, and he had to reply that he had already received an inspired instruction, on this point, from a Prophet of the Lord, and had given his pledge.

The incident became one of the jokes of the campaign, for Howell held to his promise to Smith (and was subsequently rewarded by Smith with a seat in Congress).

Kearns was elected. But he had had a powerful political machine of his own, and he had been supported by a strong Gentile vote. He immediately showed his independence by refusing to take orders from the political Church leaders. He declined, further, for himself and his financial confrères, to engage with the Church in business affairs. Many charges were made that he was breaking his agreement of cooperation with the authorities, but there never has been produced any evidence of such an agreement, and I do not believe (from my knowledge of Senator Kearns) that the agreement was ever made.

The railroad into southern Utah was later built by the Harriman interests in combination with Clark and Kearns; but there, too, Snow was disappointed. The expected development of the Church properties proved far less profitable than had been supposed.

By this time it was abundantly evident that some of the Church leaders intended to rule their people in politics with an absolutism as supreme as any that Utah had ever known in the old days. And for these leaders to maintain their authority—despite the covenant of their amnesty, the terms of Utah's statehood, and the provisions of the constitution—and to maintain that authority against the robust American sentiment that would be sure to assert itself, it was necessary that they should have the most effective political protection afforded by any organization in the whole country. The ideal arrangement of evil was offered to them by the men then in temporary leadership of the Republican party. The Prophets were able to make the Republican party a guilty partner of their perfidy by making it a recipient of the proceeds, and to assure themselves protection in religious tyranny so long as they did not run counter to Republican purpose.

For the moment, the Church took more benefit from the partnership than it conferred. The result of the presidential elections of 1900 showed that the Republicans could have elected their ticket without any help from the Prophets. But without the help of the dominant party the Prophets could not have renewed the rule of the state by the Church—could not have prevented the passage of a constitutional amendment punishing polygamy by Federal statute—and could not have obtained such intimate relation and commanding influence with the great "interests" of the country.

The next installment of **"Under the Prophet in Utah"** will appear in the May number.

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THIS STYLE $17.24

By · RALPH · BERGENGREN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN SLOAN

THE new and innocent moon of August, 1828, peered down into the cabin of a smart, rakish-looking schooner, beating across Massachusetts Bay, and watched with interest eight comfortable pirates lingering over a late dinner. A large ship's lantern, waving from a hook in the ceiling, illuminated the cõzy interior. It lit the wicked but care-free faces of these hardened ruffians, and cast its yellow rays on a stiff, unbending figure fastened, upright, into a seat at the end of the table. Now the schooner surged indolently to the summit of a wave, and the stiff figure swayed back in its chair and bumped its head stolidly against the wall of the cabin; again the schooner swooped lazily down from the summit, and the stiff figure swayed horridly forward, almost sprawling across the table. And each time, as it came into the circle of light from the lantern, it stared before it with wide, unseeing eyes and smiled at nothing with a terrifying supercilliousness.

"I like-a heem not—me!" cried a man at the other end of the table; and made the sign of the cross with his dirty forefinger. "Heem Jo-nah! Heem bring-a no luck-a!" He was a small, brown man with expensive gold earrings that gave him a somewhat feminine expression—had not his hooked nose and beady eyes viciously contradicted it. Anybody would have known him to be of foreign extraction, but it seemed a pity he had ever been extracted.

A roar of rude mirth went round the table. The little brown man jumped to his feet, and his teeth would have chattered had not his lawless mouth been full of soft and rather soggy dumpling.

"You laugh-a at me. I no fear," he exclaimed severely. "I brave-a man"—and he slapped his chest vigorously; so vigorously, indeed, that a little cloud of dust rose out of his blue flannel shirt and set him sneezing; for, like many persons of a lively temperament, he was evidently quickly susceptible to any form of nervous excitation. "I have-a no fear here"—he started to slap himself again—hesitated, and then tapped his chest lightly, but not without dignity. "But I know-a Jo-nah! Oh, yess——"

"Wot you know about Jonahs, Pedro," drawled a tall, graceful fellow, delicately separating his long, handsome yellow mustaches to permit the insertion of a hunk of bread and a sweet pickle, "is all right so far as it goes. But seein' as how me an' Bald Head brought this feller aboard atween us——"

The little brown man sat down promptly and hid his worried face in a pewter tankard. Whatever else he had to say was said into the tankard, where the word "Jonah" could be heard drowning indignantly. Seven other faces made a similar disappearance, and for a moment the grim figure had the table all to itself.

It was, or seemed to have been, a man of about medium height and rather a commercial cast of countenance, with neatly parted blue-black hair, and neatly brushed blue-black side-whiskers waving gracefully on

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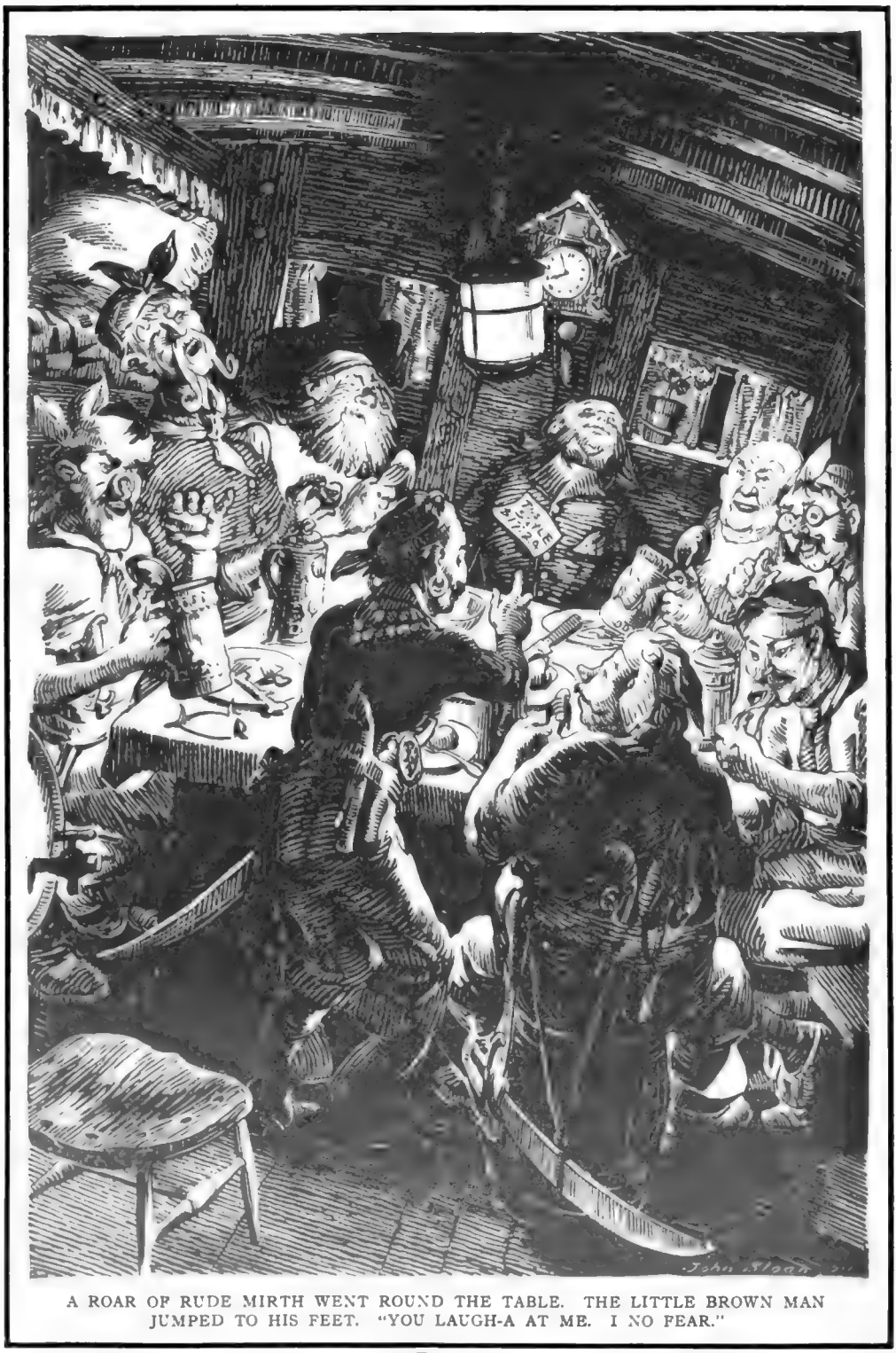

A ROAR OF RUDE MIRTH WENT ROUND THE TABLE. THE LITTLE BROWN MAN JUMPED TO HIS FEET. "YOU LAUGH-A AT ME. I NO FEAR."

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either side of a face that still—and this was perhaps the most horrible part of it!—retained the vivid coloring of a well-fed, living complexion. Except for the awful fixity of his gaze and the frozen superciliousness of his smile, he would have suggested a comfortable retail business and a growing family. The light of the lantern fell on his neat frock coat and a large placard fastened to one of its bright brass buttons—possibly hung there by some wretched humorist now nose-deep in a tankard, for it contemptuously labeled him: "This Style $17.24."

The eight pirates put down their tankards and promptly resumed a vigorous attack on their unresisting victuals.

"Tell th' tale agin, Bald Head, there's a good feller," said a large, broad-shouldered pirate. He tipped back his chair, found a short cutty pipe in his pocket, and inserted it in the convenient hole that its use had already burnt in what would otherwise have been an impenetrable bush of flaming red whiskers.

"Th' way it happened," began the bald-headed man, lifting his bare feet to the table and arranging the stem of his long pipe between his big and second toes in order to smoke comfortably and yet have both hands free for any necessary gestures—"th' way it happened were this; an' ef so chance as I fall off a p'int or so in some leetle de-tail, Yaller Mustaches will kindly bring me up agin."

"Ye see, gentlemen all an' merry companions," said the man with the yellow mustaches, "me an' Baldy were steerin' a course back to th' schooner——"

"In our best clo'es," cried the bald-headed pirate hastily. "*Ef* ye want to spin th' yarn agin, Yaller Mustaches, spin it; but don't leave out th' best clo'es, 'cause th' pantaloons is important. Ef he hadn't 'a' had on his best pantaloons," he explained to the others, "he'd 'a' shinned th' cussed lamp-post, lit his leetle see-gar, an' there wouldn't have been no story. But there we was—togged out like de-ceased gentleman passengers. So Yaller Mustaches turns his back on th' lamp-post an' squints to stabbord——"

The ship plunged downward—and the grim figure at the end of the table bowed and smirked as if acknowledging an introduction.

"An' there he stud, cuss him!" cried the bald-headed man excitedly, pointing to "This Style $17.24." "There he stud in a doorway, watchin' th' house across th' way an' smilin' to hisself like a—like a—" Think as he might, the figure evidently eluded him; and as the villain still pursued it, one after another his desperate companions began to play with the tableware.

"Wot we wants to hear," said Red Whisker suggestively, "is how ole Yaller Mustaches punches this fust cousin o' a cigar-store Injun for not givin' him a match when he axes for it. That's th' funny part, Bald Head, an' your slow way o' gettin' to it makes us all kind o' nervous."

"The way *that* happened," resumed Bald Head, "were this—an' I thought I'd die a-laffin' to see it." The memory of his adventure overcame him. He shook and chuckled with it till the tremor reached his big toe, brought it in contact with the hot bowl of his pipe, and restored his powers of articulation. "I thought I'd die a-laffin'," he repeated, and poured a little rum over his burnt toe to take away the sting.

A sigh of dissatisfaction ran round the table.

"A joke's a joke," said Yellow Mustaches coldly, "an' none quicker than me to see th' p'int o' one. But ef ye keep on diskiverin' such a lot o' humor in it, Bald Head," he added significantly, "mebbe ye *will* die a-laffin' an' ——"

The bald-headed man took his feet off the table. "Ef ye mean me, Yaller Mustaches," he replied sharply, "I laffs when I pleases, an' where I pleases, an' at what I pleases, an' how I pleases, an' as long as I pleases, an'——"

"Wot he were a-laffin' at, Yaller Mustaches," interposed Red Whisker soothingly, "were the funny time ye both had pryin' of th' wooden brother out o' th' doorway. An' th' funny time ye both had gettin' of him aboard th' *Polly*, walkin' of him arm in arm like ye were three jolly companions all out on a leetle ca-rouse together. He weren't a-laffin' 'cause ye skinned yer pore knuckles on his wooden nose. He's too tender-hearted, is Bald Head. Wot's more important," he added, for the two still glared at each other, "is wot we're a-goin' to do with him, now we've got him. I've been a-thinkin' th' conundrum over; an' it's my idee, messmates, as we app'int th' silly feller chapling."

It was a happy suggestion, which imme-

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diately appealed to all of them, for a chaplain was something that the *Polly* evidently needed, and yet they had never been able to find one that seemed to harmonize with the rest of the furniture. Pedro, the unfortunately extracted foreigner, alone saw no fun in it, and he still crossed himself and muttered "Jonah" at intervals. Perhaps, also, he realized that a big black cloud had lately covered the new and innocent moon with a gloomy mantle.

"An' now a song, messmates," continued Red Whisker, "an' something as th' new chapling can't possible object to, this bein' his first evenin'. Pipe him th' pooty leetle ditty as calls itself 'Th' Reformed Pirut,' Yaller Mustaches."

Completely to restore harmony, no better suggestion could have been made by a prince of diplomats. The handsome pirate loved to sing, and, strange to say, his reckless companions loved to listen to him. Perhaps it was because their rude and savage natures instinctively loved discord—at all events, without pretending to be connoisseurs, they all knew what they liked in music. He got up in his place, put one hand on his hip, made a little bow to the company, and was off at a gallop:

"A pirut once, so I've heard tell,
He fell in love with a village belle.
Not th' kind o' a bell that goes ding-ding,
But a comely, butterball feemale thing.
So he shook th' sea an' settled down
To an honest life in a country town.

"He robbed no more his feller men,
But stole her eggs from th' trustin' hen;
An' when she had no more to lay
He took her harmless life away.
That's why I say he settled *down*
To an honest life in a country town.

"Dear leetle chickens he would raise
To kill an' *eat* in forty days.
With fattenin' food th' feller fed
Each chick—an' then chopped off its head!
That's why I say he settled *down*
To an honest life in a country town.

"As soon as it were nice an' big
He massacred his gentle pig;
Nor heeded its reproachful squeal
Beneath his onexpected steel.
That's why I say——"

"An' ef ye don't quit sayin' of it pooty soon," cried a voice down the hatchway indignantly, "ye'll be a-sayin' of it to Davy Jones. There's a storm comin', messmates, an' ef we don't shorten sail in about two minnits—" A glare of lightning—as if they were all posing for a flashlight picture—ended the sentence; and thunder rolled on its heels as Red Whisker and his evil companions leaped through the hatchway. They left the chaplain still at the table. But as Pedro, the unfortunately extracted foreigner, climbed the ladder, he looked back over his shoulder.

"Heem Jo-nah!" he muttered—and the wild rush of wind through the rigging seemed almost to verify his unkind suspicion.

II

THE morning sun was high when Red Whisker, the pirate, thrust his savage head through the hatchway and drowsily contemplated the sheltered cove in which the storm-battered schooner had at last found safety. On three sides the woods came down to the water, and against the roots of the trees the excited beating of nervous little waves still testified to the recent convulsion of nature. But what delighted the pirate was that no dwelling was visible. A profound silence brooded over the cove, broken only by the occasional twitter and song of wood birds and the persistent snoring of the eight still unawakened pirates.

Captain though he was, it had been Red Whisker's turn to get up first and start the coffee boiling, and he was still in his nightgown. A thin column of smoke rose steadily from the galley chimney, and, having glanced at it to assure himself that the fire was gaining headway, the cruel fellow hung his nightgown neatly over the main boom and plunged sleepily overboard. He came up splashing and wide awake, hauled himself aboard the vessel by way of the hawser, shook himself thoroughly, and pattered down into the cabin, where the stiff figure of "This Style $17.24" still presided over the remains of last night's dinner.

"Hope ye don't mind, Chapling?" said the pirate good-naturedly. "What with th' storm an' all," he added, rubbing himself dry with a roller towel, "we've come all-fired near goin' to Davy's locker, Chapling, an' that's th' truth on it."

Seen thus by daylight, the cozy cabin occupied the entire after-deck of the *Polly*, and two small windows in the square stern looked out over the water and framed the cove like a couple of masterpieces of marine painting.

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Thoroughly dried, and pleasantly invigorated by his salt bath, Red Whisker slipped into his breeches and set about tidying up the cabin. He removed the chaplain from the table and stood him stiffly up beside the door of the galley, where he remained staring hard and smiling foolishly at the happy little cuckoo-clock high up on the wall between the two windows. Unlike our present weak-kneed generation of clothing-store dummies, the new chaplain was made entirely of wood, ingeniously jointed, and no light fellow for one man to handle; but the muscular pirate made easy work of him. Then he washed the dishes—such of them as he decided really demanded washing—added nine cups and saucers to the equipment of the table, and disappeared into the galley. Soon an appetizing smell of baking bread and boiling coffee mingled harmoniously with the seductive aroma of frying bacon. The snoring chorus emanating from the berths on both sides of the cabin diminished to a lively solo, which, in turn, trembled into silence; and the last of sixteen wicked legs twinkled up the ladder for a dip in the ocean. When they came back, the breakfast smoked on the table.

A PALE FACE LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW... THEN, WITH A LOW BUT FEARFUL CRY, THE WRETCHED PIRATE RELAXED HIS GRIP AND SLID DOWN THE PAINTER.

"What you do-a with my cold-a potate, Red Whiskair?" demanded Pedro indignantly. "I sav-a heem—one, two, three cold-a boiled potate! I put-a heem here." He pointed with his angry forefinger (fairly clean, since he had just been overboard) at a spot on the table beside his plate. "You throw-a heem away, eh?"—for Pedro, despite, or perhaps because of, his own warm temperament, loved nothing better than a cold boiled potato the first thing in the morning; and it was his custom to save for this purpose any of these delicious vegetables that might be left over from dinner.

Nothing is more distressing at breakfast than a display of temperament by one of the breakfasters. A look of apprehension passed swiftly over the faces of the assembled pirates. They, at least, knew that Red Whisker had not thrown away Pedro's little treasure—for the simple reason that it was easier not to.

"I didn't see no cold boiled potato, ole feller," said the pirate captain soothingly, but with a sincerity that convinced even Pedro's disappointment. He controlled his temperament and gulped his coffee in moody silence; but his mind was evidently still taken up with his loss, and he paid no attention to the coarse but happy conversation that went on around him. Now and again his eye turned toward the chaplain, and each time it glittered with a growing suspicion.

"I hav-a eet!" he exclaimed suddenly in a hoarse whisper, jerking his thumb toward the unconscious wearer of the ignominious legend—"heem Jo-nah! Heem bring-a storm! Heem"—the eyes of the unfortunately extracted foreigner expanded rapidly, until they seemed likely to absorb every other feature—"heem eat-a potate!"

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It was an obviously absurd suspicion, and yet on these ignorant, credulous minds it made an instant impression. Strange and remarkable enough it was that a man of flesh and blood like themselves should eat cold potatoes the first thing in the morning—but the very thought of a man of wood eating cold potatoes under any circumstances whatever filled them with a suffocating sense of awe and horror. It was exactly like table-tipping—difficult to deny and equally impossible to account for. There had been potatoes—and now there were no potatoes; and even if cold boiled potatoes ate each other, there would be one potato left to satisfy Pedro. Mouths stood open; knives stopped half-way to them; and each turned instinctively toward their usually resourceful leader.

"Eat your grandmother!" said Red Whisker briskly. "I've examined th' chapling, messmates, an' ye couldn't put a potato into him without usin' a gimlet. Wot happened were as Pedro got up in his sleep an' et 'em himself—'cause I saw him a-doin' of it," he added boldly, for, like all great leaders, Red Whisker never hesitated to back up his own assertions. "An' wot's more, gentlemen all an' merry companions, we ain't got no time to waste jawin' about Jonahs. Wot we've got to do is to overhaul this pirut vessel an' make her shipshape afore anybody happens alongshore to see us a-doin' of it."

It was wise counsel, calming them like a bucket of cold water. The deck presented an untidy spectacle, but fortunately the storm had done no damage that willing hands might not remedy with a day's labor. They went briskly at it. Here and there thin columns of smoke, now rising above the tree-tops, betrayed unseen dwellings—and about noon Red Whisker thought he caught the glint of a sunbeam flashing from the distant barrel of a gun or telescope. But he had no way of verifying the suspicion, so he wisely confided it privately to each of his comrades and warned him to say nothing to disturb the others. The secret worry kept them all busy. They skipped the lunch hour, and bit by bit the *Polly* regained her customary trimness; but it was late afternoon when Pedro, sent along the side for a final examination of the water-line, cast the painter of his boat deftly over the after-rail, and his eyes over the rudder.

In this healthy outdoor activity Pedro had quite forgotten his morning terrors; and now he hummed a nice little improper song to himself in his own language.

"Heem good ruddair!" he remarked presently, patting the wet wood with his nervous fingers. "No trouble with heem—yess, I re-port." And, grasping the painter, he started to lift himself hand over hand to the deck of the schooner. A few stout pulls and his head was level with the little window, but there he hung for a long instant, and his hair rose so suddenly that his hat rose on top of it, balanced unsteadily, and fell backward into the water.

Hitherto the well-informed reader may have regarded Pedro as an imaginative neurasthenic; but what Pedro now saw the reader would himself have seen had he been in the same uncomfortable position. A pale face looked out of the window. Despite its pallor, despite the anxiety that had replaced its usual supercilious expression, it was undoubtedly the face of "This Style $17.24." For perhaps five seconds the new chaplain and the unfortunately extracted foreigner gazed at each other with equal surprise and anxious interest—then, with a low but fearful cry, the wretched pirate relaxed his grip and slid down the painter. Only the sudden and complete immersion in cold water saved him from fainting. But his hands still grasped the familiar rope, and, filled with a single panic desire to be once more in human society, the horrified buccaneer closed his eyes tightly, hoisted himself rapidly past the window, and fell with an exhausted flop on the deck of the schooner. Such was the speed his terror lent him that the cry and the flop were almost simultaneous, and when he opened his eyes the rest of the crew were still hurrying toward him. Yellow Mustaches, busy in the crosstrees, alone paid no attention.

Pedro sat up. Salt water dripped from his finger as he pointed it at Red Whisker, and, congealed as he was with fear and a cold bath, his eye glittered with a kind of triumph.

"Heem eat-a potate!" he reiterated shrilly. "Heem walk-a about on dam-a wooden leg! Heem peek-a from leetle window." The strain was really too much for his nervous temperament. The wicked little fellow buried his face in his hands, and his expensive earrings shook violently as the tears trickled between his brown fingers.

Superstition (as the present interest in

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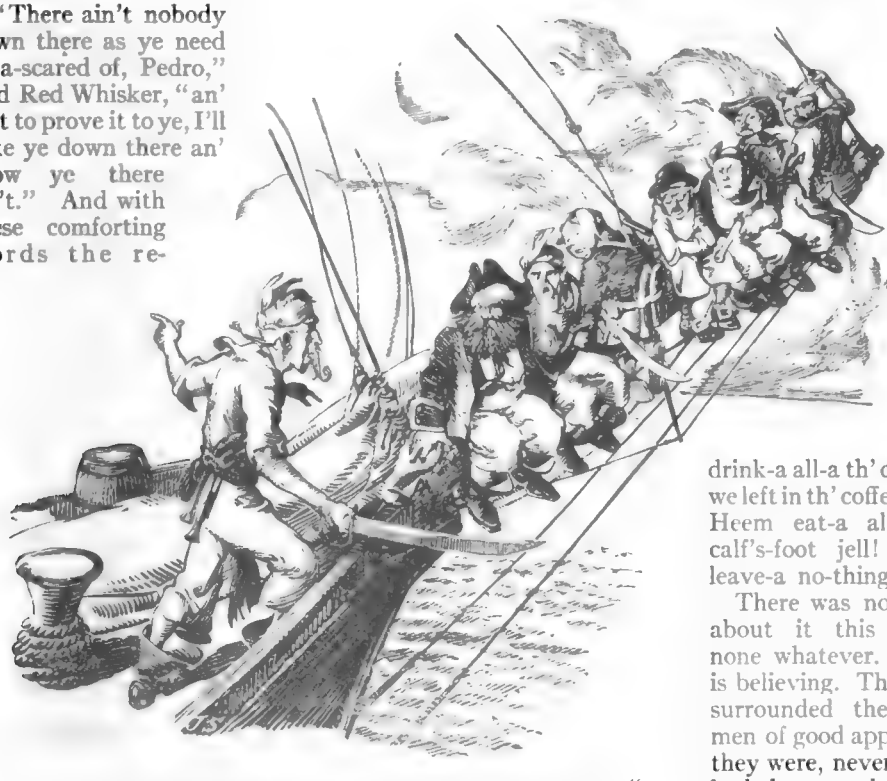
psychic phenomena so well testifies) is contagious even among the cultivated. Moved by a single impulse, the seven pirates leaned far over the after-rail, and for a long moment presented the commonplace appearance of seven pairs of trousers hung over the bulwarks. Upside down as they were, they stared anxiously at the little window, but no face, familiar or otherwise, peered horridly out of it. Blood accumulated in their heads, and if they had hung there much longer they would undoubtedly have all fallen overboard together. Perhaps they realized the danger, for they all straightened up at the same moment and turned toward the cabin.

"There ain't nobody down there as ye need be a-scared of, Pedro," said Red Whisker, "an' just to prove it to ye, I'll take ye down there an' show ye there isn't." And with these comforting words the resourceful captain seized his smaller companion, put the woful little fellow in front of him, and boldly led the way down the ladder. It was drastic treatment, but perhaps the best thing in the world for Pedro. He forgot his past fears in his present apprehension—but, kick as he might, he was as powerless in the grasp of his considerate leader as a peanut in the trunk of an elephant.



HE FOUND THE SEVEN SITTING IN A ROW ON THE BOWSPRIT. "NO TIME TO ROOST, MESSMATES, EF WE WANT TO GET OUT O' THIS COVE AFORE WE'RE BOTTLED UP IN IT."

They found the cabin exactly as they had left it at breakfast. The remains of that repast still littered the table; the chaplain still stood stiffly beside the galley and smiled at the cuckoo-clock. The seven pirates, hand in hand, examined him critically from a safe distance. They had all been quite right—so each assured his neighbor in a brave whisper—and there was really nothing for any pirate to be disturbed over. But Pedro had slipped away from them and was suspiciously examining the table.

Suddenly they heard him again cravenly vocal. "Heem eat-a all-a th' riz biscuit as we no finish!" he cried wildly. "Heem drink-a all-a th' coffee as we left in th' coffee-cups! Heem eat-a all-a th' calf's-foot jell! Heem leave-a no-thing."

There was no doubt about it this time—none whatever. Seeing is believing. The seven surrounded the table; men of good appetite as they were, never before had they seen it cleared up so completely. It was no longer a question of cold boiled potato that might have been captured by some hearty somnambulist. The plates were emptied so completely that it would have been an economic sin to think of washing them.

Moved by the same thought, they turned their heads slowly, gazed at the chaplain—and, horror of horrors! *they caught him looking at them.*

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Then they fled madly—even Red Whisker. Heedless of the wild and sobbing cry that begged them to wait for somebody (and whom they cared not), they shot up the ladder; slammed the hatch; snapped the padlock; scampered across the deck, somewhere, anywhere! And in the cabin the pathetic wail died away and ended in labored breathing. For Pedro had stubbed his toe at this most critical moment and lay prone by the table.

III

To ALL this commotion Yellow Mustaches, perched gracefully on the crosstrees and busily overhauling the topmast shrouds, had paid no attention.

What now glued the polished pirate to his perch and set him recklessly gnawing his own gorgeous mustaches was a white topsail, braced back until it was hardly more than a thin edge of canvas, that bore toward the land and gradually sank from view behind the lower and younger foliage that surrounded the pines. The wind, blowing offshore and steadily rising, flattened the pirate against the topmast. He watched and waited. Presently the topsail was again visible—but now the wind filled it squarely; it bore rapidly seaward, and above it streamed the Stars and Stripes of the United States.

Z-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p!

Yellow Mustaches had instantly embraced the starboard main shrouds, slid to the deck like a handsome streak of lightning, and stood looking about anxiously for his brave companions. He found the seven sitting in a row on the bowsprit. Unwilling to abandon the vessel, they had nevertheless taken themselves as far away as possible from the cabin.

"All hands ahoy!" bugled the pirate in his clear, natural tenor. "There's a ——— — — —— —— ——!! ——— ——— — —!!! ——— ——— ——— ——— frigate a-standin' off an' on shore. An' no time to roost, messmates, ef we want to get out o' this 'ere pooty leetle cove afore we're bottled up in it."

Under other circumstances it would have been an unwelcome announcement; but the seven brave, hen-like figures welcomed it like a benediction. It gave them something tangible to do and something comprehensible to think about. Five minutes ago any one of these wretched men would have told you he'd be hanged if he'd come in off the bowsprit—but, now they knew they'd be hanged if they didn't, they came in with alacrity.

But what of Pedro?

He was alone with the chaplain! Except for the padlocked hatch, there was only one exit from the cabin—a narrow passage from the galley to the hold, and so to the deck. The chaplain stood stiffly beside the door to the galley, his rigid toes at an angle of forty-five degrees, his rigid arms perpendicular, his rigid gaze fixed piercingly on the cuckoo-clock between the two windows. Doughnuts of gold with the holes full of diamonds would not have tempted Pedro to pass that figure. For what seemed to him a long time the dishonest but unhappy fellow lay still and perspired actively. Then he remembered that he had fallen beside the table, and the instinct of self-preservation suggested that he would be safer if he rolled under it.

Three times Pedro revolved rapidly on his own axis; the second revolution brought him under the table, and the third smacked him smartly into something that was there already. It was a hard, inflexible something and hurt when he hit it—but, what hurt worse, in the dim and lonely light under the table, was the supercilious smile with which it regarded the new arrival. Quicker even than he had rolled in Pedro backed out, and remained on his hands and knees staring under the table-cloth. Yes, there could be no doubt about it! It was the chaplain—and two big drops of perspiration rolled rapidly down the pirate's nose and fell with an icy splash on the floor in front of him.

In telling afterward of this trying experience, Pedro always described himself as calm and collected, which is hard to credit, as he was never calm and collected under any circumstances whatever. Undoubtedly he remained some time on his hands and knees (several years, according to his own statement) and watched the recumbent figure with an irresistible but horrid fascination. The chaplain continued motionless. Perhaps he preferred lying down to standing up; and all at once it occurred to Pedro that now, if ever, was his golden opportunity to escape by the galley. He got up slowly, so as not to disturb the reposing figure, and gathered himself together for a wild rush through the unguarded doorway. But he

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remained gathered together. Exactly where Red Whisker had stood him up before breakfast, "This Style $17.24" leaned stiffly against the bulkhead.

Indignant as well as surprised, Pedro instinctively seized the nearest object—it happened to be the pepper-caster—and hurled it viciously at that smiling countenance. The wooden figure dodged promptly and immediately resumed its awful immobility. The caster broke in fragments against the bulkhead.

There are degrees of horror that overshoot the mark and pass lightly into an apathetic indifference. Still with his beady little eyes fixed on the chaplain, the unfortunately extracted foreigner bent his knees and lowered his body until his wicked face was on a level with the table. Then he ducked and looked under it. The cabin was growing dark, but there was still light enough to reveal the chaplain rigidly extended and smiling foolishly upward. *He was undoubtedly under the table.* The pirate straightened his bent knees and rose over the table with the fine agility of an expensive jumping-jack. The chaplain leaned against the bulkhead and smiled foolishly at the cuckoo-clock. *He was undoubtedly leaning against the bulkhead.* It became evident to Pedro that, agile as "This Style $17.24" might be in getting under the table or back again to the bulkhead when no one was looking at him, the power of the human eye was sufficient to hold him firmly in either position—provided, of course, that the operator of the human eye didn't throw pepper-casters. So long as he could see the chaplain, he could at least count on keeping him at a safe distance. But already dusk was obliterating his outlines.

There was but one thing to do, and the pirate did it. Pinning his enemy against the bulkhead with an anxious but determined stare, he felt for the matches and managed to light the lantern. The wick was low, but he dared not turn it higher, for fear his trembling fingers would turn it in the wrong direction. And as his legs were wobbling persistently in the same silly fashion, the brave fellow cautiously sidled along the table till he felt a chair behind him, wisely made sure it was there, and sat carefully down in it.

Minute followed minute, and now only the feeble glimmer of the lantern illuminated the cabin. Something was evidently happening on deck, but to Pedro the sounds seemed infinitely far away and no part of his present occupation of looking at the chaplain without winking. If he winked, he knew that the chaplain would take advantage of it to get under the table—and what he might there accomplish before Pedro could again get his human eye upon him the anxious pirate was altogether unwilling to contemplate. And now, to complicate his task yet further, a delicate suspicion that somebody had spilled the pepper began to manifest itself in the cozy cabin.

Suddenly the cuckoo cuckooed—and Pedro jumped skittishly; as well he might, for so had the chaplain. Every hair on the pirate's head stood up quickly, and the brave fellow courteously and promptly followed their example. The suspicion that somebody had spilled the pepper had grown to an agonizing certainty; but something seemed also to have happened to the power of the human eye over the chaplain. His nose twitched violently. His eyes closed and opened. His smile became tremulous. Against his own inclination, life seemed to be animating him.

"D-d-d-don't you dare c-c-come-a to life!" stuttered the pirate desperately. "D-d-don't you d-d-dare—" he stopped abruptly, for it is impossible to sneeze and stutter at the same moment. Pepper (as General Gage might have said) was in the air, and the boys breathed it. They sneezed together.

No psychical manifestation, no unspeakable and unbelievable mystery, ever sneezed like that. The homely, natural act transformed the chaplain to a living being; and as for Pedro, it exorcised his terrors and left him only a keen and lively curiosity. Even as he sneezed again, he put his nervous brown hands on the table, leap-frogged it vivaciously, and shook the chaplain into a chair, where he remained shivering and sneezing pathetically. Except for this tendency to stay where he was put, even Pedro would hardly have known him for the same figure.

"Maybe you tell-a me now," suggested the pirate, grimly but deftly rolling a cigarette in his quick fingers, "how you get-a undair th' table so dam-a queek?"

"Dose vicked thieves," explained the chaplain bitterly, "dey steals mine dummy—mine lofely dummy dot mine wife Rachel hat made to loog like me for ein birthsday

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bresent. I follows dose vicked thieves, und I meets no constable, und I comes to der vessel. She iss getting ready to start mit mine dummy. I rushes on her, und I gets no chance to rush off mit mine dummy. I hides in der cabin. I lives by der leavings. I gets up to loog from der vindow, und venn I turns from der vindow—mine dummy iss fallen over. I haf no dime to stand him up. I push him under der table und I stands up mineself und loogs so much like him as I can remember. Und you drow der pepper—" He stopped abruptly, his mouth open to complete his sentence, for nothing so promptly interrupts a conversation as the unexpected detonation of a cannon, especially when followed by a glare of red fire.

The glare filled the cabin—but already Pedro, the Pirate, had thrown his cigarette carelessly on the floor, leaped up the ladder, and whacked his wicked head violently against the hatch. Then he remembered that the hatch was padlocked and, with a natural, but none the less horrid, curse, turned and plunged into the galley and the passage beyond it.

Shaken as he was, by the pepper, the pirate, and the course of events, the captive clothier got up from his chair and sped to the window. Another gun boomed, this time directly overhead; the whole vessel quivered; the window and the teeth of the ex-chaplain rattled together. Outside the window he saw the mouth of the cove, and on either side of it the trees stood black in a crimson light that somehow recalled to mind an exhibition of Fourth of July fireworks. He tugged frantically at the window—and then remembered that he couldn't swim even if he got it open. He stopped tugging at the window and tugged instead at his own sweeping side-whiskers; fortunately, it is in such moments of supreme crisis that our thoughts work quickest and often to the best advantage.

"He vill float," muttered the ex-chaplain hopefully—and the ignominious placard, which he had had the presence of mind to transfer to his own bosom, waved excitedly as he dragged his smiling counterpart out into the passage beyond the galley.

Pedro meantime had reached the deck; and as he leaped to rejoin his desperate companions, one lively glance told him exactly what had happened. Failing to make the inlet on her last tack, the frigate, hove to in the shelter of the land, had despatched her long-boat to surprise the schooner. But the *Polly*, with the wind behind her, had cleared the mouth of the cove; on her starboard quarter the disappointed bluejackets pulled lustily back to the government vessel; and, for a second time, the stern gun of the pirate boomed sullenly as it ejected a missile that they barely dodged by instantly backing water.

The red fire burned out, but the two vessels were plainly enough visible in the gentle moonlight. Red Whisker held the wheel, and behind him eight wretched beings leaned over the after-rail and howled triumphant curses at the representatives of law and order; but Red Whisker was attending strictly to business. Suddenly his eyes expanded, his hands trembled on the wheel, and the schooner yawed dangerously. Instinctively he brought her back again—but his eyes still stared and his beard bristled.

"Th' Jonah!" he cried breathlessly. "*Two Jonahs!! An' one a-puttin' of th' other overboard!!!*" Even as he spoke, there was a clumsy splash forward, although the sail concealed whatever might have occasioned it. But Pedro knew without seeing.

"Heem no Jo-nah!" he explained vivaciously. "Heem clothes-a man! Load-a th' gun! Shoot-a heem! Yess?" Quick as he was, the unfortunately extracted foreigner made a mistake in trying to load the gun and explain the situation at the same moment. The gun was too hot to load; the explanation too complicated to be grasped immediately; and all this time the *Polly* fled like a greyhound.

"You look-a!" cried Pedro despairingly. "You believe-a me now! Oh, yess."

They followed his finger. The frigate had taken the long-boat aboard, and was now in grim pursuit, although the wicked schooner was already beyond gunshot. But between the two vessels something altogether unusual in that or any other ocean rose and fell gently on the moonlit water. At first glance it looked like a man riding on a log, but, as the moon revealed it more clearly, it assumed a more surprising significance; for it had every appearance of a man riding on his twin brother. Now the playful waves lifted him gently; again they rolled him completely over; but each time he managed to scramble back on his twin brother and resume paddling with his hands, while against his chest the placard—"This style $17.24"—pounded rhythmically.

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The NE'ER-DO-WELL

by

REX · BEACH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

"All the young fellow's good for is to spend money": This is the opinion of Kirk Anthony held by the public and his own father at the opening of the story. The son of a millionaire railway man, young Anthony had elected, upon his graduation from Yale, to remain there as football coach rather than to accept the career his father offered him.

After a great football victory, he starts out, with his boon companions, for an all-night celebration in New York restaurants. Through the introduction of a stranger, one Jefferson Locke, the company is involved in a fracas, which ends in the grave injury of a plain-clothes man, disguised as a waiter, who had been following Locke. Before dawn Locke has persuaded Anthony's closest friend to help him put through, as a practical joke, a plan for sending Kirk off, penniless, on a steamer for Panama—the point of the joke being to make Anthony work and the point of the plot apparently being to divert pursuit and suspicion from Locke. As a result, the next day Anthony wakes up, very sick and bewildered, on a ship, where he finds himself known as Jefferson Locke. In the course of a day or two Kirk meets the Cortlandts, who are in the diplomatic service in Panama, and a friendship grows up between him and Mrs. Cortlandt, a woman of charm and intellectual power, some years Kirk's senior. When they land at Colon, Kirk appeals to Weeks, the American consul, who cables Kirk's father, and takes care of him for a week. But the elder Anthony's message, when it comes, pronounces Kirk an impostor, and Weeks, furious, throws his guest out. That evening, in a public park, Kirk comes upon a young Jamaican negro, Allan Allan, who is also homeless, and the two start out together in search of food. On the way, they are involved in the excited commotion of a fire, and Kirk, impatient at the incompetence of the firemen, takes a hand. In an attempt to resist interference, he turns a hose on an official who, it happens, is the commandant of police. Thereupon, both Kirk and Allan are arrested, thrown into jail, and brutally treated. The English consul secures Allan's release, but Weeks refuses to get Kirk out; eventually, Allan reaches the Cortlandts, at Panama, and they hasten to Colon, rescue Kirk, and carry him home as their guest. Shortly after, he gets an unsigned letter, evidently from his father, indicating that the police authorities are looking for him, and refusing all aid unless Kirk can "make a man of himself." Kirk at once tells Mrs. Cortlandt the whole situation, and, with the promise of her influence, decides to go to work on the Canal. In the course of a trip through the Culebra Cut, he learns from his guide that Mrs. Cortlandt is a person of great political and diplomatic power in Panama, and that her husband is a mere figurehead. A few days later she takes Kirk on a picnic to an outlying island, where they are deserted by their boat and left with no means of getting home. To make matters worse, at a moment of tension Kirk impulsively takes Mrs. Cortlandt in his arms and kisses her. He is instantly remorseful, and pleads for her pardon as he takes her to the native house where she is to spend the night. Early in the morning Kirk, wandering miserably along the water front, meets Cortlandt, who has come for them in a launch.

The next day Kirk goes hunting in the jungle, and chances upon a delightful little clearing, where he encounters a charming young Spanish girl. With the excuse of gathering an orchid for her, he stays; and when that excuse is exhausted, still stays. He learns that her mother was an American, that she attended school in Baltimore, and that she is at present doing penance for refusing to marry some man chosen for her by her father. Kirk is finally driven away by a fierce negress, who is in charge of the girl. The following day he awaits "Miss Chiquita," as the girl called herself, in the same place; but she does not come. And that evening, when Kirk artfully asks Mr. Cortlandt the names of some of the leading families in Panama, he finds that "Chiquita" is merely a term of endearment.

CHAPTER XIV

—Continued

KIRK remembered now how the girl's eyes had danced when she asked him if he spoke her language. It was just like her to tease him. And yet what a pretty way to conceal her identity!

"What made you take 'chiquita' for a proper name?" Cortlandt asked.

"A—a little girl told me."

"Oh, naturally. All children are 'chiquitas' or 'chiquitos'—so is everything, in fact, that is a pet."

Kirk felt somewhat uncomfortable under the older man's gaze of quiet amusement.

"But these other families," he went on in confusion—"I mean the ones like those you just mentioned—the Moras, the Garavels—they sometimes intermarry with Americans, don't they?"

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"No, not the better class. There have been a few instances, I believe; but for the most part they keep strictly to themselves."

"How would a fellow set about meeting the nice people?"

"He wouldn't. He would probably live here indefinitely and never see the inside of a Panamanian house."

"But there must be some way!" the young man exclaimed in desperation. "There must be dances, parties——"

"Of course; but Americans are not invited. The men are easy to get acquainted with—charming, courteous, gentlemanly; but I dare say you will leave Panama without so much as meeting their wives or sisters."

It was with much less self-assurance that Kirk set out again the next morning, for this was his last day of freedom, and he realized that unless he accomplished something definite it might be a considerable time before he could continue his quest. In view of what the girl had said regarding her probable marriage, delays seemed particularly dangerous.

He haunted the vicinity of the meeting-place all the morning, but no one came, and a heavy shower at midday drove him into the palm-thatched hut for shelter. When it had passed, he put an end to his indecision and boldly took the other path. At least he would find out where she lived and who she was; but once again he was disappointed. The trail led out through the grove to the rain-drenched pasture, where it disappeared, and instead of one house he saw three, half hidden in foliage and all facing in the opposite direction.

Up past the grazing cattle he went, and around to the front of the nearest residence, which proved to be a low, rambling, bungalow affair with many outhouses smothered in a profusion of vines and fruit-trees. Evidently it was unoccupied, for heavy wooden shutters barricaded the windows, and no one answered his knock, although some pigeons perched upon the tile roof cooed at him in a friendly manner. He struck across lots to the next house,but met with no better success; and he approached the third dwelling with a certain hesitation, for it was his last chance.

It was more pretentious than the rest, and stood proudly upon the highest point of the ridge, up which ran a private road guarded by twin rows of stately royal palms, whose perfectly rounded trunks seemed to have been turned upon some giant lathe. The house itself was large, square, and double-galleried, and the whole place had an air of wealth and exclusiveness.

Here, too, the windows stared at him blindly, and he saw no evidence of occupation; yet he advanced and pounded vigorously on the door. Failing to rouse any one, he paused to take a general view of the surroundings. Scattered upon every side were other winter homes, some bleaching nakedly in the open, others peeping out from luxuriant groves; some mean and poor, others really beautiful and impressive. He knew that he was in the heart of Panama's exclusive winter colony.

Unwilling to acknowledge himself beaten, he plodded from one place to another, calling at all the nearest houses, finding most of them locked, and begging a glass of water where he chanced to be more fortunate. Nowhere did he see the girl or the Barbadian woman; nowhere did he receive an intelligible answer to his questions. The caretakers looked upon him with suspicion, and made it known that he was unwelcome, while their women retreated at sight of him. Even the children were unfriendly. Once, indeed, he heard the name that had been ringing so steadily in his ears, and it gave him a wild thrill until he discovered that it was only a negress calling to her child. Afterward, he heard it everywhere. On his disconsolate journey home, it was spoken twenty times, applied indifferently to dogs, cats, parrots, and naked youngsters—and each mention made him start and listen.

Whether the girl had been playing with him, or whether she had been prevented from keeping her word, was of little moment now. He loved her and he intended to have her! He shut his teeth grimly and made a vow to find her if he had to invade every home in Las Savannas, or pull apart the walls of Panama.

CHAPTER XV

Alias JEFFERSON LOCKE

IT WAS fortunate for Kirk, on the whole, that his last expedition had proved a failure, for his methods were none of the most discreet; and it was as well, perhaps, that his work on the railroad intervened to prevent further wild incursions upon the Savannas.

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He was detailed to ride No. 2, which left Panama at 6:35 A. M., and to return on No. 7, which arrived at 7:00 P. M. For a few days he made the run in company with the train collector whose position he was destined to fill, and, as the duties were by no means difficult, he quickly mastered them. He had quarters assigned to him, and regretfully took leave of his luxurious room and bath at the Tivoli. He also donned cap and linen uniform, and became an insignificant, brass-tagged unit in the army of Canal workers. Ordinarily he would have resented this loss of individuality, but the novelty of the thing appealed to him, and he brought a great good-nature to his work.

For a time it offended his fastidious taste to be forced to elbow his way through superheated coaches jammed with shrieking, cackling, incoherent negroes. They were all utterly hysterical, and apparently possessed but one stubborn idea—to refuse payment of fares. But in time he grew to enjoy even this.

He was glad of his new-found independence, moreover, for, though he was still under obligation to the Cortlandts, he felt it less keenly. As for his quarters, they were quite tolerable—about the same as he had had at boarding school, he reflected, and the meals were better.

And certainly he could not complain of a lack of incident in his new life. On his first trip to Colon and back he had nine disputes, two fights, and threw one man off—a record achievement, he was told, for a beginner.

A further diversion was furnished by Allan, who appeared early in the morning and all but assaulted the gateman, who refused to let him pass without a ticket. It took the entire station force to prevent him from starting for Colon as Kirk's guest. He considered it a matter of course that his friend should offer him the courtesies of the road, and he went away at last wofully disappointed but not discouraged.

On the evening of that eventful day, instead of returning to his new quarters, Kirk proceeded to walk the streets, as he had done the two preceding nights, in search of a certain face. He strolled through the plazas, he idled in front of the most pretentious residences, he tramped wearily back and forth through dim-lit, narrow streets, gazing up at windows and balconies, harkening for the tone of a voice or the sound of a girl's laughter. But he was without the slightest success, and it was very late when he finally retired, to dream again of Chiquita.

Several days passed and, inasmuch as he got but little sleep, he began to feel a trifle dull. He was making no progress in his quest, and he did miss congenial society. Then, one evening, there came a note from Edith Cortlandt, briefly requesting him to come to see her.

He was a little surprised, yet conscious of a certain relief. He had not felt like intruding upon her with further explanations and apologies, but since she wished him to come, perhaps they could meet, after all, in a natural way. He hoped so.

Promptly at eight o'clock he presented himself.

"I'm a laboring man now," he said, as he stood before her, "and I usually hold my cap in my hand and shuffle my feet when talking to ladies. Pray excuse my embarrassment."

She did not respond to the lightness of his tone. Her glance seemed to warn him that she meant to be serious.

"I suppose you are wondering why I sent for you," she remarked after a perceptible interval, and Kirk felt instantly that their old relations could not at once be resumed. "I have discovered something very important, and I felt that you ought to know."

"Thank you," said Kirk humbly. "It was very kind."

"You see," she went on, with a certain hesitancy, "you confided your story to me so frankly—I felt under a certain obligation." She made a little dramatic pause. "I've discovered who Jefferson Locke is!"

"No! Who is he?" Kirk was instantly all attention, for the announcement came as something of a shock. He had almost forgotten Locke.

"His real name is Frank Wellar, and he is an absconder. He was a broker's clerk in St. Louis, and he made off with something like eighty thousand dollars in cash."

"Good heavens!" said Anthony, "how did you find out?"

"A bundle of New York papers—they came to-day——"

"Where did they catch him?"

"They haven't caught him. He has disappeared completely—that's the strangest part of it. And your detective didn't die, after all."

"Well, I'm mighty glad of that!"

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"Yes, but you aren't out of the woods yet. I can't understand why the police haven't discovered your whereabouts. You left New York openly under the name of Locke——"

"Perhaps it was so easy they overlooked it." He smiled ruefully. "I'd hate to be arrested just now, when I'm getting to be such a good conductor!"

"Don't worry about that until the time comes. I'll get you the papers later." She showed no immediate intention of rising, however, but sat regarding her visitor with slightly heightened color. He began to feel embarrassed. It seemed to be his fate to receive benefits at this woman's hands, whether he wished it or not.

He got to his feet with an effort and stood looking down upon her. "I must go now," he said, "but first I want to make you feel how grateful I am for your kindness and for your continued trust in me. I haven't deserved it, I know, but"—he turned as if to leave, but faced her again as he heard her pronounce his name. He was surprised to see that there were tears in her eyes.

"Kirk," she said, "you're an awfully good sort, and I can't be angry with you. Do you know, you've made it rather hard for me, staying away all this time?"

"I thought you never wanted to see me again."

"You shouldn't take so seriously what a woman says under such circumstances. It's embarrassing. It makes things seem worse than they are." She hesitated as if to emphasize the difficulty of such candor.

Kirk said gently: "Does that mean that we can forget all about it and be good friends again? Does it mean that you'll forgive me?"

"I can't quite promise that," she answered; "but there is no need of your avoiding me, and it's absurd for you to feel as you do—that you can't accept any little services from me that might help you in your work. I'm still interested in your success."

"You're tremendously good," he answered, really touched. "I can't say anything except that I'll try to be worthy of your kindness."

She gave him a half-distressed look, then smiled brightly. "We won't talk of it any more," she said "—ever. Now do sit down and tell me what you have been doing all this time. How have you been getting along with your work?"

"All right. Great, in fact, except—this morning. I overslept." He grinned boyishly.

"Overslept? Oh, Kirk!" she said reproachfully.

"Fierce, isn't it? You see, I never got up so early before, except to go duck-hunting, and this is different. Did you ever try rising at five-thirty—in the morning, I mean? You've no idea how it feels. Why, it's hardly light! You can't see to brush your teeth! Of course, my train had gone. I suggested to Runnels that hereafter we send No. 2 out at eight-thirty instead of six-thirty—that's early enough for anybody—but he didn't seem to take kindly to the thought."

"What did he say when you reported?"

"I didn't consider it proper to listen to all he said, so I retired gracefully—smiling. From what I did hear, however, I gathered that he was vaguely offended at something. I tried to explain that I had been out late, but it didn't go."

Edith laughed. "Perhaps I'd better telephone him."

"Oh, no, you needn't do that."

"But surely you were called in time?"

"Please don't! That's the first thing Runnels yodeled at me when I showed up. He's a nice fellow, but he's too serious; he lets little things bother him. He'll cool off by to-morrow. And now I *am* going."

In the days that followed, Kirk tried his very best to make good. Aside from his inability to find the Spanish girl, and an occasional moment of misgiving at the thought of Frank Wellar, *alias* Jefferson Locke, he had but one worry, and that was caused by Allan. Never a day passed that the worshiping black boy did not fairly hound him with his attentions; never a nightly journey down into the city that Allan did not either accompany him, or, failing permission to do so, follow him at a safe distance. For a time Anthony rebelled at this espionage; but the constant effort of refusal grew tiresome after a while, especially as the Jamaican did just as he pleased, anyhow, and Kirk ended by letting him have his way.

But this was not all. Allan insisted upon accompanying his friend upon his daily runs back and forth across the Isthmus. At first he succeeded in slipping past the gateman in some miraculous manner and, once

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"DO YOU KNOW, YOU'VE MADE IT RATHER HARD FOR ME, STAYING AWAY ALL THIS TIME?"

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aboard the train, behaved as if free from all further responsibility. He made it plain, in fact, that he was Anthony's guest and boon companion, and that he considered the exchange of money quite unnecessary, if not even insulting. Day after day, Kirk argued with him, even threatening to throw him off; but Allan ignored the arguments with bland good-nature and looked upon the threats as the display of an excruciating sense of humor. He continued to visit and to gossip on terms of the closest intimacy, and began, moreover, to exercise a certain proprietary right over Kirk, following him through the train to see that no harm befell him and seizing the slightest opportunity to engage him in conversation.

Anthony explained, time after time, that there were probably spotters on the run, and that this conduct was sure, sooner or later, to get them both into trouble. To all of which Allan listened attentively and agreed earnestly. But the next morning invariably found him back again with some excuse.

"I cawn't explain it, Chief," he acknowledged on one occasion. "Every day swear I to cease, but it is of no h'avail. I would die and kill myself, but——"

"Rats!"

"Yes sar. It is very h'annoying, is it not?"

"Do you want me to lose my job?"

"Oh, *mon!*"

"I'm going to speak to the boss, if you don't let up. I don't want to get fired."

"Never mind, you, for these h'engagements. I will work for you."

Becoming really concerned lest he should be accused of withholding fares, Kirk did speak to Runnels, explaining fully; whereupon a watch was set, with the result that on the very next morning Allan was chased out of the railroad yards by an unfeeling man with a club. Failing for a second time to evade the watchful eyes of the gateman, he ranged back and forth beyond the iron fence like a captive animal, raising his voice to heaven in weird complaint. He was waiting when the train pulled in that evening.

For several days this procedure was repeated with variations, until the dreadful threat of arrest put an end to it. Allan had conceived a wholesome respect for Spiggoty police, and for a few days thereafter Kirk was rid of him. Then one morning he reappeared as usual in one of the forward coaches.

"How the deuce did you make it?" asked Anthony.

Allan proudly, triumphantly, displayed a ticket, exclaiming: "It is of no h'avail to prevent me, boss!"

"That ticket is good only to Corozal, the first station. You'll have to get off there." But when Corozal had been passed, he found Allan still comfortably ensconced in his seat.

"Now, boss, we shall have fine visits to-day," the negro predicted warmly, and Kirk did not have the heart to eject him.

At the other end of the line Allan repeated the process, and thereafter worked diligently three days a week to amass sufficient money to buy tickets from Panama to Corozal, and from Colon to Mt. Hope, relying with splendid faith upon his friend to protect him, once he penetrated past the lynx-eyed gateman.

Runnels accepted Kirk's explanation and so far exceeded his authority as to make no objection. Allan, therefore, managed to spend about half his time in company with the object of his adoration.

Although the Master of Transportation never referred to his conversation with Kirk on the occasion of their trip through Culebra Cut, he watched his new subordinate carefully and his instinctive liking for him increased. The young fellow was in earnest, he decided, in his effort to succeed on his own merits, and had not been posing when he offered to start at the bottom. It gave Runnels pleasure to see how he attended to his work, once he had settled down to it.

Accordingly, it was a disagreeable surprise when he received a printed letter from a St. Louis detective agency relative to one Frank Wellar, *alias* Jefferson Locke (last seen in New York City November 25th), and offering a substantial reward for information leading to his arrest. The communication reached Runnels through the usual channel, copies having been distributed to the heads of various departments. It was the description that caught his attention:

"White; age, twenty-eight years; occupation, clerk; eyes, bluish gray; hair, light, shading upon yellow; complexion, fair; height, six feet; weight, one hundred ninety pounds. No prominent scars or marks, so far as known, but very particular as to personal appearance, and considered a good athlete, having been captain of U. of K. football team."

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There was but one man in Runnels's department whose appearance tallied with all this—Kirk Anthony; and it gave the Master of Transportation a start to note how very complete was the identification. Nevertheless, he held the letter on his desk, and did nothing for a time, except to question his new collector upon the first occasion. The result was not at all reassuring.

CHAPTER XVI

"8&8"

For a few days after talking with Kirk the Master of Transportation was in doubt as to what course he should pursue. In the end he did nothing, and the letter from St. Louis was permanently filed away. There were several reasons for this action. For one thing, he was a salaried man and could not afford to lose his job, as he might do if he offended Mrs. Cortlandt. What influenced him most, however, was his genuine liking for Anthony. He could not bring himself to attach much weight to the suspicious circumstances connected with him. Being a man of sufficient courage to back his own judgment, he decided that, no matter what might have been the past of Frank Wellar, *alias* Jefferson Locke, Kirk Anthony was entitled to another chance.

The first thing Kirk did when pay-day came was to enclose the greater part of his salary in an envelope and send it to John Weeks, with a note explaining that he had withheld only enough for his own actual needs, and promising to continue reducing his indebtedness by a like amount monthly. He was surprised beyond measure to have the remittance promptly returned. The brief letter that accompanied it, saying that Mrs. Cortlandt had paid the debt, brought him a flush of discomfort. What the deuce had made Mrs. Cortlandt do that! For a time he was undecided whether to be offended at her conduct or gratified, and he had not settled the matter to his satisfaction when he called upon her that evening.

"Weeks wrote me you had squared my account with him," he said awkwardly. "I'm tremendously obliged, of course, and —I'll give this to you instead of him." He offered her the envelope with his pay enclosed.

"Don't be silly, Kirk," she said in a matter-of-fact tone. "I didn't wish Weeks to have any opportunity to talk. You need this money, and I don't."

"Perhaps I should have offered it to Mr. Cortlandt."

"Stephen knows nothing about the Weeks affair. If you choose to regard my little favor as a debt, however, please let it run on until you are better able to pay."

But Anthony remained inflexible, and at last she accepted his proffer with some impatience. "You are the most foolish person I ever knew!" she exclaimed. "Can't you understand that such obligations don't exist between friends? A few dollars mean nothing."

"A few dollars mean a good deal to me just now."

"You have the most disappointing way of receiving favors. I had a decent position for you, but you would go to collecting fares. I hope you have had enough of it now, and are ready to take something worth while."

"Not until it comes naturally. No hop, skip, and jump for mine."

The next day was Sunday, the time set for a lottery drawing in which Kirk—urged by Allan, who had dreamed a very particular dream about the figure eight—had taken a ticket.

Inasmuch as No. 6, to which he had been shifted for a few trips, did not leave until one o'clock, he had ample time in which to witness the drawing. This form of gambling was well recognized, it seemed; not only the natives, but all classes of Canal Zone workers engaged in it freely. On every street corner women sold tickets day after day, and, as the drawings were conducted under rigid government supervision, the lottery had come to be regarded as a sort of public institution.

Allan, vastly excited, was of course waiting to accompany him, and when Kirk had finished a leisurely breakfast, the two strolled idly down into the city.

"Oh, boss," exclaimed the negro, "I feel that we shall h'experience good fartune to-day."

"Did you buy a ticket?"

"No, sar, I h'invested all my moneys traveling on those railroad trains."

"Now see how foolish you are. If you'd stayed at home you might have bought the winning number to-day."

"I prefer to h'accompany you. But—I have been thinking to make you a proposi-

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tion of partnership, Master H'Auntony. I will stay home and dream numbers, which you can purchase with your salary. In that manner we shall certainly burst this lottery."

"Oh, I see! You'll sleep while I rustle the coin to play. What's your idea of a fair division of the profits?"

"It is sometimes exceedingly fatiguing to dream," said Allan defensively. "Sometimes one wastes an entire day and has no success."

"That's merely a question of diet. I could make you dream your head off."

"But I do not desire the profits, however, for being partners with you. I would like you to have plenty of moneys, that is all. I love you, sar."

"Don't! You embarrass me."

"It is true, Chief; I would die and——"

"Yes, yes, kill yourself."

"I pray to God h'every day that some bad man will h'assault you in order that I may die for you." The Jamaican was growing excited, as usual, when he dwelt upon this subject. "I would h'enjoy to shed my blood for you, sar. I would like to see it running—running—running—" He waved his arms wildly.

"Don't bleed to death."

"I wish to suffer and scream and groan, so that you will be knowing——"

"Never mind. I think I get the idea. But I'm not going to allow it, and I'm not going to allow you to dream—you sleep too much, as it is. Besides, your dreams are no good."

The drawing, which was for a capital prize of fifteen thousand dollars, silver, had drawn a larger crowd than usual, and when the two reached Cathedral Square they found the lottery building thronged to overflowing with the usual polyglot elements that make up these Latin-American gatherings—negroes, Indians, Panamanians, Spaniards, Americans—while in the plaza itself other groups were waiting to hear the report.

By dint of considerable effort Kirk succeeded in working his way through the wide double doors, and, being much above the average height, he was able to get a good view of the proceedings. Upon a platform, a group of ceremonious officials was gathered about a revolving wire cage, so arranged that it could be whirled rapidly upon its axis. Into it were put ten ivory spheres, resembling billiard balls in size and appearance. When this had been done, the cage was closed, and a very badly frightened twelve-year-old girl was selected at random from the audience, and lifted to the stage, where the commands and entreaties of her excited parents were required to prevent her from dissolving in tears. At a word from the master of ceremonies, the cage was spun until the ivory balls inside leaped and capered like captive squirrels. Then, at another signal, it was stopped. The door was opened, and the little girl reached in a trembling hand and selected a sphere. It proved to be hollow, with two halves screwed together; and in full sight of the assembly it was opened, displaying a bit of paper inside.

"*Ocho!*" cried the announcer, and a card bearing the numeral "8" was raised. The paper was replaced inside the ivory ball, the ball itself was dropped into the wire cage, the door was closed, and once more the cage was spun.

Kirk was much interested in the scene, not from any faintest hope that he would draw a prize, but purely because of the novel atmosphere and color of the thing. While his eyes were busiest, and just as the child prepared to draw another ball from the cage, he felt a touch upon his arm, and, glancing down, beheld the glowing black eyes of Señor Ramón Alfarez fixed upon him.

Alfarez was dressed immaculately, this time in civilian's white linen, his ferocious little mustachios carefully pointed, his cheeks freshly shaven and talcumed, his slender feet encased in white canvas shoes. A wonderful Guayaquil hat, the creamy straws of which were no thicker than silk threads, crowned his sleek raven locks. It must have cost a small fortune. He carried a dapper little cane, with which he tapped his former prisoner to attract attention.

At sight of him Kirk drew down his brows and said gruffly: "Don't poke me with that umbrella."

He turned away, but again Alfarez touched him with the rattan.

"I will spik wit' you, *hombre*," he said.

"If you keep jabbing me with that crutch, I'll break it, and then you can't walk home."

Ramón jerked his head toward the square outside in an imperious fashion, and Kirk

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curious to learn the cause of this excitement, followed him without demur. When they had reached the street, the Spaniard turned with flashing eyes and a mirthless smile.

"Well!" he said dramatically.

"Pretty well. How goes it with you?"

"So! You 'ave socceed in your cowardly attemp'!"

"My what?"

"I am lose my poseetion as Comandante of Police."

"You don't say so!" Kirk's face broke into a smile of real pleasure.

"Ha! Makes it you to laugh, then?" exclaimed the Panamanian excitedly. "Per-'aps you shall answer to those detestable actions, señor."

"Perhaps! I see you blame me for the loss of your job. Well, maybe you won't beat up the next American you get your hands on."

"*Bot*—I 'ave another poseetion!" Ramón exulted.

"Indeed! Are you 'behind the ribbons' at the local Wanamaker's?"

"I 'ave been promote! I am appoint yesterday by His Excellency the Presidente, to be his secretary. So! Those dastardly attack of yours is transpire to my blessing. It will be always so."

"I suppose it's a good job, but you ought to be selling poison in a drug-store. Did you call me out to hear this news?"

"*Sí!*" Alfarez nodded his head vigorously. Then, narrowing his eyes, he said meaningly, in a voice that none might overhear: "Panama is sometimes very on-'ealthy city for fat Americans." He ran a hostile glance up and down Anthony's burly frame. "It is the climate per'aps—of too great 'eat."

"In other words, you intend to make it hot for me, eh?"

"I?" The ex-commandant shrugged his shoulders in eloquent denial. "I shall do not'ing, bot—if you are wise man you will not display yourself to the dangers of these climate; you will return 'ome."

"Say! I've a good notion to punch your head."

Alfarez paled slightly. "Soch would be most dangerous, for in Chiriqui Prison there is at the present some fatal disease." He laughed sneeringly. "The señor is reech man's son, eh? Those do not geeve the appearance."

With supreme insolence the ex-commandant touched with his cane one of the buttons upon Kirk's linen uniform, whereat the American snatched the stick out of his hand, broke it, and tossed it into the street. His blood was up, and in another breath he would have struck the Spaniard, regardless of consequences; but just at that moment Allan dashed out of the crowd, crying breathlessly:

"Oh, boss! Oh, *boss!* Glory to God, it is true! *Oh-h-h, glory!*" Seizing Kirk's hands, he kissed them before the other could prevent, then ran on frantically: "Come quick! Come! Come! Come!"

"Look out!" snapped Kirk angrily. "What's happened?"

"The dream! The dream is come! Oh, God, sar! You—you have won the capital prize, sar!"

Alfarez's exclamation, as much as the boy's wild hysteria, brought Anthony to himself.

"*No!* Honest, now! What's the number?" he exclaimed.

"H'eight, h'eight, three, h'eight," sobbed the Jamaican. Kirk made a dive for his coat pocket, while Allan continued in a rising voice:

"Glory to God, sar! Glory to God! It is fifteen thousand dollars, silver. I thought I should h'expire from fright. Oh, I—Quick! Praise be—do not say you have lost the ticket or I shall die and kill myself——"

"Here it is!" In his hand Anthony waved a slip of paper, out of which leaped four big, red numbers, "8838."

"*Carrah—!*" came from behind him, and he turned to behold Alfarez, livid of face and with shaking hand, fling a handful of similar coupons after the broken cane. Without another word or a glance behind him, the Panamanian made off across the plaza, barely in time to escape the crowd that surged around the two he had quitted.

Bombarded by a fusillade of questions in a dozen tongues, jostled by a clamoring, curious throng, the lucky owner of "8838" fought his way back into the lottery building, and, as he went, the news spread like flaming oil.

There it was, plainly displayed, "8838"! There could be no possible mistake, and it meant fifteen thousand silver pesos, a princely fortune, indeed, for the collector of No. 2.

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Promptly at five minutes to one o'clock that afternoon, Allan Allan, late of Jamaica, strode through the Panama railroad station and flaunted a first-class round-trip ticket to Colon before the eyes of his enemy, the gateman. He was smoking a huge Jamaican cigar, and his pockets bulged with others. When he came to board the train, he called loudly for a porter to bring him the step and, once inside, selected a shady seat with the languid air of a bored globe-trotter. He patronized the "butcher" lavishly, crushing handful after handful of lemon-drops noisily between his teeth and strewing orange-peel and cigar-ashes on the floor with the careless unconcern that accords with firmly established financial eminence. He spat out of the window, he waved a dignified greeting to his countrymen gathered upon station platforms, he halted hurrying brakemen to inquire times of arrival and departure, and in general he had the time of his young life.

Only when Kirk appeared upon his rounds did he forego his haughty complacency. Then his wide lips, which nature had shaped to a perpetual grin, curled back as they were intended, his smile lit up the car, and he burst into loud laughter.

"Enjoying yourself?" inquired his hero.

"Passably, sar, passably!" Then, with a painful assumption of seriousness: "How is the train, sar, may I ahsk?"

"On time."

"Rarely it is so, as a general thing. It is fartunate, h'indeed, that you consented to run her this time."

"In a hurry to get to Colon?"

"Quite so. It is h'impartant that I h'arrive promptly to-day. I have business h'affairs." His countenance assumed tortured lines as he endeavored to maintain his gravity, then, failing in the attempt, he burst suddenly into a gale of merriment.

Kirk found that the report of his good fortune had spread far and wide. He was halted a score of times for congratulations; operators at the various stations yelled at him and waved their hands; Runnels wired "Hurrah!" at Gatun. A certain respect was in these greetings, too, for he had suddenly become a character.

As yet, however, he had not fully considered what this windfall meant to him. His first thought had been that he could now discharge his debts, go back to New York, and clear himself before the law. Yet the more he thought of it, the less eager he became to return. Seven thousand five hundred dollars in gold, to Kirk Anthony of Panama, Collector, was a substantial fortune. To Kirk Anthony of Albany, Distributor, it was nothing. Suppose he went home and squared his account with the police, what would he do then? Nothing, as usual. Here, he was proving that the Anthony breed was self-supporting, at least. And there was another reason, the weightiest of all. Long before he had reached the end of his run he realized that not one hundred times the amount of this capital prize would tempt him to leave Panama before he had seen Chiquita.

Chiquita was beginning to seem like a dream. At times during the past week he had begun to wonder if she were not really a product of his own imagination. His fancy had played upon her so extravagantly that he feared he would not know her if ever they came face to face. His mental picture of her had lost all distinctness. . . . And then, with the inconsequence of dreams and sprites, she appeared to him.

It was but a glimpse he had, and a tantalizing flash of recognition from her eyes. It happened in the dusk during the confusion that accompanied the arrival of No. 7 at Panama on this night of the lottery drawing, and it came with a suddenness that stunned him. The station was jammed with a roaring flood of negroes; another crowd was forcing its way through the exits in the high iron fence; the street was a crush of Spiggoty coaches.

Kirk had volunteered to assist an old lady, and his arms were full of bundles as he guided her between the clicking teeth of a turnstile. He was helping her into a carriage when he heard the sharp clatter of hoofs upon the brick pavement, and looked up to see a fine Peruvian mare hitched to a tan-colored surrey, skirting the confusion. A black coachman was driving, and there were several people in the carriage. Kirk gave it a casual glance, and just as he looked it swept into the glare of an electric light. Out from the back seat shone a perfect oval face, with soft, luminous eyes.

She was just as he had pictured her, only more beautiful.

Kirk nearly upset his little old lady, who was struggling into her equipage. He swept his armful of bundles into the coach, seized his scandalized companion under the arms,

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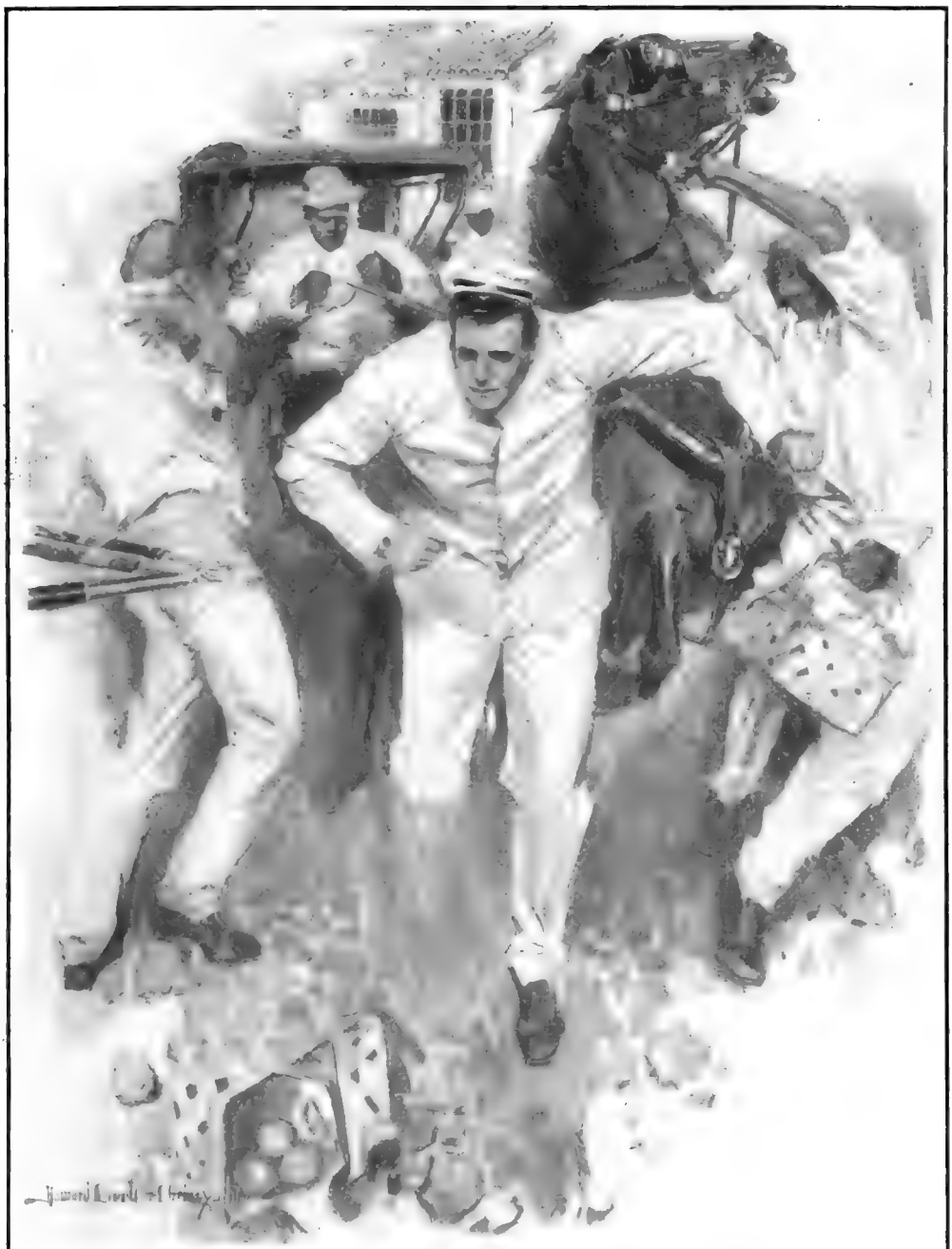

HE DASHED AWAY THROUGH THE BEDLAM, UNDER HORSES' HEADS, PAST FLYING HOOFS AND SCRAPING WHEELS, UNTIL HE HAD REACHED THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CROWD

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and deposited her bodily upon a seat. Then, without waiting to hear from her, he dashed away through the bedlam. Under horses' heads he went, past flying hoofs and scraping wheels, jostling pedestrians and little brown policemen, until he had reached the outskirts of the crowd, where he vaulted into a vacant vehicle and called upon the driver to whip up.

"Quick! Quick! Follow that tan-colored surrey! I'll give you a dollar gold not to lose sight of it."

With the blandest of smiles the coachman started his horses, then, turning, he inquired politely: "'Otel Tivoli?"

"No, *no!* Follow that carriage!"

"*No sabe Inglés*," said the coachman.

Before Kirk had succeeded in making him understand, the street had become jammed with carriages and the Peruvian mare was lost to sight. After a half-hour of futile clattering back and forth, Kirk dismissed the driver.

But there was no doubt that she had recognized him, and nothing now could prevent him from continuing his search. The trouble was that his present occupation allowed him no opportunity. He was tied to the railroad except at night.

It was perhaps two weeks later that a serious shake-up occurred in the office force, of which no one seemed to know the cause. There was a mad scramble for advancement all along the line, in which Kirk took no part. But unexpectedly Runnels summoned him to his office.

"How would you like an inside position?" said the Master of Transportation, eying him keenly.

"So soon?"

"I said I'd advance you if you made good." He paused an instant, then said deliberately: "When you get the hang of things here you'll have a chance to be my assistant."

Kirk opened his eyes in amazement. "Gee! That's great! But do you think I can get away with it?"

"Not at once. It will take time, of course, and you'll have to work like the devil." Runnels regarded him curiously, recalling the letter so carefully filed away. Then he yielded to his natural impulse.

"Look here, Anthony," he said, "I'm partly selfish in this, for I believe you're the sort I'm going to want within the next year. The superintendent has had an offer from a big system in the States, and he's going to quit when his vacation comes. He likes me, and he says I'll probably step into his shoes. Do you understand what that means? I'll need fellows I can count on—fellows who won't double-cross me to make a dollar for themselves, or knife me when my back is turned. I've got to have an efficient, noiseless organization. Otherwise we'll all go under, for we'll be into politics up to our necks. I think you're my sort, so if you'll stick to me I'll help you, and for every step I take I'll drag you up one."

"It's a go!" The two young men clasped hands heartily. Runnels had struck the right note. Besides his former desire to prove himself a man, Kirk now felt a strong sense of loyalty to the one who had recognized his worth. This was no mere matter of promotion. He and Runnels would work shoulder to shoulder. A sense of responsibility descended upon him. For the first time he thoroughly understood the spirit of the ardent toilers who were giving their best to the Big Job. He was really one of them now, and the thought electrified him.

When he told his good news to Mrs. Cortlandt, her surprise was so cleverly simulated that he never dreamed that she had been at great pains to bring this thing about. Not that Runnels was indisposed to act upon his own initiative, but the circumstances that had made his action possible had been due to her.

The young man himself did not inquire very closely into the occasion of his advancement, and Edith Cortlandt was but little in his mind. He was consumed with the thought of Chiquita. He hoped that his new work would allow him more control of his time, and perhaps put him in the way of learning her name. He could move in better society now. Meanwhile he laid other plans. He took Allan into his confidence and told him frankly that he was in love with a woman he did not know.

Of course, his faithful follower was delighted, and made extravagant promises of aid.

"Now that the dry season has come," said Kirk, "people must be living at the Savannas, and I want you to haunt the region round that swimming-pool until you discover who she is. You must be my detective."

"Oh, boss, I would——"

"Don't tell me you'd die and kill your-

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self for me. I want you to live and find this girl for me. I'll take you out to-day, after office hours, and show you the place; then you'll have to do the rest. I've simply got to 'tend to business. But I'll spend Sunday out there if you haven't already discovered her. Now, I'll chant this all over again on the way out, so you won't forget anything."

CHAPTER XVII

GARAVEL THE BANKER

THESE were busy days for the Cortlandts. They entertained continually, and the occasions when they dined without from one to a dozen guests became so exceptional as to elicit remark around the hotel. Most of their efforts were devoted to certain Panamanians of the influential class, and in company with one or more of these Cortlandt made frequent trips to the various quarters of the republic.

During these intervals his wife assumed the direction of affairs, and continued to entertain or be entertained. Her energy and resource seemed inexhaustible. The officials of both governments treated her with punctilious respect.

The result was just what had been designed. Tourists and visiting newspaper people spoke glowingly of the amity between the two nations, and wondered at the absence of that Spanish prejudice of which they had heard so much. Those who chanced to know the deeper significance of it all, and were aware of the smoldering resentment that lay in the Latin mind, commented admiringly upon her work and wondered what effect it would have upon the coming election. Already this event had cast its shadow ahead, bringing memories of the last election, with its disturbances and ragged uncertainty. As the time drew near, there were those who openly predicted trouble. Others scoffed at the idea, although they claimed that this would be the last election ever held in Panama; but all united in declaring that whatever the work to which the Cortlandts had been assigned, they were doing it well.

No one but the woman herself and her husband really understood the tremendous difficulties of their task or the vital issues at stake. Although they seemed to be making progress, they knew that they were dealing with a people not only excitable and egotistic, but steeped in guile and distrustful by nature. The fire was close to the magazine; but this was Edith Cortlandt's chosen field, and she brought to bear upon the situation a man-like power of cool calculation, together with a brilliant intuition of her own. Never had her tact, her knowledge of human nature, her keen realization of political values, been called into such play as now. So triumphantly did she exercise these qualities that all who came into contact with her recognized the master mind directing the campaign and, consciously or unconsciously, relegated her husband to the background.

Old Anibal Alfarez was perhaps the last fully to appreciate her. He did, however, learn in time that, while he could successfully match his craft against that of the husband, the wife read him unerringly. The result was that he broke with them openly.

When news of this reached the members of the Canal Commission, they were alarmed, and Colonel Jolson felt it necessary to make known their views upon the situation. Accordingly, a few nights later, the Cortlandts dined at his handsome residence on the heights above Culebra. After their return to Panama, the Colonel, in whom was vested the supreme authority over his nation's interests, acknowledged that his acquaintance with diplomacy was as nothing compared with Edith Cortland's.

It was to Colonel Bland, in charge of the Atlantic Division, that he confessed: "In all my life I've never met a woman like her. Cortlandt, as you know, is a clever fellow, and I flatter myself that I'm no mental invalid, but we were like children in her hands. He sided with me at first, but she talked us both around in spite of ourselves. I agree with her now, perfectly, and I am content to let her have free rein."

"General Alfarez is the strongest man in the republic," said Colonel Bland. "As Governor of Panama Province, he's the logical next president. Besides that, he has the machinery behind him. I don't see who there is to defeat him."

"We argued the same thing. She thinks Garavel is the proper man."

"Garavel is a banker; he's not a politician."

The chief engineer laughed. "All Sppnish-Americans are politicians, Colonel; they can't help it."

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"But could he win? It would be a calamity if he had American backing and failed; it would mean a disaster."

"Cortlandt has been working carefully, and he has been in all the seven provinces. He admits that it might be done, and she is certain. You see, their part in the Colombian affair makes them strong with the leaders, and they have already whipped the foreign influences into line. Of course, it will mean a fight—Alfarez won't give up easily—but if Garavel should be the next president it would be a fine thing for both countries."

"Well, it's a puzzling situation!" Colonel Bland admitted, "and I wish it were over." Then he branched off on the subject of a cargo of cement which had not been up to standard and might have to be rejected.

Meanwhile, the Cortlandts gave a ceremonious little dinner, the one and only guest being Andrés Garavel, the banker.

Of all the charming people of Central America there is perhaps none more polished and well-bred than the upper-class Panamanian. Of this agreeable type, Señor Garavel was an admirable example, having sprung from the finest Castilian stock, as a name running back through the pages of history to the earliest conquests attested. Other Garavels had played important parts in the troubled affairs of Guatemala, and it was the banker's proud boast that one of his ancestors had assisted Alvarado to christen the first capital of that country—the city of St. James the Gentleman—in 1524. The name had later figured prominently in Antigua, that Athens of the New World, where the flower of Spanish America gathered. A later forebear had fled southward at the time of the disturbances incidental to the revolt of the colonies, but in his departure there had been no disgrace, and since that time the Garavels had worthily maintained the family traditions of dignity and honor.

The present bearer of the name was of distinguished appearance. He was swarthy of skin, his hair was snow-white, and he had stern black eyes of great intelligence. In size he was not above the medium, but his manner fully made up for any deficiency of stature. He was courtly and deliberate, evincing a pride that sprang not only from good blood but from good deeds. His poise was that of a man with heavy responsibilities, for Andrés Garavel was a careful banker and a rich one.

"I am so disappointed that your daughter could not come!" Edith told him for the second time. "I'm afraid she objects to our American informality."

"No, no, my dear lady," said their guest. "She admires American customs, as I do. We are progressive, we have traveled. In my home, in my private life, perhaps, I am Panamanian; but in my business and in my contact with other peoples I am as they are. It is the same with my daughter. She has traveled, she speaks five languages—she was at school in Baltimore, you know—and yet, underneath it all, she is a Garavel and hence a Panamanian."

As soon as the three had adjourned to the Cortlandts' suite the host proceeded to approach the subject in his mind as directly as the circumstances permitted. Through a series of natural transitions, the conversation was brought around to politics, and Garavel was adroitly sounded. But he displayed little interest, maintaining a reserve that baffled them. It was impossible to betray him into an expression of feeling favorable to their views. When at last he consented to show his awareness of the suggestion so constantly held out, he spoke with deliberate intention.

"General Alfarez is my respected friend," he said, with a quietness that intensified his meaning, "and I rejoice that he will be the next president of Panama."

"You of course know that there is opposition to him?"

"All Panama knows that."

"General Alfarez does not seem to be a friend of the United States."

"There are few who hold the views I do. He is a man of strong character, he has no commercial interests to influence him as I have, and so we differ. Yet I respect him——"

"It is precisely because of those views of yours that I wish to consult you," said Cortlandt slowly. "In all the republic there is no one so progressive as you. May I speak frankly?"

Garavel inclined his white head without taking his intense dark eyes from the speaker.

"Don Anibal Alfarez," said Cortlandt, "can never be president of Panama!"

The next instalment of **"The Ne'er-Do-Well"** will appear in the May number.

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Photograph by Bangs, New York.

IRENE FRANKLIN.

PERHAPS the most convincing illustration of the triumph of personality over the play that the modern theatre has known is the popular success won by Maude Adams in "Chantecler," the most widely and most successfully exploited play ever written.

Nothing could be more incongruous than a woman's essaying to play a character whose strength and value depend upon masculine virility. The idea of a woman *Chantecler* destroys the only significance of the play and leaves it a mere spectacle, without

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meaning as well as without action. To be thoroughly consistent, Mr. Frohman should have cast Otis Skinner for the *Hen Pheasant* —although, of course, Mr. Skinner's intelligence would not have permitted him to make himself ridiculous by playing it. Yet it would be no more absurd to have a man play the *Hen Pheasant* than it is for a woman to play *Chantecler*.

Nevertheless, Maude Adams's friends marched to the box-office in solid phalanxes, eager to exchange money for tickets, and tickets for the privilege of applauding her to the skies. The actress was charming and delightful as Maude Adams, but never for a single moment was she *Chantecler*. She did not even give the remotest suggestion of the character—no woman could. From an artistic view-point, as well as that of common sense, her portrayal was a failure. But the wonder-working personality of her drew $75,000 into the box-office in advance, and after the third performance the theatre was practically sold out for the whole of the engagement. Probably it would have been just the same if she had been announced to play *Little Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

It is a very wonderful thing for an actress to have so splendid a place in the heart of the public. And Maude Adams deserves it. There is no one on the stage who has given such keen pleasure to many people, nor one who has worked harder than she. The pity is that her vanity should have permitted her to play upon this affection, for even her most devoted worshipers go from the theatre with a feeling of disappointment.

The very best part of Miss Adams's performance is the prologue. Her reading of it is marvelously fine, and never was her compelling charm more compelling. But as *Chantecler* she is merely nice and ladylike. Her beautiful voice is wholly inadequate to some of the great speeches; and the limitations of costume handicapped her, as well as her fellow players, cruelly. Never has she appeared to so great disadvantage.

The acting honors went to May Blayney, who played the *Hen Pheasant* delightfully; and, indeed, the rôle is almost as effective as that of the *Cock*. I think that if Miss Adams had elected to play that part it would have been a revelation, for I can imagine no other actress doing it so well. As for *Chantecler*, there is one man who, I am sure, could fulfil the possibilities it suggests; and that is David Bispham, whom we do not associate with the dramatic stage at all, but only with grand opera and concert.

But it is not certain that "Chantecler" would be really worth while on the stage even under the most ideal conditions. The truth is, this poem in dramatic form is far more impressive in the library—for those who are able to read it—than it is in the theatre. To begin with, it is almost wholly lacking in dramatic action. For a few minutes, as a spectacle, it is highly diverting because of the human beings made up in effective resemblance to birds and animals. But almost immediately they become merely human beings in grotesque masquerade, and that handicaps instead of helps. And when the illusion is lost, the drama falls flat, except in the last act, where, in the English version at least, the human emotions triumph over environment.

The costumes largely destroy facial expression. Of course, hands and arms are not seen at all, and the inability to gesture obviously oppresses the players. Furthermore, they flounder hopelessly between the animal idea and the human.

The adaptation used by Miss Adams was made by Louis N. Parker, and it is perhaps as good as could be expected. Inevitably, in the drastic shortening of the play and the elimination of things which would confuse an American audience, much of the delicious humor has gone by the board. For instance, the cynical *Blackbird*, most entertaining of all the characters, goes for nothing. And the passion of the little *Gray Hen* for the cuckoo in the clock is cut out altogether.

Charles Frohman has spent a small fortune on the production, and two of the forest scenes are very beautiful, despite the fact that the lighting is painfully stupid. Maude Adams will make much money out of the play; but, artistically, "Chantecler" is a failure.

The problem of creating and maintaining illusion is the most important of all on the stage, because upon that rests the effect of reality. While this is true of every play, it is particularly so in those that depart from the familiar. "The Faun," in which William Faversham is starring, is an instance. It started brilliantly, with rich promise of being a whimsical, fantastic novelty; but, because the author could not keep up the illusion, the idea wobbled into the commonplace. Its theme is a sort of first cousin to

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CHRISTIE MACDONALD AS *PRINCESS BOZENA* AND LAWRENCE REA AS *PRINCE ALADAR* IN "THE SPRING MAID."

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that of plays which have been most successful—"A Pair of Spectacles," "A Message from Mars," "The Servant in the House," and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," in each of which a supernatural agency is employed to make people better and happier.

In "The Faun" the *deus ex machina* is only a demigod. Possibly because he is a heathen deity, his mission in the comedy is merely to see that people are properly mated, and they are neither very important nor very interesting people. It contains much that is effective and clever, as well as admirable lines; but it lacks dignity and strength.

But, despite this, "The Faun" might have been infinitely more effective if the illusion could have been carried beyond the first act, in which Mr. Faversham appears in the costume that painters have made us believe a faun would wear—a costume consisting chiefly of a few skins. It seems that this *Faun* has an overpowering curiosity to live in a house and mingle with smart people; so he makes an agreement with a young nobleman who is about to kill himself because of race-track losses, whereby the *Faun* may be introduced into good society, as an Italian nobleman, in return for tips on the races.

He is a perfectly good *Faun*, but even a chronic reformer could not discover any real uplift in his work. He talks a great deal about love, of the common or garden variety; but after all, at the very best, he is only rather an effective match-maker, so the attempt at symbolism has small dignity. The lack of spirituality, the inability to arouse imagination by turning one's thoughts to finer things, leaves the comedy to be judged purely by its situations; and these are neither plentiful nor effective.

The moment the *Faun* appears in evening clothes, the illusion of his real character begins to grow dim. Speedily it melts away altogether, and he seems to be only a human being with the kindliest of intentions and exceedingly bad manners. The more human he appears, the less interesting is he. The eccentricities of behavior, whose object is to keep the faun idea to the fore, suggest the impish pranks of an ill-bred schoolboy, and it is difficult to reconcile them with some of the fine sentiments the *Faun* utters.

The chief responsibility seems to lie with the author. Maybe he knows the faun character and we do not; and he may be correct in his drawing. But he certainly isn't convincing. Nor does Mr. Faversham give him any great assistance, because the star is too conscious of the clever speeches, too sophisticated. But when he casts the impossible faun character aside and becomes a human being, he is admirable. Mr. Faversham is one of the few actors who grow better each year; and, besides—a thing as unusual as it is fine—he takes advantage of his position as actor-manager to produce plays that he feels are worth while, even if they are not certain to make money.

"The Scarecrow" is another play that deals in magic, and it not only creates, but maintains, illusion to the very end. Written by Percy Mackaye, it is so far in advance of anything he ever has done for the stage, measured as a play, that one begins to have hopes for him as a dramatist.

Mr. Mackaye says that the suggestion for the play came from Hawthorne's fantastic sketch, "Feathertop," but that he developed a theme which Hawthorne barely suggested; namely, "the essential tragedy of the ridiculous." But if "Feathertop" be eliminated altogether in the consideration of "The Scarecrow"—and it should be—then Mr. Mackaye does not define his theme with exactness.

The first act is one of the most remarkable acts I have ever seen on the stage. It shows *Blacksmith Bess* in her shop at dawn, busily fashioning a scarecrow which she intends for honest purposes. *Blacksmith Bess* is called a witch, and with reason, for she is a boon companion of the *Devil*—a very prankish, irresponsible Prince of Darkness. While she works she rails at *Squire Merton*, who had deceived her years before. She is always thinking of revenge. The *Devil* aids her in making the scarecrow, and while he works he evolves a fantastic scheme. He will endow the scarecrow with life, transform him into a human fop, and have him win the affections of *Squire Merton's* niece, who comes to the smithy to buy from *Bess* a magic mirror, which shows people as they are.

The making of the scarecrow and the incantation form a scene of grotesque humor and fine poetic power, profoundly impressive in a creepy way. Edgar Selwyn, who staged the play, has produced remarkable effects. The scarecrow that one has seen builded before one's eyes finally steps forth—a strange automaton of a creature—to be dubbed *Lord Ravensbane*, son of *Blacksmith*

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Photograph by White, New York.

EDMUND BREESE AS *THE DEVIL* IN "THE SCARECROW."

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RITA STANWOOD AS *KATHLEEN LLEWELLYN* IN "EXCUSE ME."

Bess; while the *Devil* transforms himself into *Dickon*, the scarecrow's tutor. The curtain descends with the audience completely under the spell of the illusion.

Though the succeeding acts can not compare with the first in theatric value, they have an interest fully as strong, for there is developed in the allegory a human interest that grips the whole audience. This play makes even stupid people think, despite themselves, because of its objectivity.

Dickon takes his creature, in the guise of a noble London fop, to *Squire Merton's* house, frightening that pious man, with threats of exposure, into entertaining both as guests. Black art makes the lovely *Rachel* turn from the sweetheart to whom she is betrothed, and fall in love with the automaton, who eternally puffs the pipe from which he derives life. And then, when *Rachel* falls in love with *Lord Ravensbane*, and he with her, he is endowed with a soul that transforms the automaton into a man. And it is this transformation that gives the drama its real power. When, in the last act, *Ravensbane* comes into his manhood, which has in it something of godhood that the Prince of Darkness may not touch, the play rises to the heights of tragedy; but it is not the tragedy of the ludicrous.

For we know, all of us, down in the inner corner of our heart, which we hide even from ourselves as long as we can, that if we, too, looked into the mirror of truth, we should see in the reflection something of the scarecrow. And it is not so certain that we

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should rise to the splendor of *Ravensbane* and break that which makes our masquerade seem real, refusing longer to do the devil's work, even though life be the price of refusal. But we like to think we should.

No, this fine play is not a tragedy of the ridiculous, unless one believe that all this complex life of ours is ridiculous—and whatever it may be, it certainly is not that. Percy Mackaye is first of all a poet, and I think poets build better than they know. "The Scarecrow" is a big play, for all its faults. It has not only poetic power but real drama besides. Maybe that is because the poet made it despite the dramatist.

Edmund Breese was announced as the star of the play. He was the *Devil*. He had some fine moments, but he seemed unable to distinguish between the grotesque and buffoonery. He overacted, making himself the most obvious, superficial, noisy Devil imaginable, a devil without intellectual force, without subtlety. He was a Devil one couldn't possibly respect. And when one can't respect the Devil, his existence isn't important.

The real star of "The Scarecrow" was Frank Reicher, an actor trained on the exacting German stage, where he won distinction before he turned to English; yet he speaks the latter language with scarcely a perceptible accent. His was really a very wonderful performance, striking in its consistency, in the remarkable effect of keeping absolutely within the character and showing most convincingly the stages in the development of the scarecrow into *Ravensbane* and then into a real man. His restrained emotional force, his absolute truthfulness and sincerity, the power of his real pathos, made him stand forth brilliantly. Very admirable, too, was Alice Fischer as *Blacksmith Bess*.

Curiously enough, practically none of those financially interested in "The Scarecrow"—and that includes the players, the author alone being excepted—had any real faith in its financial success. So when the public having received a false advance impression of the play, did not respond at once, it was withdrawn. And yet there has been no play produced this season which would have been surer of making a great deal of money in the long run, if the producers had only had the courage to wait for the response of the public.

The very nicest, cheerfulest, daintiest series of pictures on the stage is "Pomander Walk." It is a comedy by courtesy only. It has no hero, and only the slenderest suggestion of a plot; but it is rich in humor, in pure sentiment that dangerously approaches stickiness, and in happiness. Really it is a sort of fairy story, without any magic save that which all of us may employ in our every-day lives. It has the freshness, the infinite charm and sweetness, of perennial youth.

Pomander Walk is a little street in an out-of-the-way London suburb on the Thames, on which is a row of little red brick houses, all exactly alike. In these live people of widely varying types, who are nevertheless all close friends, and who feel that Pomander Walk belongs to them alone and must be kept free from the rest of the world. They are all very simple, very natural, very lovable folk of the Georgian days. The quaint costumes of the period fit the personalities, as well as give a sense of aloofness from modern life.

One isn't quite sure whether Louis N. Parker, the author of the comedy, or the actors who appear in it deserve the greater credit for the amazingly clever characterization. But one is sure the result is as nearly perfect as one can ever hope to see on the stage. It was very wise to import English players, for American actors could not possibly feel the spirit of "Pomander Walk."

George Giddens plays *Sir Peter Antrobus*, the retired British admiral of the old school, a bluff, kindly, autocratic sea-dog of tradition, who is the real ruler of the little community. Lennox Pawle is *Jerome Brooke-Hoskyn, Esq.*, a plump and picturesque figure, supposed to be a person of great social importance in the city, but really a retired butler. *The Eyesore* is a whimsical character who fishes all day long and never catches anything—until the very end of the play. There is a musician who fiddles the work of a "young new composer called Beethoven;" and a very learned clergyman. The women are charming, especially Dorothy Parker, the playwright's daughter, who is *Marjolaine*, the daughter of the Englishwoman who married a Frenchman after *Baron Otford* jilted her, years before. Cicely Richards is a lively and sentimental widow, and there are a couple of spinsters and other pleasant folk, besides.

The business of the comedy is to have

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ETHEL BARRYMORE AS *ROSE TRELAWNY* AND CHARLES WALCOT AS *SIR WILLIAM GOWER* IN "TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS."

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everybody married happily—including the confirmed bachelor admiral to the widow, and *Baron Otford* to his first love, as well as the baron's son to the daughter of his old sweetheart. And everybody enters into the pleasantest conspiracies to bring about this joyous state of affairs for others. It is all developed so beautifully, with such charming disregard of everything except the simple laws of romantic love that the big theatre was packed with audiences that cooed over the comedy.

One of the most interesting things about "Marriage à la Carte," for which Ivan Caryll wrote the music, is the author of the book—C. M. S. McLellan, an American who has made his home in London for more than a dozen years. Mr. McLellan is distinctly a literary man. Before he left New York he was the editor of a society paper distinguished for its caustic wit and its fine literary quality, along with other things not so admirable. He made a fortune out of "The Belle of New York," for which Gustav Kerker wrote the music, and which Edna May lifted into a great success. But Mr. McLellan had so poor an opinion of his work that he refused to sign his own name to it. Later, he proved himself as a dramatist by writing "Leah Kleschna," one of Mrs. Fiske's great successes. Now, after a long interval, he has turned to musical comedy again.

Years of association with the English audience have resulted in Mr. McLellan's writing a book that is as distinctly British as anything that has come from the Gaiety Theatre in London. It moves along in slow, sedate English fashion, mildly amusing, but distinctly unfunny from an American viewpoint. Still, there are flashes here and there of the clear, keen American humor and the tendency toward action.

But, in spite of the book, "Marriage à la Carte" won a real success. The score is melodious if not dignified, and it has the most charming star that light opera has known since Marie Tempest deserted music for straight comedy. Emmy Wehlen comes from Vienna by way of London. She is very pretty, very graceful, extraordinarily clever as an actress, and she has learned how to use a naturally fine voice. Moreover, she has the indescribable charm of personality, of making audiences like her and want to have her on the stage all the time. Harry Conor is the chief comedian, and he is always droll. There is one of the familiar "silly ass" types, which isn't effective until Charles Brown, who plays it, gives a talking song, "Cassie's Not a Bit Like Mother." Then one thinks him a good comedian.

The music of "The Spring Maid," in which Christie Macdonald makes her first appearance as a star, is delightful—rich in popular melody without being cheap—and Miss Macdonald sings and acts far better than she ever did before in her life. Music and Miss Macdonald combined to make a really unusual success. Lawrence Rea, with his attractive personality and fine voice, helps, of course. And Tom McNaughton, a recruit from vaudeville, proves himself a real comedian in the new environment.

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WANTED - A Chance for the Child

by · Miriam · Finn · Scott

"This little child made Irish lace;
This little child made flowers;
This little child made willow plumes;
This one held baby for hours.
And all of them worked in a close, warm, room
Thro' the good bright summer hours."

THERE has recently been held in New York City an exposition that dealt with the most precious of the country's resources, its children.

This exposition, the New York Child Welfare Exhibit, with its vast array of vivid facts accumulated by hundreds of experts, has done two great and moving things: It has made a conservative yet appalling indictment of the conditions which surround children of city wage-earners, and it has sought to point out the way of hope. "We look for a new earth," read one of its mottoes—"a condition of things right here into which it will be safe for a child to be born; safe for his body, his mind, his soul."

The conditions pointed out that make the city an "unsafe" place into which to be born are as numerous as the places at which the children of wage-earners touch life. Behind these conditions, causing them, are poverty and ignorance; and behind ignorance, causing it, is usually poverty again.

The center of the Exhibit, as is the center of the child's life, was the home. For the child to have a fair chance it should have a home wherein are light and air and a place to play; a home wherein good food and sufficient clothing are supplied. But the Exhibit showed to what a frightful extent these necessaries for the proper cultivation of childhood are denied the child. In the crowded tenement districts of New York the child breathes, perforce, foul air, lives in dark rooms that are frequently infested by germs of disease, and the street is its only playground. In a single block live 2,371 children. And not only is this street playground crowded, but there is always the menace of the policeman. Of 717 children arrested in July, 1909, over half were arrested for playing games. Furthermore, in this the children's chief playground, in a period of ten months 67 children were killed and 196 were injured. "Shall children cease playing," demanded the Exhibit, "or shall we provide more play space?"

For a family of two adults and three children an income of from $800 to $900 annually is required if the children are to have a fair chance. Even with $900 a year (and thousands of families average no more than half as much), with the strictest economy and a good knowledge of relative values, to feed and house and clothe five people adequately is a most difficult task. It becomes an impossibility when the mother is handicapped by ignorance of food and clothing values. Then the child suffers from malnutrition; its nervous and digestive systems are impaired by tea, coffee, hot bread, fried or greasy food. Also, the child goes poorly-clad, and perhaps falls ill in consequence: the mother has been the victim of shoddy wares.

Sixty dollars a year was the clothing allowance made by the Exhibit for three children in a $900-a-year family. "Gee!" exclaimed a house painter, who spent his noon-hour at the exhibition, "a bunch of old maids must have got up this clothing list! My kid wears a pair of shoes only two months, and they allow two pairs for him for the whole year!" Promptly came the reply from the official explainer: "That is just what we want to show the public—that, with all possible economy and knowledge, sixty dollars is *not enough* to clothe three children on—and that is all that can be allowed on an income of $900."

But where the parents' earnings fell below this wage—there the Exhibit showed its saddest picture of child life. Then are the children immaturely forced into the factory, or into street trades, or to perform manufacturing operations in the tenement-house. Perhaps they labor upon "willow plumes"—made by tying together separate filaments or "flues" of ostrich feathers—knotting forty-two flues for one cent. Per-

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haps, when only four or five years old, they make artificial violets for two cents a gross. Or perhaps they pick the coffee-beans from the sweepings of the coffee warehouse, or do any of a dozen other tasks that manufacturers find it profitable to send into the tenement-houses—working oftentimes for twelve hours a day. Such children are irregular in attendance at school, the absence amounting in cases to a third of the time; and when present they are too weary to benefit fully from the instruction. In the majority of such homes, the Exhibit proves, the families *do not live* upon their income. *They die.*

So, eating poor and insufficient food, their vitality sapped by labor, these children are terrible sufferers from disease. Of babies alone, eight thousand die each year in New York from causes that can be prevented. Three thousand are abandoned each year.

The Exhibit was rich with suggestions whose purpose was to "Give the Baby a Chance;" and, on the positive side, it pointed to the many efforts already under way in New York in behalf of a better childhood. Among the most important were the milk depots for pure milk for nursing infants; the visiting nurses who teach the mother the care of the child, and the Board of Education nurses, who examine the school-children, thus arresting disease; the special classes for abnormal and delinquent children, and for foreigners.

To eradicate the useless destruction of childhood the Exhibit urged that parents be educated to be parents; that the mothers be protected from exposure and overwork; and, as most important of all, it showed the need of a higher standard of living, which means higher wages, among wage-earning families. It pleaded for "a better crop of boys and girls"—and declared that the production of "human wealth" is more important than the production of "material wealth."

To this end the home must be a better home. The Exhibit had an exact reproduction of a tenement flat of three rooms, furnished, with all consideration for utility and good taste, for $100. It was planned to be occupied by two adults and three children. But despite its knowledge of how to make the most of little space and to get the best for the money—the Exhibit pointed out—children can not thrive in tenements. The only solution is the single house in its own garden. That means a colossal readjustment of city life and work which will allow the workman to move to the suburbs and have his job near him.

There must be a place for play. There must be more small parks; roofs of tenements or public buildings must be made into playgrounds; the public schools should not be idle after school hours; and in districts where these methods are impossible or insufficient, traffic should be shut out of designated streets at regular hours, and during such periods these streets should be recognized as playgrounds.

Manufacturing processes must be driven from the home; it must cease to be a shop by day, a mere sleeping-place by night. Child labor must be abolished, and the labor of minors carefully regulated; and vocational schools must be established to fit the child to work more intelligently, and to earn an adequate wage when its working days arrive.

The relative nutritive value of foods must be taught to present parents, and to the children who will be the parents of the next generation—and this knowledge the Exhibit strikingly drives home, to give one example, by showing that a quart of milk is equivalent in food value to eight eggs, or a pound of lean steak, or three pounds of bluefish.

There must be more humane and intelligent laws for children. And there must be more special courts for children and a large staff of probation officers. For all of New York City there is but one juvenile court; and before this court there were last year arraigned 12,000 children, allowing but an average of five minutes to a case. Five minutes in which to try to understand the child's warped nature, to learn the conditions that have made him what he is, to fathom the impulse—perhaps a healthy, normal one—that caused him to commit the act which brought him there, and upon this knowledge to decide what course is most likely to develop the best in him—five minutes!

"*Wanted—A Big Brother*," read a great sign; and proceeded to define a big brother as "A fellow what knows all about you, but likes you just the same." To help secure a big brother for thousands and millions of neglected children—that was the aim of all aims of the Exhibit. And that Big Brother, declared the Exhibit, must be all of us—Society.

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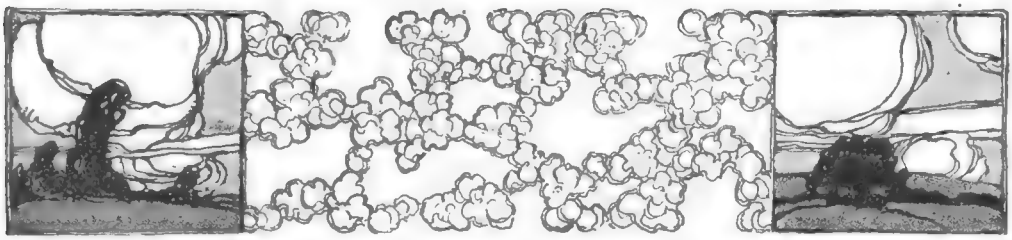

LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

SOUSE CONNELLY—YELLOW MONGREL

BY D. O. EDSON

EVERY ONE knew he was a physician—a children's specialist But no one ever sent for him: he was too busy Even at the hospital no one knew when he would arrive or where he could be found. "You'd better sit down and wait; he's apt to blow in any time. Just one minute, please; the ambulance is out—I'll see where it's gone. . . . Hey, Bill! Where was that last call? Hell's Kitchen? —Well, you'd better wait, he'll probably come back with it."

With John Smith there was something doing every minute. He wasn't what you would call a "live wire;" he was just an opportunist—a psychological opportunist; on the job before it happened; with now and then, by way of parenthesis, a *crisis* for himself.

And this was one—a nine o'clock indigestible dinner in the grill-room of the University Club. His little wife, who loved him to a standstill, had been telephoning to the hospital all the forenoon. At last she got him.

"John, dear, I'm going to dine with mother this evening. She wants to see me on business. Are you listening, John?"

"Yes, Baby."

Then followed over the telephone minute instructions: just where he was to dine, and what he was to eat, but more particularly what he was not to eat; with reminders of what he had eaten the last time she had trusted him to dine alone; and how she had been the one to suffer. He was suffering now, however, for the telephone was working so acutely that he was obliged to press the receiver hard against his ear to keep the rest of the medical staff in the little office from hearing. And then there came so many "Yes, ma'ams" and "No, ma'ams" of submission that the staff was "getting wise;" while at the other end of the wire his wife was becoming suspicious. When, finally, the "good-by" came, he snapped the receiver back on the hook—he had been getting ready for it—and held it down hard for a space of time before he dared to let up on the pressure.

It was nine o'clock before the waiter removed the dish that had held the caviar, and placed before him the sausages and buckwheat cakes he had ordered. He had just finished the mug of cream ale that had accompanied the caviar and was signaling to the waiter, with smacking lips and outstretched hand, holding the empty jug, to fill it up again, when his brother-in-law entered the room.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" the newcomer re-

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marked, with his hands stuffed deep in his pockets, as he sidled up to the table and this last occupant of the dining-room. "If you are not—well, I'm going to telephone your wife." It was distinctly a threat.

"Go ahead and telephone, till you're blue in the face," the children's specialist replied, emptying the contents of the sirup jug on the cakes.

"Oh, I see; she isn't home! That accounts for your being here."

"No, Sherlock Holmes, she isn't home, and that accounts for my being here."

"Then I'll telephone her in the morning."

"And much good it will do you! She will know long before morning."

"I notice that you get very ugly when you go on one of these buckwheat debauches, and very brave when your wife goes out; but when the pain comes on, you're a great big baby—" He was still standing beside the table, watching the cakes and sausages disappear, washed down with copious drafts of ale.

"It's a mean trick of yours, too," he persisted, "going home after an orgy of this kind; you ought to go to a hospital."

Having delivered himself of this line of advice, he went away, looking pleased.

After consuming the last of a second portion of buckwheat cakes, John Smith pushed back from the table, rose, and, with his hands behind him, toying with the tail of his coat, boldly sauntered out to the hall, up to the cigar-stand, and chose a six-inch regalia. Then he wandered into the main room.

Sofas and chairs, in which were grouped doctors, lawyers, and business men in various combinations, dotted the huge room. Passing one of these clusters, he heard his name called and, turning, allowed to ooze from beside the regalia, with a cloud of smoke, the greeting "Hello, Buck."

"Come over here, Jack," the same voice called, and, turning to those who made up the group, its owner continued: "Here is a man who can tell us more about the great unwashed, and the solution of that problem, than—" He broke off as John Smith arrived, to introduce him to the one stranger present, Judge Parsons.

SOUSE IS THE ENTIRE SUPPORT OF A FAMILY OF THREE.

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"Judge, let me make you acquainted with John Smith, Children's Specialist," he said, in the usual way of introducing him.

John Smith was smiling; so was the judge, who rose from his chair with a pleased look, cordially extending his hand as he did so.

"I feel," he said, "as though the doctor and I had already met—at least, we should have met, having in common a very forcible friend. By the way, Doctor, how is 'Da'?"

The doctor now removed the cigar from his very expressive countenance—for precautionary reasons—and replied with a smile that could not be duplicated, "Fine, Judge, fine, and, thanks to you, a better and a wiser"—he hesitated for a moment, looked about him, then said "creature." It obviated the explanations necessary when the opposite sex is mentioned in a club.

"We were discussing, Doctor"—it was the judge speaking, now they were all seated, with the doctor beside the judge—"we were discussing the poor of a great city. I was telling these gentlemen of a case that came before me to-day. It was that man who threw a brick through the window of the Waldorf dining-room; you no doubt saw an account of it in the paper this morning; a carpenter, a very intelligent man, out of work, out of health, and hungry. They are very difficult cases to dispose of—quite different from the ordinary malefactor."

"And I was saying," ventured the one addressed as "Buck," "that some means should be devised—a special court or something—to separate these cases from the criminal branch, if for no other reason than the protection of society."

"Well, Buck"—Smith was looking at the judge and smiling—"I'm mighty glad I'm not in the judge's shoes. I should hate to have to dispose of any cases. You see, I have got to believe that whatever is, is right; if it's evil, it's the source of its own destruction; and if it's good, why it sticks, and all that is required in either case is a little time. Solving problems"—he was thinking out loud, looking at the cigar he had removed from his mouth—"solving problems," he repeated, "why, they solve themselves." He tossed his cigar with a vicious thrust into the fireplace, remarking in an undertone, "Rotten!" Then, "Why, problems are solved in the most mysterious of ways, gentlemen." He straightened himself in the chair, his face now all screwed up in earnest thought. "I know a dog—know him well, know him by his first name—who has solved, and is constantly solving, the problems of a family of three. His name is Souse—Souse Connelly—Oh, well,"—he trailed off—"it's a long story."

"Go on! Go on, tell us!" They wanted to hear the story, and insisted.

"Well, gentlemen, Souse is the entire support of a family of three—a woman and two children, one an infant, the other a cripple. He feeds, clothes, and loves them all. Where he came from nobody knows, not even his master, old Souse himself, who is now up in Sing Sing for the rest of his life. The story of Connelly is quickly disposed of up to the time the dog came into the family: He was a master bricklayer; rose to walking delegate; married pretty little Kitty Kelly, who used to sing a song in 'Cordelia's Aspirations' down at Harrigan's old theatre—I have heard her many a time. You have too probably. Children came; and died; then more came, while Connelly became 'Souse Connelly,' with a hungry mongrel at his heels; then he suddenly picked up a bit—always full, to be sure, but spruced up a little; seemed to have money; did a little something for the kids—not much, but a little. Then, abruptly, came the end of his career: he was charged with a saloon murder; tried, convicted of manslaughter, and shipped to Sing Sing. And here is where the dog comes in.

"It was the day he parted from his wife down in the Tombs. Somehow or other, Souse—the dog was 'Souse,' too—had managed to get in with Connelly's wife, but neither saw him until the moment of leavetaking. At the last minute, Connelly noticed him, a little dejected terrier, wobegone and sad, at his feet, content to lean against his master's leg.

"'Katie! Katie!'—it was like an inspiration to Connelly—'take him home with you, dear—I mean Souse—he's smarter than a man, smarter than any man you ever knew; let him have his own way, dear; don't cross him in anything!—his own way—do you mind? I can't tell you more now.'

"'And Souse—listen!' In an instant the pup was sitting up, his little beady eyes round as marbles and bright as diamonds, all attention from the tip of his stubby tail, that helped to prop him in a sitting position, to the tilt of his ears, that marked his unusual intelligence.

"'Listen! Souse!' Connelly was leaning down, almost whispering. 'Listen, and be

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SOUSE GOT IT AND
WAS OFF IN A MINUTE.

MABEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

quiet about it! Go back with her and look after the kids; do the same by them that you have by me—do you understand?'

"'Woof!' It was as quiet as a whisper.

"'And, Souse! Don't drink any more; see what it's done for me; you won't, will you, lad? You'll promise me that?'

"'Sniff!' It was a promise.

"'Get under her skirts, lad, quick—here comes the guard!'

"'Clear the room!' It was the last call.

"'Good-by, dear—and, mind, don't cross him, and he'll take care of the kids.'

"'Woof!' but no one saw from whence it came.

"That night, gentlemen"—Smith brought his fist down on the arm of his chair—"there was a four-pound leg of lamb in that house, and nobody knew where it came from. And after that it was always a little paper package, neatly done up, just from the store; or an old shoe; or a loaf of bread, or a soup-bone—but always something. Once it was a box from Tiffany's with a diamond ring in it that brought a reward of a hundred dollars. And so it went on for a long time, with Katie thanking God and reading again the story of Elijah fed by the ravens. One day, the baby was playing with one of those little baskets that hang on your Christmas tree, full of candy—they are shipped down to the East Side from your homes, about a week late, through the ash-barrel air-line." He just glanced at them from the corner of his eye, then continued:

"Souse sat in front of the kid, woofing for that basket all the forenoon. Finally, when the baby fell asleep on the floor, Souse got it and was off in a minute. That evening, long after dark, he came back with it, full of five and ten cent pieces." Smith was now sitting on the edge of his chair.

"One day I was crossing Fourteenth Street, when I happened to see a crowd gathered in the middle of the block. I paid no particular attention until I heard a dog bark in the center of it. I pushed my way through, and there was Souse, his little basket set down on the walk, doing the most remarkable tricks: walking on his fore legs; on his hind legs; turning back-somersaults; begging; barking—and all the time his little basket filling up with nickels and dimes. People were laughing ready to split their sides at the serious fellow, all excitement, his little red tongue lolling out of the side of his mouth, doing his tricks with never an interval between. Everything was fun, until a blear-eyed old soak made a grab for the basket.

"From a limp little acrobat, turning handsprings and doing balancing acts, in a flash Souse became a little bunch of steel springs, snarling, snapping, and lunging at

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the heels of the rapidly departing bum. Every snap told, and every solitary one in the crowd urged him on, until the bum turned with a vicious kick. Poor Souse seemed to rise in the air, only to fall in a little heap of quivering, screaming dog-flesh, tumbling and turning in agony, but still following the man—don't forget that!"—he shook his finger to emphasize it—"now dragging his useless little hind legs behind him, or falling 'dead dog' in the gutter—and don't forget that"—again he raised his finger—"until that crowd was turned into a furious mob, blood-mad after the bum."

Smith paused; then, "That kick, gentlemen, never reached the pup," he said impressively; "it missed him by an inch; I saw it from a vantage-point. Well, at this stage of the excitement a kind-hearted lady with a silk purse in her hand, one of those stocking-leg-looking affairs, with a ring in the middle, stooped down, perhaps to take him in her arms, perhaps to—but no matter what, there was just one little swish, and pup and purse were off down the street and around the corner before you could think. It was the quickest piece of work I have ever seen; but I made up my mind that I would find out about that purse.

"It was eight o'clock, however, before I got around to Connelly's that night, and the children, of course, were in bed. I entered through the kitchen—you usually do in tenements"—he looked around the beautiful clubroom and smiled; he couldn't help it. "Mrs. Connelly was sitting by a lamp, doing some mending, and there on the table lay the purse.

"'Where did that come from, Mrs. Connelly?' I asked.

"'Why, Doctor, Souse must have picked it up on the street; he brought it in this afternoon; it had forty-eight dollars in it!'

"'And where is Souse, Mrs. Connelly?' I asked.

"'He's in bed with Mike,' she said.

"Leaving the door open to let in the light, I went into the little room beyond; there they were, both between the sheets; both heads on one pillow, cheek to cheek. Little Mike was fast asleep, but Souse's beady eyes were round as marbles, shining like two little electric lights, and I could see that his stubby tail was wagging under the bedclothes. Not to be heard by Mrs. Connelly, I went close up to the bed, for I had something to say to that pup.

"'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, you little thief!' I said, shaking my finger at him.

"'Woof!' It was the most brazen reply you could imagine!" The doctor's face again held a Nell Brinkley look of surprise—all round, with circular holes in it.

"'Do you mean to say you don't want to be a good dog?'

"Souse's face screwed up into a mass of undulating wrinkles. 'Sniff!' There was no mistaking the answer.

"Little Mike, moved by some childish dream, snuggled closer; while Souse, his tongue tingling with love, no doubt, wiped him one."

A long silence followed the conclusion of the doctor's story.

"What did you do?" It was the judge speaking. Smith hesitated for a moment before answering, looked at the judge questioningly, then said, "What did I do, Judge? I went over to the other side of the bed, and pulled down the blanket that covered little Mike's neck and shoulders. And when I saw it, I felt easier—for on the same string with his scapular was a little bag with a nickel sewed in it, to telephone me when Souse gets into trouble." . . . The judge was watching the doctor with half-closed eyes, while Smith was nodding his head in justification of his implied defiance. Then the doctor went over to the fireplace and in the stillness scrutinized its contents.

Buck broke the silence, saying, "Here's a cigar, Doc; let that one alone."

Then his brother-in-law, who had not been of the group, but had been within hearing distance, sauntered over and said, "Got to nature-faking, eh? Well, I'm not surprised."

There was a laugh coming, but Smith's raised finger and his face held it. "Listen," he said. People generally listened; they liked to see things with his eyes, for it wasn't so much what he saw as the way he saw it; and with the smile and the laugh or the serious look that punctuated everything, his face was like a series of illustrations that told you what was coming, so you could get ready for it. And these men at the club all sat tight and didn't laugh—except the brother-in-law, who leaned forward and whispered to the judge, "Watch him get away with it."

"I was just coming out of the ferry-house

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in Long Island City when I saw it, Judge—a baby about so big." He placed the new cigar in the middle of his mouth, where it looked like a miniature axle surrounded by a red flannel washer, and indicated with his hands the baby's size, his arms instinctively shaping themselves to a carrying position.

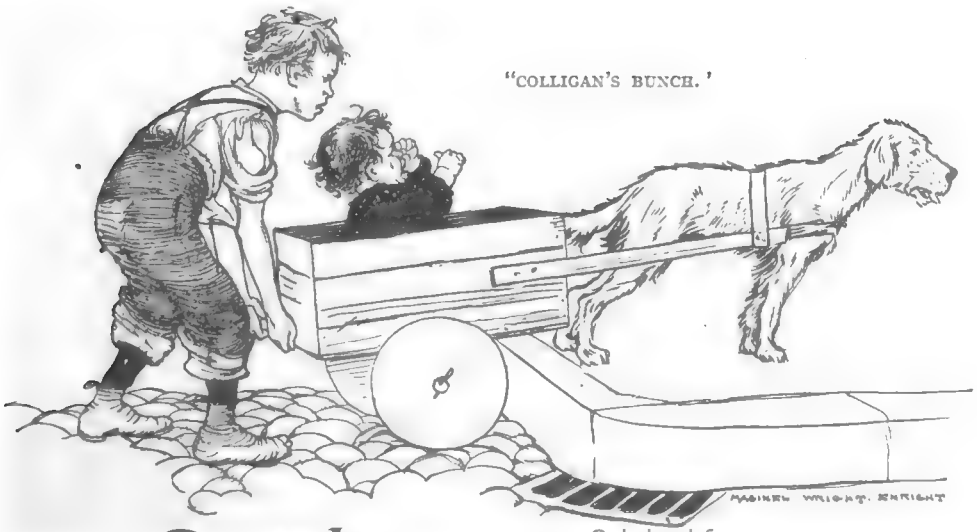
"It was crying mad," he continued, sitting on the edge of his chair and removing the cigar from his mouth, "in a soap-box on two wheels, drawn by the most benevolent-looking yellow dog you can imagine—as oblivious to the howling kid as he was to the trolley gongs and the tooting automobiles that filled the street. I watched them with Tom Murphy—the car-starter there by the depot; he'd been watching and laughing between starts for some time. When I finally asked him what it was, he said 'Colligan's'—careless-like.

"'Colligan's what?' I asked. 'Bunch,' he said—that was all; 'brings his dinner down to him at noon and don't want to go home.'

"'They were now going straight for the curb, Judge!' I said to Tom, 'That wagon hasn't got any springs, and that baby's going to get a bad bump there in a minute!'" Smith was raising himself in his chair—to ease the blow. "'You watch the bump!' That's what Tom said—and that was all."

"Well, sir, when that dog reached the curb"—Smith was looking for a place to put his cigar so that he could tell the story with both hands and the back of his coat—"well, sir, I assure you"—he handed the cigar to the judge, who took it, as unconscious of the fact as the doctor himself—"when that dog reached the curb he stepped down, pushed his hind quarters hard against the front end of the box, and let it down as gently as you would a baby carriage." He was illustrating it with his back against the small table that held the empty glasses; his face so round and honest that all were startled into silence. He looked about a moment, then continued:

"When he reached the other side of the street, he stepped up on the sidewalk as the two wheels came to a standstill at the curb, made one or two ineffectual attempts to pull it up, then stopped, and just barked for help—the kid yelling all the time. Men and women passed; some laughed in stupid amusement, while others failed to see at all. But when I saw that tail begin to wag, I knew help was coming. Sure enough, there was the toughest-looking little beggar—barefooted and almost shirtless, a stick in his hand, tomato-can tied to the end of it, making his way through the crowd. The first thing he did when he reached the cart was to yell: 'Shut up!' You could hear it a block away. And that seemed to be the dog's sentiment, too, for he wagged all over as the kid lifted the back of the soap-box and gave it a shove down the street, to disappear in the crowd."



"COLLIGAN'S BUNCH."

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"Whoa, Doc! Whoa!" It was his brother-in-law, who sat next to the judge. The words brought a laugh, all the more convulsive for having been held in check so long. An injured look spread over the doctor's face as he fitted the cold cigar into the washer and said:

"What's the matter, Arthur?"

"You're the worst nature-faker I ever knew! Now I suppose you want us to believe that that dog loved the baby so he couldn't bear to jar it!"

"Not at all, Arthur! Not at all!" he interrupted the laugh by a comic lift of the left eyebrow that promised things. "I haven't a doubt, Arthur," he ventured, "that you would have developed as much intelligence as the dog if you'd been bumped as many times as he had." He was now laughing with the rest.

"No, sir," he continued, "he got his experience just where we all get it, from the original school—the school of bumps—and the harder the bumps, the more you know."

"How about that other dog, Doctor—Souse you called him?" interrupted the judge, who was now leaning forward—"the dog that was the entire support of a family—brought in meat and things?"

It didn't seem like an answer when Smith said: "Bumps, Judge, bumps; and a bump you have never had, and for that reason I don't believe you'll understand it. But let me tell you," and his face grew serious as he thoughtlessly threw the unsmoked cigar into the fireplace, "if you ever come to live in a tenement-house, where the food is mostly from the ash-barrel market and the swellest dinner-party you know is a stand-up seat on the bread-line, a bone in a dog's mouth will look pretty good to you." He was nodding his head in serious thought to to the judge. "And Souse, Judge—" he had almost forgotten the dog—"well, he brought the meat home because he couldn't get away with it on the street any more than you could get away with your wad if you were foolish enough to show it down there.

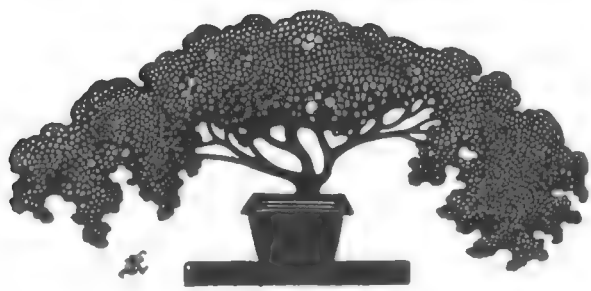
"Nature-faking!" He was almost indignant as he said it. "Don't talk to me, Arthur, about nature-faking until you know more about the old-school bumps. Why, bumps will teach a dog to climb a tree and a full-grown man to take food from a baby."

"Some one to speak to you on the 'phone, sir." It was Buttons interrupting the doctor.

"Ah, ha! your wife!" That was Arthur and his animus.

"I'll speak to her." His brother-in-law rose from his chair, alive to the possibilities of the situation.

"It's a person, sir, very insistent," Buttons explained. "Says his name is 'Cheese,' sir—'Biff Cheese.'" The full significance of Arthur's interruption when he said, "Cheese! That accounts for his insistence," was lost in the laugh that followed when the doctor remarked, as he left the group, "His right name is Julius Limburger."



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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

SOME day, one likes to think, there will be developed a science that will bear the same relation to what we call psychology that biology now bears to physiology; a science that will explain the functionings of the individual mind, not in terms of consciousness and memory and inhibition, but in terms of its relationship to the eternally evolving mind of the race. What vistaed perspectives of understanding and enlightenment it will open up! And, among other things, what a readjustment of literary valuations it will lead to! For it will enable some future Metchnikoff of criticism, no longer disdainful of the apparent waste products of literature, to point out the vital correlation between the constructive, the static, and the decading processes in contemporaneous outputs, and assign to each its proper bio-psychic significance. Then perhaps we shall realize, more clearly than we sometimes do, that a book which powerfully stirs the imagination of its time and helps to crystallize the thought of its day may balance in eventual import a book that mildly affects the minds of a cycle of generations; that a book which flames and dies may be as actinic as a book that glows and glows.

H. G. Wells's "The New Machiavelli" (Duffield), a work of semi-fiction in which one of the most actively inquiring and ingenuously honest minds of the day has embodied something of the history of its own development, and roughly formulated the tenets of its faith in the worth of human endeavor, is such a book. It is excellent fiction; or, rather, it contains fictional excellences of no mean order; but these are incidental. The book would have been impossible five years ago. It may, for all we know or care, be negligible five years hence. But at the moment it unquestionably succeeds in being what it was intended to be—a clarifying and stimulating contribution to contemporary thought on those special phases of the endless problem of human progress that directly engage us.

The story takes the form of a retrospective self-analysis by an English statesman whose public career has been wrecked by a private scandal, and who, in exile and disgrace, uses his own history as the text and illustration for his theory of the relation between individual character and the great constructive spirit of modern science, politics, literature, and art—a theory of the progressive growth of a collective mind behind the interplay of individual lives. The work is an astonishingly adroit and successful piece of self-expression. It achieves an astonishingly adroit and successful juxtaposition of the personal and racial elements in the human struggle. And it manages, with surprisingly little sacrifice of fictional interest, and with real dynamic effect, to make an antiseptic candor illuminate a creed.

ONE morning, away back in the days when History was just out of long dresses, several Spartan matrons happened to be surreptitiously complaining of the hopeless monotony of Spartan existence at the moment when a boy of twelve passed them on his way home from the country. He had, it afterward transpired, been off on a fox-hunt and, at the very moment of passing the ladies in question, had a young and exceedingly industrious fox hidden under his jacket. So much so, indeed, that when he collapsed by the fountain in the open court of his father's house, and his mother, forgetting her Spartan reserve, sauntered forward to see what ailed him, it was found that there was nothing left beneath his jacket but a very roly-poly young fox that had manifestly overeaten itself.

Now a good many centuries have slipped by since then, and these bored matrons have dropped out of the story and been forgotten. But what went on beneath that boy's jacket has come to be accepted as typical of the Spartan phase of Greek civilization. I could not help recalling the incident a few days ago when a young New York matron disgruntledly com-

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plained to me that she simply could not read this new fiction—meaning "Clayhanger" and "Jean-Christophe" and such—"in which," as she put it, "nothing ever happens." The dear lady! It is quite true that nothing happens to Clayhanger or to Jean-Christophe—except under the jacket. But, for that matter, where else does anything ever really happen to any of us? And it is just because Mr. Arnold Bennett and Monsieur Romain Rolland loosen a button of the blouse of contemporary life that their fiction, for all its outward stoicism, is so multitudinously eventful.

There is, however, one real difficulty about reading these new novels. They are like the monument the Irishman boasted that he was having raised to his father's memory—"Wan o' thim monoliths; and so big, be gob, it's being conthracted for in sections." They come to us as disunited unities; a monstrous form of serial publication with such long intervals between instalments that we run the risk, not so much of losing touch with the stories we begin, as of losing identity with the self that began them. I notice every now and again a foot-note in EVERYBODY'S to some such effect as that "the next instalment of this article will appear in the May number." It looks very much as though this department would have to adopt the foot-note: "The next instalment of this review will appear in 1912. It will be concluded in 1913."

Meanwhile, the remarkable volume bearing the title of "Jean-Christophe" (Holt) represents the first four books of Romain Rolland's record-breaking ten-volume novel; four books being all that have as yet been translated from the original French. The hero is the son and grandson of musicians of moderate talent but of local prominence in a town on the Rhine, where, a musician and composer himself, he spends the first twenty years of his life. The work is less a story than a record—the stark, stripped record of the development of a man; a record that, without putting everything in, has the effect of seeming to leave nothing out and that, while pretending to explain nothing, leaves everything explained. It is not an analysis; it is an exposition. Like Whistler's celebrated dictum, "It does not argue with us; it tells us." Its appearance, even the appearance of four tenths of it, is an event. The rest is promised for the fall.

Two years ago Mr. Lincoln Steffens published a story in EVERYBODY'S called "The Least of These." It was a fact story, not a fiction story; the kind of story that a diver, coming up to the surface from a sunken wreck and snatching off his helmet, might tell to the men at the air-pumps about something he'd stumbled on below.

It was an account of an under-jailer whom Mr. Steffens had met in a Western city, and of the strange, hopeless, helpful work that this shame-faced and unhopeful man was doing among the hopeless. It was a statement, not an explanation; a statement made with a certain awed sense of a spiritual significance that eluded explanation, and transcended it. It was very beautifully made, because it was very deeply felt, and—there was an odd thing about it. Have you ever paid your dime at a county fair and taken up the nickel-plated handles of an electric machine and felt the pleasant prickly feeling run up your arms and "guessed you'd let go now" and—found you couldn't? Well, there was something like that about Mr. Steffens's story. You read it and were pleasantly prickled by it and guessed you'd forget it and —couldn't.

Why? God knows. If we insist upon cloaking our ignorance in words, let us put it that the story had got hold of a bit of "real Christianity," just as the machine had got hold of a bit of "real electricity." At any rate, some people got mad at it and called it names. Some cut it out and kept it. Some didn't cut it out and wished that they had. This paragraph is addressed to the last and announces that "The Least of These," with a few additional facts, subsequently discovered, has been made into a fifty-cent booklet by F. C. Bursch, of Riverside, Connecticut.

"Fashion begins with an F because it is feminine." We know that it's feminine because we always think ourselves superior to it and generally end by going its way—of course without realizing it. Have you never noticed that in a year when leg-o'-mutton sleeves are the rage, the most recalcitrant spinsters wear leg-o'-lamb arm coverings, under the impression that they are proving their independence? So, this year, stories that would never dream, ordinarily, of buying more than eighty thousand words for a dress pattern are using twice that and priding themselves on their economy. Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's "The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls" (Scribner) is an amusing example. It is a nice, young, slim, pert, innocently cynical little story; the kind that a year or so ago would have tripped by in a shirt-waist and short skirt and nodded "hello" in passing. But here it is, dressed up in verbal hoop-skirts that measure six hundred pages around the bottom, and so evidently unconscious that it is taking up unnecessary room that one hasn't the heart to scold it.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Thomas W. Lawson is looked upon as a patron saint by the Portuguese fishermen who live in the vicinity of Dreamwold, the Lawson summer place. There have been occasions when the great man has handed out bills of large denomination for small favors, such as boat rides, so every fisherman is anxious to do all he can to gain and retain the favor of his wealthy neighbor.

Last summer Mr. Lawson had driven over to Cohasset Beach and was strolling along, when he met the captain of the lobster boat *Betsy*. The captain removed his hat and stood at "attention."

"What time is the tide high, Captain?" asked Mr. Lawson.

"Any time you say, Mr. Lawson. Any time you say," responded the captain.

Strickland Gillilan, the lecturer and the man who pole-vaulted into fame by his "Off Ag'in, On Ag'in, Finnigin" verses, was about to deliver a lecture in a small Missouri town. He asked the chairman of the committee whether he might have a small pitcher of ice-water on the platform table.

"To drink?" queried the committeeman.

"No," answered Gillilan. "I do a high-diving act."

A hungry customer seated himself at a table in a quick-lunch restaurant and ordered a chicken pie. When it arrived he raised the lid and sat gazing at the contents intently for a while. Finally he called the waiter.

"Look here, Sam," he said, "what did I order?"

"Chicken pie, sah."

"And what have you brought me?"

"Chicken pie, sah."

"Chicken pie, you black rascal!" the customer replied. "Chicken pie? Why, there's not a piece of chicken in it, and never was."

"Dat's right, boss—dey ain't no chicken in it."

"Then why do you call it chicken pie? I never heard of such a thing."

"Dat's all right, boss. Dey don't have to be no chicken in a chicken pie. Dey ain't no dog in a dog biscuit, is dey?"

The professor of law was quizzing his class. Singling out a somnolent student in the rear of the room, he addressed a question to him. Confused, the student rose, and bent his ear to catch the stage whispers of his friends seated about him.

"Well, you ought to be able to answer," snapped the professor, "with all the aid you are receiving back there!"

"Professor," came the quick reply, "I could, but there's a difference of opinion back here."

The veterans were recalling war scenes. One story did tread upon another's heels, so fast they followed, and imagination increased with each recital. Finally came the turn of Old Uncle Dell, former private in an Illinois regiment.

"We was all lined up ready to begin the Battle of the Wilderness," he said, "when old Grant come ridin' down the line to my regiment and called out: 'Is Lieutenant Dell of Illinois here?'

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"I happened to be back in the rear, superintendin' bringin' up some amm'nition, and the Colonel told him I would be back soon. Grant rode away an' come back a few minutes later.

"'Is Lieutenant Dell here yet?' he inquired. They told him no, an' he rode away with his brow kind o' clouded.

"The third time he come a-tearin' down the line, his staff rattlin' along behind, and called out, 'Is Lieutenant Dell of Illinois here?'

"'Here, General,' I says; and he whirled around and yelled, 'Let the battle begin!'"

A brick fell from a scaffold on top of a five-story building under construction on Whitehall Street in Atlanta, Georgia, and, crashing through the wind-shield of a limousine at the curb, fetched up against the hood with a frightful crash and shattering of glass.

The negro chauffeur, who was cranking up at that moment, thought the engine had exploded. When he got back to the car—from across the street—he picked up the brick, examined it critically, and stowed it away in a box under the driver's seat.

"What are you saving it for—evidence?" asked a bystander.

"No, seh, boss," replied the darky. "Dat's de only God bless-ed brick I eveh *did* see travel so fast 'thout hittin' some niggeh. I'm gwine to save it for a souvenir."

This might go—perhaps it has gone—undoubtedly it will—in New York about Chicago, in Chicago about St. Louis, in Cleveland about Cincinnati, in Minneapolis about St. Paul, and so on.

At any rate, a teacher in Portland, Oregon, was about to tell the primary class the story of "The Miraculous Pitcher," and as a preliminary she asked: "Now how many of you children have ever been in a very small town? Of course, Portland is a large city; but who has been in what we call a small country village?"

Numerous hands were raised. "Well, Oscar," said Teacher, "what little town have you been in?"

"Seattle!" answered the eager Oscar.

When Victor Murdock, the Kansas insurgent leader, went to Congress, one of the patriarchs of the House took a kindly interest in the youthful new member and helped him over some of the rough places. One day the veteran, who was a scholarly man, was catechizing Murdock on his reading.

"Have you read Carlyle's 'French Revolution?'" the elder man asked; and he was somewhat surprised to receive a negative reply. His astonishment increased as he ran over a list of standard works and successively received the same kind of an answer. Finally he asked: "Well, what have you read?"

"I have red hair," Murdock responded eagerly.

He was an observant little chap. "Pa," he said, "Uncle Joe is going to be married Friday, isn't he?"

"Yes, son. Uncle Joe has only three more days to wait."

The little boy sighed. "The last three days," he said, "they give them everything to eat they ask for, don't they, pa?"

"Nope," said the tramp who poses for the Weary Willie—Tired Traddles jokes, "I ain't goin' to kill myself workin'. Nope. Not even if I never die."

Biblical knowledge, according to some Lawrenceville, New Jersey, examination papers:

"Elizebeth, the mother of John the Baptist, had grown to quite an old age, and had never had a child. This troubled her as she had lived a christian life."

"Elizabeth his wife was a baron."

"Cubit was the name of the goddess of love."

"They locked Peter up and put sheckels on him."

"John was finally hanged on an olive branch."

By some twist of the election an old negro had been elected to the office of justice of the peace in a little backwoods district in Tennessee. His first case happened to be one in which the defendant asked for a trial by jury. When the testimony was all in, the lawyers waited for the judge to give his instructions to the jury. The new justice seemed embarrassed. Finally one of the lawyers whispered to him that it was time to charge the jury. He webstered one hand into the front of his coat, calhouned his voice, and said:

"Gent'm'n ob de jury, sence dis am a putty small case, Ah'll on'y charge yo' a dollah 'n' a half apiece."

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Everybody's Magazine

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WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

GOVERNMENT is not an end, but a means.

When we speak of a good or a bad government, we have in mind the results.

The least necessary government is the best.

A big, complicated society must have government.

Not for the sake of the government, but for the sake of society.

A good government makes for the smoothest interrelation at the least cost to society.

Good people may be responsible for a bad government—one that is expensive and inefficient.

Bad people may furnish a very efficient government, but never a cheap government.

The best government is the least possible with the highest efficiency at the lowest cost.

Sin came by the law, but government does not come by sin.

If we were all saints, yet must we needs have government for carrying on community and national interests.

The sin in government, as elsewhere, follows selfishness—the cardinal sin.

Whose selfishness?

Let us see.

Don't lose sight of the fact that government—good government—is not an end in itself.

We want good government for the good results such a government secures.

Now we must select, from among our fellows, men who will take the time from their own private interests to look out for the community's interests—our common interests.

An honor goes with such service. Sometimes a power.

And an honorarium, often ridiculously inadequate.

Most men, we believe, first seek office for the honor and for the opportunity to serve.

It is an honorable selfishness, usually, in the beginning.

The man who sacrifices private interests for the common good is entitled to honor.

And power.

But in all too many instances and all too soon, public officers come to consider the common good after the other considerations.

Experience would seem to prove that most public servants, so called, measure every act, and vote, first, with a view to the effect on themselves, their interests, their prospects.

Second, with a view to the effect on the party.

And third, if they get so far, they give the common good or common interests or society or the ninety million any consideration that may be left over.

The theory is that if a man doesn't look out for himself he will be ousted by some other man who does look out for himself.

And if a party fails to make good it will not be retained in power.

The test of merit in both instances is being kept in office.

Is that a satisfactory test?

Is a man justified in acting or voting against his own principles or even against his own judgment just to keep himself, or his party, in power?

Foolish question!

But that very thing is done constantly and is constantly justified.

Aldermen, mayors, legislators, governors, congressmen, senators——

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They call it compromise.

IT IS—WITH HELL.

There seems not to be an office in the gift of a great people so great as to lift its occupant above petty thought of self and party expediency.

Even a President has been known to juggle for a renomination, and scheme for party supremacy at frightful cost to the ninety million.

Wouldn't you think a President of the United States, chosen by the greatest nation for its greatest office—wouldn't you think a President of the United States would be lifted above all thoughts of self by the very office?

You would.

But if a man juggles and tricks and schemes and bluffs and buys his way to that office, he arrives by the cellar route.

You couldn't expect such a man to be anything but selfish and subterranean.

Which brings us back to the original question—whose selfishness is the sin in government?

His and ours and yours.

There is no getting away from it.

We can have any kind of a government, administered in any kind of a way, by any kind of men.

But we can't have good government—unless we ourselves make some sacrifices.

If we are so immersed in our own interests—so selfish that we begrudge even the time taken to cast our ballots—we have no right to expect good government.

True, the men we voted for wanted our votes; they made promises and assumed obligations.

True, they should tend to their appointed duties faithfully and honestly.

But they can not do it alone.

And when they see us ignoring our responsibilities, giving all our thoughts to our own affairs, often even trying to use the government for our own selfish ends—who can blame them if they come to have a contempt for us?

And who can blame them if they come to look upon the machinery of government as their special property, when we ourselves act as though we had no duty, part, or right in it?

Except once a year, or once in four years, when we walk up and vote for—the men we are told to vote for.

You can't escape with the excuse that you are too small in influence to count!

Your vote is just as big as anybody's.

And you ought to cast it right, and then keep your eye on your man.

If you clean up your township or your ward, and send the right man from your district to the state capital, and to Washington, you will have begun to do your part.

Only begun.

You must follow them, give them your sympathy, fire in a letter of encouragement now and then. Show them that you are with them. And if of an opposite party, all the more reason to keep tabs on them.

Why this harangue now, with no voting going on?

There you go again! Will you never learn that it's between voting times that the real good and real harm are done?

Now is the time for us to take interest.

Men and women—all of us.

The men you voted into office last time—what are they doing? Do you know?

If you don't know, you don't deserve good government.

And you'll never get good government till you make it your business to know.

That's the big thought bursting through the harrowed soil of these troubled days.

That's government by the people.

This Month's Cover

EVERYBODY'S cover this month is a frank parody of a cover used a year ago by the publishers of the *American Printer*. We wish to thank them for their kind permission to let us take this liberty with their work, and we wish, as well, to thank the artist, Mr. R. J. Herlihy, and at the same time to absolve all parties concerned from any responsibility in the fact that we have transposed the decorative fool, which they ran on their cover, into a Mormon wise-man, which we are running on ours.

Prize Winners

The prizes in our competition, "What Has Wall Street Done to You?" have been awarded as follows:

First Prize .	$500:	William Mehrbach
Second Prize	200:	A. L. Sayre
Third Prize .	100:	George Hargreaves
Fourth Prize	75:	Edwin J. Jones
Fifth Prize .	50:	Edwin W. Ivins
Sixth Prize .	25:	John Torkony
Seventh Prize	25:	Oranda A. Crossman
Eighth Prize	25:	S. H. Brainard

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